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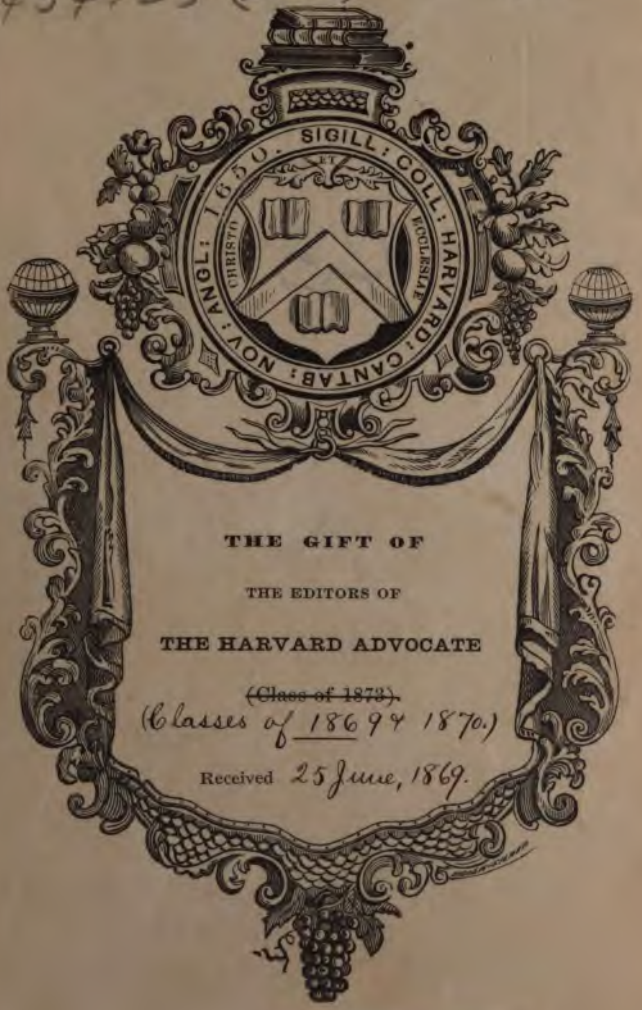

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CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[YANKEE PEDDLER.]

	St. Louis, 1841.	*Louisville*, 1845.	*Chicago*, 1852.
Hiram Dodge	Mr. D. Marble.	Yankee Hill.	Mr. H. F. Stone.
Fuller	" Archer.	Mr. Braithwait.	" J. B. Rice.
Harris	" J. Crocker.	" J. Ashmer.	" J. H. Wright.
Slingsby	" G. Lomas.	" Porter.	" Rynar.
Jennings	" Melville.	" Spurgeon.	———
Pompey	" Davis.	" Furgess.	" E. Wight.
Cowpens	———	———	" Baker.
Maria Fuller	Miss Morgan.	Mrs. Braithwait.	Mrs. Putnam.
Jerusha	Mrs. Kent.	Miss Marion.	" Hanley.
Dinah	" Conner.	" Harris.	

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Center.* L. C. *Left Center.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Center Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

YANKEE PEDDLER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*House* R. U. E. *House* L. U. E.,—*Sign, "Entertainment for Man and Beast."—Road crossing stage at back—picket fence running from house,* R. U. E., *to* R. 2. E.,—FULLER *discovered at table,* R. U. E.,—*negroes fanning him*—COWPENS *discovered at table,* L. U. E., *reading newspaper.*

Fuller. There sits my friend Cowpens—he seems down in the mouth—well he makes money enough in the Spring, so that when the warm weather comes he may sit at ease—ha! ha! ha! [*Negroes laugh.*] What are you laughing at, you black scoundrels? leave me, begone! [*Negroes run in house* R. U. E.—COWPENS *comes down.*

Cowpens. Egad! I may as well shut up, no business doing; not a traveler passed the road for two weeks, and there neighbor Fuller sits all day, drinking wine and brandy and smoking segars of his own importation, of course—he never patronizes me. If I was a member of the Legislature, I would have a law passed to prevent people keeping wine in their cellars—which law would benefit the Tavern Keepers much. If times keep on this way, I shall be obliged to take down my sign, and remove to some distant settlement, where the climate is more congenial to Tavern Keepers. Now if old Fuller there, would only patronize me—but no, he sits there all day as if to aggravate me, its funny, damned funny. Now I know of nothing that would give me greater pleasure than to see his mare, his great mare, Thunderbolt, beaten at the next fall races. That would be funny—very funny, [*Rubbing his hands.*] devilish funny! ha! ha! ha!

[*Exit into house,* L. U. E.

Ful. I wonder what that fool Cowpens is laughing at; me, I suppose, because I won't drink his bad brandy and smoke his worse segars—he shan't have a boarder for a year, if I have to board them myself—the first person that passes this this road is my guest unless he's a Yankee Peddler. I have a mortal antipathy to Yankee Peddlers—they set my niggers crazy. One came here last Spring and sold my Dinah a wooden cheese, but they will persist in making you buy their trash, whether you will or not.

Enter JERUSHA *from house*, R. U. E.

Eh! where are you going miss? What's that in you hand? give it me directly!

Jer. That Sir? that's only a letter for my cousin.

Ful. Give it me directly, do you hear, Miss Innocence?

Jer. Law, sir, don't be so cross, it belongs to my cousin.

Ful. Hand it here directly, [*Snatches letter.*] Now, go! [*Reading.*] So! so! this belongs to your cousin, eh? So Maria has been writing to that young officer she saw in Washington, and with whom I have forbid her to have any correspondence—I'll lock her up this instant, and as for you, miss, I'll have you sent home to Connecticut.

Jer. But law, sir, you won't listen to me.

Ful. Not a word, miss—you've heard what I said—as for Maria, she shall be locked up this instant. [*Exit into house*, R. U. E.

Jer. There's a cross old codger for you—poor Maria must be locked up just kaus she likes a dashin' young man, a hossifer too—ugh! he's a dredful cross old creetur, he's bout as cross and crooked as our old brown heifers tale was, and that was so univarsal crooked dad used to bore holes with it. [*Exit into house*, R. U. E.

Enter CHARLES *from road at back.*

Char. This then is the spot, and this the residence of my dear Maria—and a tavern so near—how very fortunate. Here then I can rusticate with the knowledge of being near her whom I adore. I wonder if I can prevail upon the landlord to let me have a room for a few weeks—that's the first consideration. What could have detained her letter? No matter—all will be satisfactorily explained upon our first meeting. Until then, this shall be my home.

Going to tavern, L. U. E. *Enter* FULLER *from house*, R. U. E.

Ful. No make this your home—stop here!—You shall have as much good brandy and wine as you can drink, and as many segars as you can smoke in a year—that is, if you are not a Yankee Peddler.

Char. Sir, you are very kind indeed—but I must beg to decline your generous offer.

Ful. But you shall not decline! you shall be my guest for a month at least. I will have a room prepared for you immediately. In the meantime, I will introduce you to my daughter—she's a fine girl—but unfortunately fell in love at first sight with some young officer she met in Washington. I've never seen the fellow, but I dare say he's not the kind of a man I wish her to marry—I'll call her. Maria!

Char. [*Aside.*] He little knows who his visitor really is, or I'm afraid he would not be so generous.

Enter MARIA *from house*, R. U. C.

Mar. Did you call me father? [*Seeing* CHARLES—*Aside.*] Charles! [*Aloud.*] A gentleman!

Ful. [*Aside to* CHARLES.] You see, sir, she's a little strange, I dare say you will be better acquainted soon.

Char. *Yes, a great deal sooner than you expect.*

Ful. [*To* MARIA.] Maria, allow me to introduce you to my particular friend, Mr. ——— I beg your pardon, what is you name?

Char. [*Aside.*] What the devil shall I say?—oh, yes, sir—Herbert—Henry Herbert.

Ful. Ah! yes, Mr. Herbert. My daughter, Miss Maria Fuller. [*Aside to* CHARLES.] How very strange that I did not know your name was Herbert.

Char. [*Aside.*] How the deuce could you when I didn't know it myself.

Ful. Maria, my dear, you must endeavor to make Mr. Herbert's stay as pleasant as possible. I'll have a room for you immediately, and now Maria, show the gentleman to the parlor.

Mar. This way, sir. [*Exit* CHARLES *and* MARIA, R. U. E.

Ful. Now that's what I call a devilish clever fellow, and one who will be fine company for me—we'll have a glorious fishing and sporting season—and one thing satisfies me, keeping a boarder from that old fool Cowpens—Pompey! Pompey!

Enter POMPEY, *from house*, R. U. E.

Pompey, set a couple of decanters and glasses on the parlor table and a box of cigars.

Pom. Yes. Massa. [*Exit* POMPEY, R. U. E.

Ful. Now I'll have a glorious time until the Fall Races come on. Then I'll have the pleasure of showing him the greatest piece of horse flesh in the Union. The first person that has passed these two weeks. But egad, I must look after the young folks, they're alone.

[*Exit into house*, R. U. E.

Hiram. [*Without* R. U. E.] Fancy Ware! Fancy Ware! ghee whe—ghee whoop! Ger long you pesky critter, now travil—Who-a—whot do you mean? Whoa, whoa. [*Enter* R. U. E., *with Basket.* I reckon as how that ere boss of mine is troubled with nervous agility, he won't stand still no heow. What nobody stirrin' bout these diggins—maybe they ain't lazy people down here—they're bout lazy as Taunton water, and that's so darned lazy that it won't run down hill. Fancy ware! Fancy ware! It was bout these parts that I made considerable money last Spring, on Jamakee rum, inions, wooden cheese, Leather Hams, Pepper Cannisters, Sossingers. Mustard, Pocket-Books, and Rat-Traps. Fancy ware! Fancy ware!

Enter MARIA, DINAH, POMPEY *and* NIGGERS, R. U. E.

Hir. Everlastin' Ebenezer wot a flock of niggers!

Pom. Now, Dinah, I promised you a present—there's a pin-cushion for you. [*Brings and gives to* DINAH.

Hir. I'd gin tew shillings tu stick a pin in that ere arter she's had her pretty hands on it. [DARKIES *crowd around him.*] Now stand eout of the way you patent, pow-chong pulverized, pewter-headed puppies, or I'll lay you right up and down, crooked and lengthwise.

[DARKIES *stand back.*

Mar. Dinah, I promised you a present for Christmas—what will you have?

Hir. I've got sumthin' for that critter, [*Takes a black doll from basket.*] I'll give it tu you for ten shillins. What? you don't want it. [DARKIES *laugh and run off*—MARIA *goes up* R.,—POMPEY *remains.*

Hir. Say you patent sample of Ingee-Rubber, what mought you be worth in these parts?

Pom. Wurf?—look aheah if anybody axes you dat, tell him dat you don't know—he! he! ah! [*Exit* R. U. E.

Hir. Wa'al, that's a pretty smart nigger, but he puts me in mind of Phil Water's darkey—his mouth was so big that he had to get it made smaller for fear he'd swaller his own head. I guess as heow I made pretty well out of them ere niggers. [*Going up.*] There's that everlastin' purty gall! Say, miss, you don't want to buy no sassingers nor nuthin' du you? [*Showing Sausages.*] These are the best sassingers you ever got atwixt your teeth.

Mar. No. sir, I don't wish any of your wares, and as we have bought all we wanted, you had better leave the premises, as my father is not very partial to peddlers. [*Exit* R. U. E.

Hir. Oh! gridiron! if I could only marry that gal, I'd lay right down and die. If I wouldn't saw me up into shoe-pegs and sell me at half price! But she said sumthin' bout leavin' the premises. Wonder wot she meant? I kinder sorter think that gal in love with me. Omnipotent mo-lasses candy!

Enter JERUSHA *from house.*

There's another on 'em. Oh, lord, I'm agoner! If she'll only let me kiss her in the meouth, I'll give her all my sassingers for nuthin'.

Jer. [*Aside.* Oh, lor, what a nice young man!

Hir. [*Aside.*] She's lookin' right at me—I shall rushy turnip right in my boots—I know I will. Nuthin' like buckin' up to a gall—Say, are you tu hum tu day or are you engaged?

Jer. Wa-al, I'm not particular ingaged now.

Hir. Maybe you mought'nt stand and talk a little nor nuthin'?

Jer. Wa-al, ha'nt much time now, but I'll——

Hir. Get along, I knew you would. Say, if you'll let me kiss you right straight in the meouth, I'll give you a hull string of sassingers for nuthin'.

Jer. Oh, I don't like tu—I feel kinder skeered, but I don't want the sassengers.

Hir. Yeou don't? Wa'al now you just pucker up, and I'll kiss you in the most splendiferous manner.

Jer. I tell you I don't like tu.

Hir. It's no use talkin—I'm gittin' dreadful luvin', and I must kiss that gal, or I shall collapse my flue. Say, now just look there! [*Pointing off* L.,—*she looks off and he kisses her.*] There, you can take all the sassengers I've got in my basket. Cover me over with soft-soap! I dew feel the slickest mortal on this etarnal airth!—du you reside bout these diggins?

Jer. Wa'al, yes; I live with Mr. Fuller, here; but you'd best make tracks for some other plantation, for master's univarsal gin Peddlers, *and you may get* inter truble.

Mar. [*Within house.*] Jerusha! Jerusha!

Jer. There, that's missis callin', I must go.

Hir. Say, you ain' agoin' tu leave a feller that way, are you?

Jer. I must go now—but if you can come round to-night, I'll go tu meetin' with you. [*Exit into house*, R. U. E.

Hir. You can split me up into loco-foco matches, if that ain't the puttiest and most splendiferous of gals! She's a great deal purtier than Sal Perkins is—and *she's* mighty purty, but she's got sich big feet, she has to lay with them out of the window, so she can turn over in bed—he, he, hi!

Ful. [*Within house.*] Jerusha! Jerusha!

Enter FULLER *from house.*

where the devil is that jade? Eh! who the devil's that? What! a Yankee Peddler! he's a dead man!—Pompey, bring my gun. Look here, sir, I'll give you five minutes to get off my plantation—and if you are not out of sight in that time, I'll shoot you.

Hir. I've got some of the best gun flints you ever used in your life, Squire.

Ful. Now listen, you audacious rascal—I give you time to get on the road before I put a button-hole in your coat—now, sir, travel—Pompey, my gun! [*Exit into house*, R. U. E.

Hir. That old chap's dreadful riled bout my cumin' round here—wa'al no wonder—I sold him a Canadian Pony last year, and the first time he combed his tail it must have come out, for it was only glued on. But I don't feel a bit consarned about that. I should think I was duin my dewty if I could sell him one of my cleanin' cakes, made out of flour and soft-soap. I'd like to get him to eat bout half a one, and I'll bet my head agin nuthin', he'd be clean scour'd out in the mornin!—ha, ha, ha! [*Goes up stage.*

Enter SLINGSBY, L. U. E.

Sling. This is a very pretty errand for Jennings to send me—the idea of carrying a challenge to a man who is my best friend! Besides I havent the least doubt but that Jennings' horse will be beaten. What am I to do? If I could see any of the Squire's negroes they might take it to him. Who can I get to assist me?

Hir. That chap is univarsal uneasy bout sumthin'

Sling. What am I to do?

Hir. Buy a razor strop!—Jest give that strop to the man what makes your boots, and your corns will come out ready cured. That razor is so everlastingly sharp, that if you lay it in the sun the shadow will cut your finger.

Sling. Sir, will you do me a favor?

Hir. A favor? Wa'al yes, if I can make anything by it.

Sling. I will pay you for your trouble. You see, my employer, Col. Jennings, wishes to match his celebrated horse "Abdallah," for $500, to run the Squire's mare "Thunderbolt," a one mile heat—now as I don't wish to be the bearer of the challenge, for certain reasons, I will pay you if you deliver it to him.

Hir. Jest hold on—Say, there's no danger in this arrangement?—you see I used to keep a rope-walk, down east—

Sling. Never mind the rope-walk.

Hir. Wa'al, I didn't mind it so I busted up.

Sling. Well, sir, give this to the Squire, and I will remain in the Tavern until you bring an answer.

Hir. Here, take my basket—you needn't be afraid of hurtin' them clocks—they ain't got no bowels. Now you drop into the Tavern until I come. [*Exit* SLINGSBY *into house* L. U. E.] Wa'al I rather guess that old Buster won't shoot me arter I squirm inter his good feelins'. Oh, if I could only see that ere feminine, I'd give tew cents cash down!

Enter FULLER *from the house with gun.*

Ful. So, sir, you are here yet, are you—you're a dead man!

[*Pointing gun.*

Hir. Now Squire, jest cave in, spill, leak, run over for about ten minutes—I've got a letter for you.

Ful. A letter for me—why the devil didn't you tell me that before?

Hir. Why cos you was goin to put a button hole in my coat so dredful quick. Squire, you've got as hard a heart as Josh Lovels' was, and he was so hard-hearted, they used to feed him on Oyster Knives when they wanted to open his heart—here's the letter Squire.

Ful. [*Reading*] "My Abdallah," "Your Thunderbolt," "Five hundred dollars,"—my dear sir, why did'nt you tell me this before? I wish it was for $1000, I'd win every cent of it.

Hir. [*Aside.*] I guess I'll have to blow my horn a leetle.—You see, Squire, I cum down from New York on purpose to ride the Col's. critter—but as I've heern that yours was the best animal of the tu—I'd rather ride for you.

Ful. You shall ride for me—I'll pay you well for your services. Just walk into the house, and make yourself perfectly at home. You shall stay with me until the races come on. Walk in sir.

[*Exit* FULLER *into house,* R. U. E.

Hir. Ha, ha, ha! Wa'al I reckon I got inter the Buster bout a feet—stay until the race comes off—make yourself perfectly at home—I guess he'll think I'm duin so, if he's got anything good to eat in the house. And I shall see that gal again. Oh scissors! I feel jest as though I could simmer down to calves foot jelly!

[*Exit into house,* R. U. E.

SCENE II.—*Chamber in front Groves—Practical in* C.

Enter FULLER *and* HIRAM, L. 1. E.

Ful. Yes, sir—I accept the challenge, and you shall ride my animal. But why didn't you tell me this before? You will excuse my bluntness, I trust?

Hir. You trust, du you? Well, Squire, that's sumthin, I never

dew in business; but you can trust me jest as much as you please. I shan't git mad about it.

Ful. So you come from New York to ride the Colonel's horse eh!

Hir. [*Aside.*] I guess I'll have to lay it on purty thick jest about now. [*Aloud.*] Yes, Squire, I'm considered some pumpkins in the north for horse riding. I rid the great race between Skeedunks and Skeesicks for $200, and won it by coming in two hours ahead of the horse.

Ful. Ha! ha! ha! Well, that's good; but you shall stay in my house until the match—in the meantime if you can do anything about the house you are at perfect liberty to do so.

Hir. Squire, I kin du anything and make anything on airth for you, from a wooden darnin needle up to a leather ham. Kin run on messages, du chores, or anything you're a mind to put me to.

Ful. Well, your'e my man. By the by, there's some tables and chairs that's rather rickety. If you will repair them I'll pay you for it.

Hir. Anything Squire to make money. I'll swaller one of your niggers hull, if you'll grease his head and pin his ears back. But Squire we didn't cum tu no arrangement bout running that race. How much are you going to give me for ridin your critter?

Ful. You shall have fifty dollars for the job.

Hir. Squire, jest fetch along the an-i-mawl, and telegraph and greased lightnin won't be a circumstance to the manner the critter will evaporate.

Ful. On the day of the race you shall have the money; and in the meantime make this house your home. I will have the tables brought up for you to repair. [*Exit* R. 1 E.

Hir. All right, old Tomahawk. Wa'al now, I think I've got the old Buffer in a puty straight line of business. I wonder in what direction the kitchen lays from this part of the house. I'm so cussed hungry if I light on enny of the old codger's sweetmeats, I'll walk inter them like lightnin' into a gooseberry bush. Je-mi-ma, here comes that everlastin' puty gal.

Enter JERUSHA, R. 1 E.

How dew you do Miss?

Jerusha. Why, how on airth did you get into the house? Did master see you?

Hir. Wa'al, I rather think he did. I'm going tu ride his mare at the race. Besides I'm goin' to make myself useful about the house

Jer. Well, I never did—

Hir. Nor I neither.

Jer. What?

Hir. Ride a race.

Jer. Oh!

Hir. Say, you haven't got any cold meat or taters in the kitchen have you?

Jer. [*Imitating him.*] Yes, and plenty of hot taters, tu.

Hir. Oh Je-ru-sa-lem! It's no use talkin', that's the gal I want to marry. I feel as though you could roll me out into gutter purcher soles for wimmin's shoes! I must ask her to flop down a little. [*Brings a chair.*] Will you squat for a few minutes?

Jer. Well, I haven't got much objection, but I haven't much time bout now.

Hir. Oh, du sit down neow—jest cave in! [*She sits* L.] There, now, that looks kinder comfortable. How have you been off for wholesome fodder lately? Hev you got much vittels in the kitchin, this mornin'? [*She puts her hand on the back of his chair—seeing it.*] Oh! kingdom cum! that does cool me all up in a heap. I shall hev to pop the question right off. [*She removes her hand.*] Say, jest put your hand there agin, won't you? It does make me feel so kinder "gently o'er me stealing."

Jer. [*Aside.*] Wa'al he's the nicest young man I ever seen.

Hir. [*Aside.*] Now's the time tu ask her tu hitch her team to mine. I feel so unanimous I could chew an Ingee-Rubber shoe. [*Aloud.*] Neow miss, you haven't got enny objection tu hitch your team tu mine, have you? We can drive down the hill of life quite easy, without putting any drag on. [*Aside.*] That'll fetch her I reckon.

Jer. Wa'al, I don't mind gettin' married, but——

Ful. [*Within* R.] Jerusha! Jerusha! Where is that girl?

Jer. Oh, sir, sir, there's master callin', I must go.

Hir. Don't you purtend to hear him. Be as deaf as Persimmon Parker was—he was so deaf they used tu take a sledge hammer tu break a secret tu him.

Ful. [*Within* R.] Jerusha! Jerusha! Where is that girl?

Jer. Oh, sir, I must go.

Hir. But just say the word—marry me, or I'll take pisen!

Jer. I'll tell you when I see you agin. Good-bye!

Ful. [*Within* R.] Jerusha, are you coming?

Jer. Coming, sir, coming!

Hir. I'm a perfect Giraffe if I don't marry that gal, give up peddlin', and live happy with a couple of dozen little dodgers dodging around me. But, by gridiron, I dew feel sharp set! I wonder whar the kitchen is? Oh, land of promise! if I could only come in contact with a pig's head, how it would disappear! [*Exit* R. 1 E.

Enter CHARLES *and* MARIA, L. 1 E.

Char. Dearest Maria, I have just escaped from your father, who would not suffer me to leave the table since I have been in the house. Now as we have very little time to talk to each other, we must arrange our plans for leaving the house unknown to your father. Then two hours' ride will find us in Richmond, and there, Maria, we shall be united.

Mar. But should my father find out your real name and station, *for he has intercepted letters, that I had endeavored to send you—should he discover you all our hopes are destroyed.*

Char. Nay, Maria, all will be well. You must now excuse me, I

must return to your father, or he will notice my abrupt departure from the parlor. So farewell, till evening.

[*Kisses her*—HIRAM *appears at window.*

Hir. Je-ru-sa-lem! [MARIA *runs off*, L. 1 E.

Char. A spy!

Hir. You can keep on duin it—I won't be mad.

Char. [*Catching him by the throat.*] Why, you infernal, sneaking scoundrel, what brought you to that window?

Hir. Wa'al, if you want to know—my legs!

Char. I'll send you out of the window without requiring the aid of your legs.

Hir. Wa'al, if you want me to go and tell the old man bout kissin' on his darter, I'll go and let him know all about it.

Char. Egad, I've spoken too roughly to this fellow, he may ruin all my hopes. [*Aloud.*] I beg your pardon, I have spoken too harshly. If you will not mention what has taken place in his room, I will give you five dollars.

Hir. Jest fork over; I'll shut paw for a month and get you out of the scrape jest as easy as eatin' horse radishes without sugar or butter.

Char. [*Giving money.*] Keep this a secret, and I'll befriend you—betray me and I'll horsewhip you. [*Exit* L. 1 E.

Hir. Oh, git eout! If you horsewhip me, I'll give you leave. Cover me all over with tater skins—five dollars! That's a purty good commencement for a day's work, besides what I made out of the Squire's niggers.

Enter FULLER, POMPEY, *and three darkies carrying a table—they set it down* R. *and go off* R. 1. E.

Oh! Jehosephat! Four niggers carryin' one table. They're bout as weak as old Granny Dobson was—she was so weak that she was obliged to have three or four mustard plasters applied to help her draw her last breath. She was a dreadful sour old crittur—she used to hire out two months in the year for picklin'.

Ful. This is the table I wish you to repair.

Hir. [*Very confidentially.*] Say, Squire that's a mighty nice gal of yourn—that's a fine young man tu you've got in the house.

Ful. Eh! what do you say, a fine gal of yourn—nice young man—If I'm not too impertinent, what the devil do you mean by these remarks.

Hir. Why, nuthin' particular; but just now, I happened to come in this room raythor sudden—

Ful. What then?

Hir. Why, you see Squire, the young man gave me somethin' not to say anything about it—and I didn't think it right for me to let out for nuthin.'

Ful. [*Giving money.*] I see how it is—there's five dollars for you.

Hir. But the young man gave me as much as that, and you know I don't like to—

Ful. Well, there's five dollars more for you, and now the whole story.

Hir. You see Squire, as I said before, I came into this room rayther sudden and there stood this young man with his arms right round your gal's waist, and—and—

Ful. Well, what then?

Hir. Why, then he had his arm round her waist.

Ful. Well, yes I know that, but go on,

Hir. Wa'al by'm by he kinder got nearer to her.

Ful. Well, what then?

Hir. He commenced cuddlin her.

Ful. I'll turn the scoundrel out of the house. A man whom I have treated like a son to come here and like a villain kiss my daughter in my absence. I'll shoot the scoundrel! Where is he?

Hir. He's just walked down to the end of the garden.

Ful. I'll follow him, I'll teach him a lesson he'll not forget in many a day. [*Exit* R. 1 E.

Hir. Now, as I've sent the old man on the wrong track, I'll tell the young man to leave the premises. [*Looking off* R.] Here comes the old man back again—I'd better make tracks. Fifteen dollars—Oh! Sour krout and grasshoppers. [*Exit* L. 1. E.

Enter FULLER, R. 1 E.

Ful. Hang that Yankee rascal, he sent me a tramp for nothing—he was not to be found—I see it all—it was a scheme to get ten dollars out of me—I'll serve the scoundrel out for it and I'll guarantee he'll never play tricks with me again—Pompey! ho, Pompey!

Enter POMPEY, R. 1 E.

Pompey, bring me pen, ink, paper and a wafer.

Pom. Yes Massa. [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

Ful. I'll teach the Yankee scoundrel to play tricks on me.

Enter POMPEY, *with pen, ink, &c.*

Now I'll cool your impudence, Mr. Yankee. [*Writes on* POMPEY'S *back.*] Stand still you rascal. [*Writes, repeating as he writes*] "Please give the bearer 100 lashes."

Pom. What! me Massa!

Ful. No, not you sir. Leave the room [*Exit* POMPEY, R. 1 E. Now we'll see Mr. Peddler, whether your back will stand more than my pocket—ah, here he comes.

Enter HIRAM *playing on a Jew's harp.*

Hiram. Ah! how are you Squire—you didn't make out to catch that young man did you?

Ful. No, that was a devilish clever trick, but I forgive you—I never mind such jokes—I forgive you.

Hir. Wa'al, you needn't apologize, Squire, I don't feel a bit mad about it.

Ful. Well, we will not mention it again. Will you be so kind as to give this note to my overseer? You see I have a young colt which I wish to have shod—tell him to put them on heavy—you understand.

Hir. Yes, Squire, I'll do it—give me the document.

Ful. Recollect, "put them on heavy." [*Aside.*] Now, sir, you will find I can punish you for your tricks. [*Exit*, R. 1 E.

Hir. Let me think—I'm tu take this down tu the overseer—and tell him tu put them on heavy. Now why couldn't he just as well send one of his niggers with this ere note? I wonder what's in it. [*Looks in note.*] Je-ru-sa-lem! [*Reads.*] Give the bearer of this one and two 0's—that's one hundred—give the bearer one hundred lashes. No you don't, old Gibraltar—you kin chaw me up inter sassage-meat if you kin give me one hundred lashes enny how you can fix it.

Enter SLINGSBY, L. 1 E.

Sling. Well, sir, you've kept me waiting since nine o'clock this morning until I concluded at last, I had better come into the house for you. Have you seen the Squire? Has he accepted the challenge.

Hir. Yes, I seen the Squire, and he is willin' tu let the mare run the race. But the overseer has got sumthin to say about it—so you must take this note to the overseer, and tell him tu shoe the colt and tu put them on heavy.

Sling. Sir, I'm extremely obliged to you—I'll take the note.

Hir. No you won't—you promised me sumthin for duin the job—so shell out.

Sling. [*Giving money.*] Oh, yes, sir, of course. There's two dollars for you and I'm much obliged to you. I'm to give this note to the overseer and tell him to put them on heavy. All right—I understand. [*Exit* L. 1 E.

Hir. If you don't understand it you will in about ten minutes. [*Looking* R.] Here comes the old Buster. I'll hev tu cave in for about a minute. [*Hides* R. 2 E.

Enter FULLER *cautiously.*

Ful. By this time he must be near the overseer's shed. How the rascal will jump when he finds out the errand he has been sent on.

Hir. [*Aside from hiding place.*] How the other poor devil will jump, you mean. [*Whip-snapping heard outside.*

Sling. [*Outside* L. 1 E.] Murder! [*Whip.*] murder! help! help!

Ful. [*Laughing.*] Give it to him!

Hir. [*Behind* FULLER, *imitating him.*] Yes, give it tu him—lash him!

Ful. [*Turning and seeing* HIRAM.] The devil! Oh, you infernal scoundrel!

HIRAM *puts his finger to his nose and runs off*, R. 1 E., *followed by* FULLER,—*enters at window* C., *and hides in* L. *corner*—FULLER *enters* R., —*places tables and chairs under window, and runs off* R. *laughing*

SCENE III.—*Wood—part of the race course seen—rope running through posts at back.*

Enter HIRAM L. U. E., *running—coat tail off.*

Hir. Wa'al, I got clear of the old codger purty slick. I lost sum thin though. [*Shows coat tail.*] And I made sumthin by gettin' inter that house. [*Counts money.*] Seventeen! he might have taken all the tails I've got for that money.

Enter JENNINGS, L. 1 E.

Jen. How very provoking to think that Slingsby should be disabled from riding, now that Mr. Fuller insists on running the race immediately—this very day. Of course he is aware of my having no person to ride my horse, and therefore expects to obtain the forfeit money in the event of my not having my animal ready mounted and on the course at the hour appointed. What shall I do!

Hir. [*Coming down.*] Don't do nothin' but just pay me and I'll ride your horse to kingdom cum, and beat the Squire's mare inter the bargain!

Jen. If you'll ride my horse, sir, I'll give you fifty dollars.

Hir. Don't say nothin' more about it, just let me mount your critter, and if I don't make him fly I'll eat your horse and the Squire tew.

Jen. Then in half an hour meet me at the Grand Stand. I may depend on you?

Hir. You kin, Colonel.

Jen. Remember, in half an hour! [*Exit* JENNINGS, R. U. E.

Hir. Fifty dollars! whew! I begin to get down on my poor relations. I'm not as proud as Hopeful Parkins was though—he *was* a dreadful proud man—used tu keep a dog with such a curly tail that it couldn't keep its hind feet on the ground!

Enter CHARLES L. 2 E.

Char. So, I've caught you at last, you deceitful rascal. [*Catching him by the throat.*] Not content with my paying you, you thought proper to betray me.

Hir. Now jist let go my wizzin, will you? didn't I cum and tell you to leave before the old man got so orful riley?

Char. Yes, but you did not tell me it was yourself that informed him of our interview this morning.

Hir. Neow don't you git so everlastin huffy—you want to marry that gal—now listen tew me. Squire Fuller wants tu git somebody tu ride his mare dreadful bad—he'll give anything for somebody tu ride the race. Neow, I'll tell you what tu do—disguise yourself and offer to ride for him, and as I'm goin' to ride the Colonel's horse, I won't try tu beat you, so you can win the race, and then ask old Beeswax for the gal.

Char. A good idea, truly—I'll try that, and if I succeed I'll reward you well. I'll procure the disguise immediately.

[*Exit* R. 1 E.

Hir. I've set that chap all right, and I reckon I'll make sumthin by it. I wonder how the old man is about this time—he had a dreadful time runnin' me round the garden—he didn't run very fast though—I dodged him around a ditch for about five minutes—he did puff and blow so—ha, ha, ha! at last he made a short step and fell right splash into the ditch—ha, ha, ha! You had oughter seen him when he cum out—with his eyes, nose and mouth chock full of mud, and dirt from head to foot. He put me in mind of Betsey Wotticks' children, they're so everlastin dirty, they have to rub bricks to their faces when they want to shut their eyes!

Enter JENNINGS L. 1 E.

Jen. Now, sir, everything is ready.

Hir. Then, go ahead, Steamboat. Whar's the critter I've tu ride? I'll straddle him like a mosquito would a cow's tail.

[*Exit* HIRAM *and* JENNINGS R. U. E.

Enter MARIA, DINAH, POMPEY, NEGROES, *&c.*, *&c.*

Mar. Well, Pompey, are the riders mounted?

Pom. [*Looking off* R. U. E.] Yes, Missey, the Yankee's on the Colonel's hoss, and dere's a handsome young man on massa's—now they're agoin to start.

Mar. Do you see my father?

Pom. Yes Missy, by the grand stand—now they're started—de Yankee's ahead [*Shouts*, R. U E.] Now then Massa's mare is cotchin' up. [*Shout*] Now the Yankee's passed. [*Shout.*] Massa's horse is ahead. By gum, Missey de Yankee's fell off his horse! I golly Missey he's a dead Yankee! he's broke his neck, sure.

Mar. I trust he's not seriously hurt! see, they are bringing him this way.

[*Brought in on a bier.*]

Enter FULLER, CHARLES *dressed as a Jockey*, JENNINGS, COWPENS *and spectators*—HIRAM *is brought in on a bier, followed by* JERUSHA, *crying.*

Ful. [*To* CHARLES.] Sir, to-day you have made me the happiest man in the State. You have ridden like a hero. I knew my thunderbolt would have beaten any horse in the Union? But, sir, how shall I repay you for your trouble? Ask for anything in my power to give, and you shall have it.

Char. [R. C.] Then, sir, your daughter.

Ful. [C.] Eh! Oh! I didn't say—well—well—if she is satisfied, I have no objection.

Maria. I am indeed, father, you have confirmed my dearest wish. I thank you.

Ful. [*Looking at* HIRAM *on bier.*] Say no more about it, my dear—we would now spend a happy day but this sad misfortune has cast a gloom over all—the poor fellow was very clever although he did play some hard tricks upon me. To say the truth I feel bad about the occurrence. I'd give forty dollars if he was alive again.

Hir. [Raising up.] Jest fork over.

Omnes. Not dead!

Hir. [*Coming down* C.] No, I'll be'darned if I am. But Squire jest shell out them forty dollars.

Ful [*Giving money.*] There's the money, but if you trick me again, I'll eat my head.

Hiram. [*Counting money.*] Five—ten is fifteen—two is seventeen—and forty, is fifty seven dollars—a pretty good day's work I reckon. Now, all I want, is to marry a certain person that don't live five miles from here. [*Looking at* JERUSHA.] Say, yeu ain't enny dreadful objection tu marry me, hev you.

Jer. Oh! I don't like to say yes, afore all these people. I feel kinder skeered.

Hir. What, you won't marry me arter my fallin' in love with you over head and ears and shirt collar, and all I've been doin' on yeu? Oh! false feminine!

Jer. There now, don't flummix, I was only a funnin.' I'm yourn till death. [*Crosses* L. C.]

Hir. Oh, you can scrape me to death if I aint the slickest white man about these diggins. But, squire you must confess I'm some pumpkins on speculations.

Ful. I never doubted your ability.

Char. Nor I.

Hir. Then all will be right, if our kind friends here, will but overlook the Yankee dodging of Hiram Dodge, and will wish success to Mrs. Dodge, and all the little Dodges.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No CLXX.

HIRAM HIREOUT;

OR,

FOLLOWED BY FORTUNE.

A Farce, in One Act.

BY H. J. CONWAY, ESQ.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATERS.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Cast of the Characters.—[Hiram Hireout.]

Chicago, 1852.

Hiram Hireout, (Followed by Fortune,).....Mr. McVicker.
Doctor Iodyne, (Trying to keep a Fortune,).....Mr. Archer.
Washington Jackson Iodyne, (to be Married to a Fortune,).....Mr. Wilson.
Harry Rocket, (does Marry a Fortune,).....Mr. Warwick.
Horatius Rare, (Tries to Cheat Fortune,).....Mr. Myers.
Teddy Malone, (a Son of Misfortune,).....Mr. Parker.
Parson, (don't speak,).....

Miss Penelope Iodyne, (without much Fortune,).....Mrs. Lilbert.
Emily Richly, (with $20,000 Fortune,).....Mrs. McVicker.
Hannah, (in hopes of better Fortune,).....Mrs. Rice.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Center.* L. C. *Left Center.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Center Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

HIRAM HIREOUT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* DOCTOR'S *House.—Table set, with supper for two.—*DOCTOR IODYNE *and* MISS PENELOPE *discovered at table.*

Doctor. Sister! sister! sister! you'll drive me mad. I know that young scapegrace, Harry Rocket, is after my ward, and you wish to make me believe you are the object of his adoration. If I wasn't so angry I could laugh at your folly. Pooh! pooh! pish!

Miss Penelope. Laugh at *my folly!* Brother! brother! rather repine at your own want of penetration. I really am ashamed of your exposing your ignorance of the world. One way or the other, I will force you to confess yourself wrong. If, as you will persist in affirming, your plan of treating your ward, Miss Emily, as a child, has succeeded in convincing her she is one, and everybody else, how do you reconcile what you foolishly assert, that Mr. Rocket (a young man of his experience, too) has fallen in love with her, a perfect child? How do you reconcile these contradictory opinions?

Doct. Pooh! pooh! pish! How do I reconcile these ideas? How can any man reconcile impossibilities? and yet does not this infernal thing they call love do it? You know as well as myself, sister, that Emily is no longer a child, but will be to night eighteen years old, and by her father's will is to be considered of age, and although my plan is an excellent one, and has so far succeeded to my wish (for she has not the slightest idea she will so soon be qualified to take possession of her fortune), if this infernal Mr. Harry Rocket (I wish he were a sky-rocket, and would go off) had not been encouraged by you to visit here, I have no doubt I might keep her ignorant of her age, until my son, Washington, was old enough to marry her, and keep the fortune in the family. But now, although she denies it, I am convinced this young jackanapes has been making love to her, and this all comes through your folly. A woman of your age having danglers after you! pooh! pooh! pish!

Miss P. I do not understand you, sir. A woman of my age, indeed! My age! Thank heaven, men of a certain age think differ

ently. And as for danglers, as you vulgarly term the poor young men who cannot help seeing with other eyes than yours, brother, and choose to tell me so, I shall encourage or discourage them, as I see fit, as my maiden modesty dictates.

Doct. Right, sister, right! I applaud you. Act according to the dictates of your maiden modesty. I'm sure if age begets experience, and is capable of giving advice, your maiden modesty may well dictate; for 'pon my soul it's old enough. Pooh! pooh! pish! Maiden modesty! a maiden fiddlestick! But do as you please, sister. I shall also act as my mature wisdom dictates, and prevent any of the sparks who wish to get the blind side of you, and whom you foolishly choose to encourage, from having any intercourse with my ward. Pooh! pooh! pish! Don't tell me. I know the world.

Miss P. [*Bridling during his speech.*] And if you do know the world, brother, I am sorry you profit so little by your knowledge, as to use such language to the delicate and susceptible ears of a sensitive female. Get the blind side of me, indeed! Believe me, both my eyes are open, and I hope to use them in such a way as will relieve you of my presence, and keep them open to conduct an establishment of my own. Blind side of me, indeed. [*Exit*, R. H.

Doct. Pooh! pooh! pish! If you want to make a fool of yourself, go and make a fool of yourself. Who the devil hinders you? But remember, an old fool is the worst kind of fool! "The delicate and susceptible ears of a sensitive female!" Curse me if I don't believe she has been studying the dictionary for appropriate words for a *young* lady to use when first under the influence of the *tender passion*. Ha! ha! ha! Whoever is foolhardy enough to marry you must have a pretty *tough* passion, and a strong imagination to think he passes a honeymoon! [*Rings bell several times.*] Where the devil can that fellow, Hiram, be? [*Rings.*] Curse the fellow!

[*Rings very loud.*

Enter HIRAM, L. H.

Hiram. Well, what is't?

Doct. Am I to ring here all night?

Hir. Well, I reckon you are boss here, and can do just as you're a mind to.

Doct. Pooh, pooh, pish! I say am I to ring the bell fifty times for you?

Hir. Ring the bell fifty times *for me?* If it's my work I understand it. I want to know if you hired me to ring the bell?

Doct. Hiram, don't put me in a passion. I want to know how many times I am to ring the bell for you, before you attend to it?—that's plain, ain't it?

Hir. Well, squire, I guess it won't want much cyphering, but I want to know what in all natur, I'm to ring that bell for?

Doct. Pooh, pooh, pish! Hiram, yon have been recommended to *me*, as a smart, cute lad, one that would just suit my purpose, and I *have no doubt you will*. However, you don't exactly comprehend

me at present. It is customary when a bell is rung, to answer it immeadiately.

Hir. Answer the bell? Du tell! Well, let the bell put a question to me—reckon I shan't flummax, no how.

Doct. [*Aside.*] Now is this stupidity or impertinence? Understand me—answering a bell, means to come to the person who rings it, and hear what that person has to say.

Hir. Du tell! Well, then, it means a darned sight more than it says—but I'm on hand, squire.

Doct. I already told you partly what I wished you to do. Remember, no person must pass in or out of this house without your seeing them—any one that calls to see my sister—you know—Miss Penelope?

Hir. What, that ere dried up, yaller-lookin' critter?—she looks like the last of pea-time on a pole!

Doct. Ha, ha, ha! [*Laughs aside.*] poetical, truly. Why, Hiram, I suppose you mean a lady, not very young or handsome—as I was saying, should any person call to see her, you must show them to *her* apartments, you understand?

Hir. Sartin.

Doct. If any one calls to see me, carry them to my study.

Hir. Carry 'em into your study? If they don't heft more than 350 and they ain't too constipatious.

Doct Pooh, pooh, pish! I don't mean to carry them literally, but by figure of speech.

Hir. Guess I left school afore I came to that figuring.

Doct. You comprehend me now—and in case you do not, this will probably tend to impress it on your mind. [*Going to give money.*

Hir. What's that for?

Doct. I give you this as earnest of what I intend should you please me.

Hir. You give it to me in earnest, do you, and I take it in earnest. [*Pockets it.*] That's a fair trade, any how—I please you—you please me, by Judas!

Doct. I am going out, should any one call and want me, say I shall be in very soon.

Hir. Say you're gone out, and you'll be back when you come in.

Doct. Pooh, pooh, pish! I shall be back in a short time. [*Aside.*] I must try this chap, but he can't impose on me. [*Exit* L. H.

Hir. I have heerd of such things being in story books, as our sister Nance used to read out of on nights. Once upon a time, an old man had three sons, (dad's got nine) the youngest one, and the handsomest—that's me—went to seek his fortune—and so on—and so on—and so forth. But what on airth is a comin now? I hai'nt had a chance to seek my fortin—fortin seeks me. Well, 'taint much wonder, as I heerd tell she was a woman.

Enter MISS PENELOPE, R. H.

Miss P. Young man, are you the person the Doctor has engaged lately?

Hir. Well, should'nt wonder if I was.

Miss P. I like your countenance.

Hir. [*Aside.*] She likes my countenance—she's in love with me tu a certainty. If she makes love to me, I shall huckleberry right out!

Miss P. And I wish you to understand I may have it in my power to be of service to you.

Hir. [*Aside.*] What'll sister Nance say? This beats all creation!

Miss P. I am aware I am placing myself in an awkward situation, and perhaps exposing myself—

Hir. Don't du it—don't! [*Turns away.*] I shall split!

Miss P. To my brother's ridicule. However, I think you will not betray me?

Hir. [*Looks around.*] I never betrayed a lady. This must be leap year, by matrimony—but I'm o'er young to marry yet, as the Hungarian sings.

Miss. P. The fact is there is a person I expect will call—a young gentleman, to see *me.* He might possibly ask for Miss Emily. I wish you to show him up to *my apartment.* I would not wish him to see Miss Emily. She is too young to receive visits from young gentlemen, and—

Hir. [*Aside.*] You're too old to be afraid of 'em.

Miss P. And I do not approve of such very young ladies receiving visits from gentlemen.

Hir. It's bad for them. Joe Bullit commenced settin' up along with Sarah Ketchem, when she was only fifteen, and she died of the measles two weeks arter.

Miss P. So you will please show him up to my apartments, that is if Mr. Rocket calls.

Hir. Mr. Skyrocket?

Miss P. No, Mr. Harry Rocket.

Hir. I'll try if her head's as soft as her heart. [*Aside.*] First cousins, I reckon; I never knowed any of the family but Squire Congreve Rocket, and he left our place in a pesky huff, and nobody ha'n't seen anything of him since—

Miss P. What caused him to leave in such a manner?

Hir. Well, 'twarn't much, anyhow. You see, 'twas fourth of July, and Josh Higgins, Seth Sprague, and Horseb, and Hemlock, and a hull lot o' chaps, got on a kind o' spree, down at Uncle Josh's. Guess you know Uncle Josh—everybody knows Uncle Josh—he is a leetle the darndest, cutest critter you ever hearn tell on. May be you've heern of Uncle Josh's dog—got three of the greatest curiosities any canine ever had: his tail curls so tight his hind legs can't reach the ground; fever and ague wouldn't hang to him—he was too lazy to shake; and he's so like Uncle Josh's t'other dog, you can't tell t'other from which.

Miss P. Most singular, indeed!

Hir. Quite odd it's so singular, ain't it?

Miss P. But to return to the subject of the sudden departure of Mr. *Congreve Rocket; I am interested* by the name.

Hir. Oh, yes; to return to the subject, as the doctor said when he finished his cocktail, and cut off t'other leg.

Miss P. Oh, shocking!—what a singular simile! But go on.

Hir. Go on, as the tiger said to the man that poked a stick in his eye; "go on," said he, then he chawed his head off. Well, 'twas last fourth of July, Uncle Josh comes down right early in his wagon, and calls a reg'lar meeting. Well, everybody knowed Uncle Josh's notions were just about as big as Boston notions, and no town meetin' ever was so chuck jam (just as full as a gallon of cider with a pint of gin in it) as that meetin' tu hear what Uncle Josh had tu say. Well, Uncle Josh he gets up, and you never heerd such a noise to get silence afore; I guess they hollered more than a hull hour after they got silence; Uncle Josh he sat down till they made out to holler silence the last time, when he gets up. Says he, "Gentlemen," says he, "I never heerd so much silence afore; and now, for fear this should be too good to last long, like a pair of four dollar boots, I'll take advantage of it. Well," says he, "I reckon you all kind o' expect I've got suthin' uncommon to tell you." "Well, guess we do," says all on them. "Well, you sha'n't be disappointed," says he. "You've all hearn about sich a thing as a balloon, ain't ye?" "Well, guess we have," says all on 'em but Deacon Doubtful, and the Deacon gave a kind o' grunt. Says Uncle Josh, "What in all creation do you mean by such hoggish behavior afore this 'ere meetin', on such a day as this?" You see, Uncle Josh was a deacon himself, and kind o' stuck up for their dignity. "Well," says Deacon, "I mean if you ain't got nothin' else to tell us but what we have hearn on afore, and some on us don't believe, why I guess I move that we move off." "Deacon," says Uncle Josh, lookin' at him as hard as a stone wall, "Deacon, you ain't got a right to a motion in this meetin', no how, and you know it; so shet up, and hear me out." Then Uncle Josh he looked round, and gently waved his hand—graceful like. "Well," says he, "I hev brought down with me one of the lights of the age—one of that family as has riz higher in science"—now I'm coming to the p'int.

Miss P. Yes, yes, the family.

Hir. "Riz higher in science, and throwed out more rays of light—"

Miss P. Yes.

Hir. "——than any professor, lecturer, phrenologer, astrologer, or any other ologer of these or any other times." "Where is he?" says a hull lot. "What's he going to du? Du tell!" "Hold on," says Uncle Josh, "all you've got to du is to enjoy yourself reasonably, and don't none on you get so sowed up that you can't see; and at nine o'clock you must all on you come down to the four-acre piece each side of my barn, and I'll introduce all on you to Squire Congreve Rocket, as I said afore, the greatest light of the age, and if he don't go a little ahead of all your expectations, I'll give up. He'll show you an air railroad, and a new patent locomotive, and mount clear out of sight on his own hook, and Deacon Doubtful, you shall shake hands with the squire just afore he starts."

Miss P. Wonderful!

Hir. Warn't it? Well, night come, and Uncle Josh's four-acre piece had a pretty considerable scattering of heads with bodies tu 'em, I reckon, all of 'em looking right straight up at a platform agen the barn, where stood Uncle Josh with Squire Congreve Rocket, a ra'al tall, bunkum looking chap, dressed like a minister. "Well," says Uncle Josh, "the squire is going to show you right off how he travels. He would make a speech to you, but he don't speak our language. Come up here, Deacon Doubtful, and shake hands with the squire, and if he don't astonish you, 'tain't no matter." So Deacon he gets up, pulls off his hat, and bows to Squire Rocket, and Uncle Josh he puts their hands together. "How de du, squire?" says Deacon; "glad to see you; when do you start?" The squire said nothin', but just then Uncle Josh clapped fire to his locomotive, and whiz, bang, let him drive, and away went the squire, with a tail of fire as long as a bean pole, and Deacon Doubtful lands about a rod on the folks below. "Hurrah!" shouts everybody, and that's the last we see of Squire Congreve Rocket. It's powerful astonishing how they du get steam so quick on these locomotives.

Miss P. Bless me, you quite astonish me. Do you mean to say he ascended in the air?

Hir. Yes, right on eend. Why, these ere Rocket chaps are dreadful peert; they'd ascend on anything. They're almighty fiery-tempered.

Miss P. Yes, yes, but generous to a degree. Harry is full of the fire of chivalry.

Hir. Well, I calculate they are all of 'em monstrous full of the fire of deviltry I should be most afeerd this Mr. Harry had a locomotive about him, and would go off some of these times.

Miss P. Oh, you need not be alarmed, I assure you. He is a very gentlemanly young man.

Hir. Well, guess he won't scare me, any how; but I hope he'll come in the day-time.

Miss P. Why so?

Hir. Oh, I ain't scared any, but it's at night these rockets are kind o' dangerous, and I feel scared on your account.

Miss. P. I repeat, I know there is no danger at any hour. You are quite an entertaining, modest, well-behaved young person, and I hope you will accept this for my sake. [*Gives money.*] Mind, for my sake, and I again assure you there is no danger. I declare, quite a conversible person, and very considerate. [*Exit* R. H.

Hir. [*Bows* MISS PENELOPE *off with much ceremony.—looks at purse.—Pockets it.*] That ole woman's soft enough to be peddled out for mush! I shall watermellon! ha, ha, ha! Squire Congreve! Well, goul darn it, if this don't beat all natur! Why, she must be a natral fool—nature's done too much for her—made her too natral altogether. Hello! [*Looking out.*] She's a coming back—wants to buy another Yankee story, I reckon. Well, guess I can accommodate her at the same price. [*Goes up.*

Enter HANNAH, R. H.

Hannah. [*Not seeing him.*] What a life I do lead! Heighó! cooped up in that nursery, as it is called, from night till morning, and from morning till night. I declare it is too bad! I shall entirely ruin my complexion, and not be fit to be seen. And really it is too ridculous—altogether too ridiculous to keep grown up people, I may say, like children all the days of their lives. Miss Emily, now, must be a matter of eighteen or nineteen years old—yes, that she must—she must be as old, or nearly as old as me, and I was twenty-one—last—let me see—last

Hir. Last grass.

Han. Let me see—

Hir. Well, see. [*Coming down*, L. H.] You can see—them eyes warn't made for nothin.

Han. [*Screams.*] Oh, lud, how you startled me! Confined has made me quite nervis, I declare, and—

Hir. Confinement made you narvos? I shouldn't wonder if it did. Use Townsend's Sarsaparilla and a body brace, and you'll get strong about the time the breth's out of you.

Han. Really, I—I [*Looks at him.*] Quite a decent figure. I suppose you are the young man as is just come?

Hir. Reckon I am just come in time to see you. Well, I swow, you are a little the prettiest critter ever was raised, if you ain't I wish I may wear soap locks.

Han. I declare he's quite agreeable! [*Curtseys.*

Hir. [*Aside.*] This ain't bad tu take. Say you, I should like to be at a real huskin with you?

Han. Should you? I hope it's nothing improper. What's a huskin?

Hir. Why—get out—why you—now you don't—what's a huskin?

Han. Yes, I want to know.

Hir. Du tell—you want to know? Why, where in Noah's ark was you raised?

Han. Where was I raised? Do you mean where was I born and brought up?

Hir. Shouldn't wonder if I did.

Han. Why in England—in the old country.

Hir. Oh, that accounts for it. How long have you been here?

Han. Only two months.

Hir. Well, 'taint no wonder you don't know what a huskin frolic is—some of your folks that write books, stay here more than two years, and don't know what a Yankee is—they don't know what to make on us. You see, we kind a like to *make* ourselves, and don't want other folks to make anything of us, anyhow—we can hang on our own hook, I reckon.

Han. But what's a huskin?

Hir. Wish to patience we was at one now. Well, 'taint no use tellin what a huskin is—but, I say you—what's your name?

Han. Hannah!

Hir. Hannah?

Han. Yes.

Hir. And mine's Hiram—and, oh Cupid! I say you, if you'll go, I'll carry you to a huskin' next week?

Han. If there's no harm.

Hir. Harm! No, I can show you the worst on it now, if you ain't scared.

Han. Oh, it's something to see, is it?

Hir. Guess 'tis. Well, do you see at a huskin', if I'm more spry than you are and husk my corn first, I does just so!

[*Kisses her.*

At the same moment, enter, R. H., *riding a toy stick horse,* MASTER WASHINGTON JACKSON.—*He runs against* HANNAH, *and seeing her kiss* HIRAM, *lets fall his horse and bursts out into a bellowing cry. Dressed in short trowsers, short-tailed coat, pinafore, &c., &c.*

Washington. [*Crying.*] T—t—there, now, see if I don't tell my pa!

Han. Dear me, I declare I'm so narvis—I am all of a fluster—I don't know what to do. There, now, Master Washington, don't cry so—I didn't go to do it—I couldn't help it. [*Looking at* HIRAM.

Wash. I know you didn't go to do it; but you let him do it; ah! you ugly thing, you. [*Making faces at* HIRAM.

Han. Why, master Washington, how could he do it? He wasn't near you; you ran against me and threw your horse down.

Wash. Ah! you think I don't know, do you? but I do though.

Hir. [*Aside.*] That's a raal bunkum gal, and no mistake.

Han. I'm very sorry. There, there, take your horse again.

[*Picks it up.*

Wash. I shan't and I won't ride any more, and I don't care, and I'll tell my pa, yes, and ever so much more besides that I know about you; yes, I will; if ever you let that man kiss you again, or if you let anybody kiss you, I will, that's what I will, and I'll kick his ugly legs, I will. [*Crosses to* HIRAM, *and is going to lay hold of him.* HANNAH *holds him—he struggles.*] Let me go! let me go.

[*She coaxes him.*

Hir. What in all creation is the world a comin' to? It must be near at an eend. What sort of a critter is that, any how? I calculate natur's been forward with him, tu! Like our last year's squash—outgrowed themselves—all outside—nothin' in 'em! Here, you Hannah!

[HANNAH *stops, seems to pacify* WASHINGTON, *and comes down.*

Hir. If you'll come down stairs to night, I calc'late I shall be round, and I'll show you t'other part of the huskin'; it's amazin' sight better than the first. It'll go down as slick as a gallon of rum at a temperance meeting. Mind—say, what do you call that critter there?

Han. That's master Washington Jackson Iodyne!

[WASHINGTON *trips himself up, falls, and roars out crying. As* HANNAH *turns to look at him,* HIRAM *kisses her.*

Hir. Sweet as butterfly's breath, by Cain. [*Exit* L. H.

[HANNAH *runs to* WASHINGTON, *who sits on the floor, and continues crying.*

Wash. There—you done it—you did—you— I don't like you any more.

Han. I did it? How did I throw you down? Come—get up—now do!

Wash. I shan't, and you did throw me down. If you had'nt a gone to that feller, and played with me, this plaguey rope would'nt have thrown me down.

[*Jumps up and throws down the skipping-rope and stamps upon it*

Han. Now come, don't be vexed, there's a dear.

Wash. I will be mad if I like—I'm mad with you, I am.

Han. Mad at me?

Wash. Yes, and if you don't let me do what I want to, I'll tell pa about you, I will, see if I don't.

Han. Well, what do you want to do, pray?

Wash. Shall I show you?

Catches hold of HANNAH, *and is about to kiss her as* EMILY *enters,* R. H.

Emily. So, so, Master Washington, I've caught you, have I? Oh! fye, fye, fye! Well, there, never mind—I won't say anythnig about it though you are to be my husband.

Wash. [*Aside.*] But I won't, though!

Em. There, go now, go up stairs, and Hannah will be with you presently, and bring you something good.

Wash. Hannah, will you come soon? [*Picks up his playthings.*] And what'll you bring me?

Han. I'll bring you a gingerbread wife—and then when you're tired of her, you can eat her up, you know.

Wash. Yes, so I can; let her be a good big 'un—I don't like little wives. Mind what I told you, Hannah, you know—and come soon—won't you? [*Exit* L. H., *riding horse.*

Em. Why, Hannah, I declare you have got him into quite a good humor, and as for myself, I feel as if I could dance with joy. See, see here, Hannah! [*Takes a colored note from her bosom.*] Oh! the dear, sweet little letter, how it does smell! So nice—only smell, Hannah. But that's not the best of it—only look, see here—here's pretty writing—and such nice, dear, dear, sweet words from my Harry! Shall I read them?—only listen. [*Reads.*] "My own dearest Emily: I have formed a scheme that will enable me to have an interview with you alone, to-night. If you come to the Doctor's study this evening, by nine o'clock, I will be there (don't be alarmed) in a sack. Hannah can come with you, and let me out. I have much to say. your own—HARRY ROCKET." [*Kisses the letter and laughs.*] Only think, Hannah, Harry in a sack! Will you be afraid to go to Guardy's study at night, Hannah?

Han. No, not if you go with me, and we carry a light. I don't

think I shall—that is, not very much afeard—perhaps a little narvis or so, but you know miss, I'll do anything for you and Master Harry.

Em. Heigho! [*Very long sigh.*

Han. Why, bless us, and save, us, what is that doleful, deep drawn sigh for?

Em. I wish I was older. I feel ashamed at being in love so much already. Why only think, Hannah, if I feel so much in love now, while I'm only such a girl, how bad I shall feel when I am quite a woman?

Han. Quite a fiddlestick! I don't know how old you are, but I'm quite sure you're old enough to love a husband with all your heart, and you can't love much more than that, you know, miss, can you?

Em. No indeed, and I know I do love with all my heart. Oh! how I do long for nine o'clock. I wish Harry may run away with me, that I do.

Han. Well, I dare say he will. We must manage to keep the Doctor employed—out of the way—and Miss Penelope, too—if we can.

Em. Yes indeed! I shall scold Harry, now I think of it, very much, for stopping so long with Miss Penelope, when he was here before. If he had'nt been so long with her, the ugly old thing, Guardy would'nt have caught him with me. I was just going to scold him, when in pops Guardy. Gracious goodness! how he did stare! And, oh my, what a fib Harry did tell him. Guardy, drawing himself up, and putting on an air of great offense, says: [*Mimicking.*] "Sir, what am I to understand by this intrusion?" Then Harry, quite unconcerned, bowing, answers: "My dear sir, I beg you will not call my presence here an intrusion—but an accident—purely accidental, I assure you—purely a mistake. I only opened the wrong door. I was going into the apartments of your excellent sister, Doctor, and was about apologizing to this *pretty little* miss (winking at me) when you entered. Nothing more, my dear sir, nothing more, on my veracity, I assure you." Then Guardy: "You opened the wrong door, I perceive sir, allow me sir, to open the *right* door," opening my door, "and now, sir, you will particularly oblige me, by walking out of the door, and also out of my house—you will indeed, sir, upon my veracity;" and so Guardy bowed out poor Harry, but not before he gave me a look as much as to say—never mind, I'll contrive some means to see you, and that soon, too.

Han. Bless us, and save us, Miss Emily, how you do run on. How in the name of patience, could Master Harry say all that, by one look?

Em. Oh! very easily, when I catch the idea. But come Hannah, there's a dear, and just help me to put up a few things, in case Harry should be very obstinate indeed, and insist on carrying me off, whether I will or no. Come! [*Exit,* R. H.

Han. He'll have a very difficult job, poor young man!

[*Exit,* R. H.

SCENE II.—*Front street.—Door of* DOCTOR'S *house in flat.—Brass plate on door,* "DOCTOR IODYNE."—*partly dark.*

Enter HARRY *and* HORATIUS, R. H., *laughing.*—HORATIUS *very grave, with spectacles.*

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! "Was ever woman in this fashion wooed—was ever woman in this fashion won?" It is an excellent idea, is'nt it, my most grave sage, and to be, reverend friend? The idea of being carried to your soul's adored, tied up in a sack, is original is'nt it, eh? Damme! why don't you laugh?

Horatius. The subject is too serious.

Har. The subject? Yes, it would be devilish serious indeed, if I was to be made a real subject for the old Doctor; but I promise you I shall be anything but a serious subject. All I'm afraid of is, I shall spoil all by laughing outright in the cursed sack.

Hor. Your levity shocks, and surprises me. In the first place, I cannot, for a moment, coincide with you, in thinking the means you use to continue your correspondence with Miss——What's her name?

Har. Miss Emily Richly—and what is more than her name—she is a devilish rich Miss Richly!

Hor. [*Aside.*] I know she is. You are unreasonable in your rhapsodies. All rhapsodies are. If you are determined to prosecute your suit and to carry off this young lady without the consent of her guardian in itself an outrage on—

Har. Horatius Rare, Esquire, *that is* the Reverend Horatius Rare, *that is to be!* I most particularly solicit you will wait until that *is to be*, arrives, and then, perhaps, I may listen to a homily. But now you must excuse me. I have asked you to assist me in this adventure as a friend. Come, damn it! cast off that hypocritical look, and say yes or no.

Hor. You wrong me. I have no hypocritical look to cast off, I had intended as a friend, to dissuade you from this undertaking, [*Aside.*] That I might carry the girl off myself.

Har. I thought you knew me better—dissuade me, indeed! King never had a greater difficulty to contend with, and about as much chance of success, when he commanded the waves of the ocean to retire from his illustrious footstool during a spring tide. No, I am as determined as the waves, and will on, so—

Enter HIRAM, *from house.*

Egad, here's the old Doctor's young man. I'll see what's to be made of him. A fine night, my friend?

Hir. [*Looking up.*] Yes, guess it is, pretty good, considerin'.

Har. Considering what?

Hir. Considerin' we ain't got no almanacs this year.

Har. [*Aside.*] This is a genius. I'll humor him. How, no almanacs?

Hir. Why, you see last year the weather and the times were so all-fired bad that the almanac makers, I heard, come to the conclusion

that there wouldn't be any weather this year at all, and wouldn't make no almanacs!

Har. Ha! ha! ha! You're an original.

Hir. Shouldn't wonder if I was. I'm first of three twins, and it ain't every one that is quite as original, any how!

Har. I concede the point, and now I wish to talk to you.

Hir. Oh! you do! then this mess of gab you don't call talkin'? Well, go ahead; I'm all eyes, ears, and attention.

Har. You belong to this house?

Hir. Don't know; dad used to say I belonged to him, but since I've been a seekin' my fortune, guess I belong to myself.

Har. Of course, but you are engaged to the owner, Dr. Iodyne?

Hir. Engaged to the Doctor! what for, to be married?

Hor. You are not very quick of comprehension.

Hir. Amen! where did you preach last?

Hor. You must understand, he means you are engaged to serve the Doctor.

Hir. Want to know! Takes two on you to tell what one means! Why, may I be teetotally doubly distilled into a double-breasted downright done-up!

Har. Let me talk to this oddity alone for a few minutes. I'll meet you at Taft's, and there mature our plans.

Hor. I will be there. [*Aside.*] Mature *our* plans. If I mistake not, yours is like an over-ripe fig—'twill fall to pieces in the plucking; mine is of another complexion. We shall see. Adieu. [*Exit*, R. H.

Har. I perceive you are a very cute, discerning dog.

Hir. Can't say; guess I've studied human natur' some, but calculate I ain't been a puppy long enough to be called a dog yet.

Har. Confound the fellow! I mean, you are smart, and will suit my purpose.

Hir. What, you wan't to trade, do you? Ain't my purpose worth considerin'? There's two on us to be suited this hitch, I guess, squire.

Har. I can't say I understand much about trade—but one thing I know, it can't be properly carried on without some capital; so that's to begin with. [*Gives him a purse.*

Hir. [*Pockets money.*] Fortune's took a shine to me, by Judas! Well, squire, you do understand what they call the *fund*amental principle. There's only two branches of business that I ever heern on that don't want any capital but brass, and that's banking and diary writing, as they calls it; most of 'em that sets up in the last line, like Captain Marryatt and them sort, ought to be called dairy writers.

Har. How so?

Hir. Because they're mostly a precious set of milksops. Would you believe it, one day when I was tu hum at dad's, down in Hopkinston, a-doing a mess of chores among the green sarce in the garden, I see one of these diary chaps a-comin', so I begins a-pullin' up some of the beans, which in the course of natur' always grows up with the bean atop, and plants t'other eend down. So Diary looks over the *fence, and says he,* "Young man, what are you employed about there

so busily?" "Well," says I, "I calc'late I'm plantin' these here darned cantankerous beans right eend down. Don't you see, every one of 'em has come up wrong eend first?" With that Diary laughs, pulls out a pocket-book and pencil, and marks it down, "Yankees don't know beans"—and this is the way such chaps gets the correct idee of Yankee characters and customs. Now, squire, what sort of business is this of yourn? But you needn't waste any of your capital telling me, as I can guess—it's love.

Har. Right in your guess. What do you mean by my wasting capital?

Hir. Git out, squire! I've done business myself in that line. What do I mean? Why, you can't make love without words, can ye? Making love begins with words, and sometime ends with words; they are your capital, I reckon. You see I've been there, squire; I know natur's natur'.

Har. The fact is, I am at present in want of your assistance. I have made an appointment with a lady in that house this evening; it is very necessary I should keep it, and not be seen by the Doctor, or, indeed, any other person in the family. As I did not anticipate finding so good a friend to assist me, meaning you—

Hir. Go ahead, squire; you've got the right sort of capital—flummery—so make the wool fly.

Har. And you are the right sort of fellow. Well, to continue. Now I find you have promised to assist me—

Hir. Hold on! hold on! I promised?

Har. That is, as I see you intend to assist me—

Hir. That amendment is put in and carried, as Uncle Josh says at town meetin'. I like you, squire, I do, by golly.

Har. I feel flattered, I assure you. You must know I have altered my plan. You saw that reverend-looking gentleman that just now left us—I'm not quite sure that I ought to have trusted him with my plans—he's a sly dog—therefore, I have determined to alter them, and instead of being carried in a sack, with your assistance I can walk in the usual way.

Hir. Make love in a sack! Mighty close squeezing, I reckon, as the old potato said to the young one that growed so fast he shoved him out of the ground. Enough said, squire. [*Takes out a key.*] Now look out. You know the house, don't you? Don't go tumbling round and making a fuss; and mind the old woman don't catch you with the young 'un; if she does, her back will be up, I tell you, so look out for squalls.

Har. [*As he goes in.*] You're my guardian angel. A perfect Mercury!

Hir. I wish I may caterpillar right on the spot if this ain't going the whole hog. The old woman calls me quite an entertaning, modest, well-behaved young person; the young 'un, Hannah, declared I was quite agreeable, and now the squire calls me his guardian angel. Guess I'm the first in the family that ever was called angel before. A considerable of an angel I am, must be suthin' uncommon taking about

me. [*Taking purse out of each pocket and shaking them.*] Shouldn't wonder if there was. Go it, if you split your waistcoat!

[*Exit into house.*

SCENE III.—*The* DOCTOR'S *Study. Set doors,* R. *and* L. C. *Glass doors opening on to a balcony with balustrades. Trap open behind balcony. Clock case (practicable, hands to work). Half dark. As scene opens, a ladder is seen gradually coming up from below, to rails of balcony.* HORATIUS *slowly ascends, carrying a sack, which he puts down. Table with writing-desk on it, closed. Chairs. Couch on* R. H.

Hor. So far, my plan succeeds; I have gained an entrance into the house. Let me but have ten minutes' conversation with Miss Emily alone, and from what her maid has told me, I have vanity enough to suppose I can overcome all her scruples to matrimony, and marry her immediately, before Harry arrives. If I can't manage an interview before he comes, I must trust to the sack. Now to find her maid, Hannah. [*Is going,* R. H., *when*

HIRAM *enters suddenly.*

The devil!

Hir. The devil? guess I am. But what do you want? Two of a trade, you know, never agree.

Hor. How cursedly unfortunate! I have it, my friend.

Hir. The devil's your friend, is he? Well, what is it?

Hor. You see—you see—I am here to—to—

Hir. Well, and I am here too. Squire, I guess you made a wrong entry. [*Pointing to window.*

Hor. Not if you don't betray me. Will you carry this note to Miss Emliy? I only wish a few moments' conversation. Will you do it? I shall be eternally indebted to you.

Hir. I calc'clate this is a cash business. You may be eternally indebted to the devil, but not to me, by Satan.

Hor. Curse his stupidity! [*Gives him purse.*] There, now, I am sure you won't hesitate.

Hir. [*Aside.*] Damn your assurance! No, I won't hesitate. [*Pockets it.*] Now just keep quiet in that room, and I'll bring the lady to you in less than no time.

Hor. Thanks! thanks! In here? [*Pointing to* L. H. D.

Hir. Yes. [HORATIUS *goes in.* JUBAL *looks down.*] Darned skunk! I don't half like him, anyhow, and may be I'll fix him. He can't get out without I choose. [*Looks at note.*] I swan, if he ain't forgot to address it. Hold on; something strikes me on the head, as the man said when the brick fell on it. Signed R. H.—all right. [*Goes to door, opens it.*] I say, squire, I snickers—I du feel a kind—a somehow—I don't know howish about this. You must promise me one thing.

Hor. [*At door.*] More money, I suppose. [*Aside.*] Well, what?

Hir. Have you got a parson all ready?

Hor. I have; he is waiting near here, at a friend's.

Hir. Well, then, you seem to be a generous, good sort of, open-hearted, friendly, [*aside*] deceitful skunk, and wouldn't like to get me into a scrape, or deceive a friend—as I partly promised to do a good turn for *your* friend, you know—you must promise to marry the lady in the dark, so that you can say you took her for somebody else, and I can bear witness to it.

Hor. I promise—only bring her here—I promise, upon my honor.

Hir. Enough said. I'll fix you straight up and down like a bean-pole. Now in with you; mind, now, in the dark.

[*Locks door, and is going,* R. H.

Enter HANNAH, R. H., *with lighted candles, which she puts on table. Lights up.*

Han. Bless us and save us! I'm glad I've found you. Oh, dear me! I'm in such a fright! I'm so narvis!

Hir. Well, then, get out of the fright as soon as you can. What in all thunder is the matter?

Han. Oh dear, it's dreadful! The little villain! You know, Master Harry has been trying to see Miss Emily, and so I thought I would keep Master Washington quiet a few minutes in my room, and I gave him a bottle of cherry brandy to taste, and what do you think?

Hir. Why, he drinked it.

Han. Every drop; and— [WASHINGTON *sings outside,* R. H.] Oh dear, here he comes!

Enter WASHINGTON, R. H., *tipsy, with a bottle.*

Wash. Hannah, my darling little nurse, I love you better than a hoop or a horse, and better—no, not better than this. Come here and kiss me. This bottle has had a wonderful effect on me, and I feel all—all—

Hir. Almighty well sewed up!

Wash. Give me my nightcap.

Hir. I guess you've got a considerable heavy, double-twilled one on now.

Wash. I'm going to bed. Put out the light. I'm going—

[*Falls on couch.*

Hir. You're goin'! You're pretty darned well gone, I reckon. But see here, Hannah, let him bunk in there; cover him up with suthin'. I'll be back in a brace of shakes. [*Exit,* R. H.

Han. What a horrid-looking object he has made of himself!

[*Covers him with table-cloth and sack.*

Wash. Tuck me up, and give me my gingerbread wife.

[*Drops bottle.*

Han. Wife, indeed! [*Picks up bottle.*] I declare, the little monster has drunk every drop! [*Puts bottle behind couch.*

Enter HIRAM, R. H.

Hir. Squat down, squat down where you are, and hold your yawp, or you'll never have me for a husband.

Han. What is the matter? I'm so narvis!

Hir. Shut up, and you'll see.

[*Blows out light, and* HANNAH *hides behind couch. Dark stage.*

Han. Bless us and save us! he's put out the lights. Oh, my nerves!

Enter MISS PENELOPE, *cloaked and vailed,* R. H.—*the note* HORATIUS *gave* HIRAM *in her hand.*

Miss P. Oh, how my heart palpitates! I am fearful I'm going beyond the bounds of virgin prudence for the sake of my dear H. R.

Hir. Well, 'tain't no matter; nobody sees nothin'. I feel for the delicacy of your situation, and the ceremony will take place in the dark. Now I'm going to bring him to you.

[*Brings down* HORATIUS *and places* MISS PENELOPE'S *hand in his.*

Miss P. Oh dear.

Han. Oh, my stars! A man in that room!—Mr. Horatius Rare! Oh, my nerves!

Hir. [*Bringing* HORATIUS *forward.*] Now, squire, she's all your own. Be spry—mind your promise—speak low—be as mum as a thousand of brick!

Hor. [*Under-tone—kissing* MISS PENELOPE'S *hand.*] Oh! my charming, kind, dear, delicious creature, let us not lose a moment.

Miss P. [*Low voice.*] I am all your own. [*Embrace.*

Hir. Natur's natur, by gosh!

Hor. On the wings of Hymen, then, I bear my precious gift.

[*Leads her off,* L. H.

Enter HARRY *and* EMILY, *with a light,* R. H.—*Lights up.*—HANNAH *comes forward.—All laugh.*

Hir. On the wings of Hymen you'll wake up and find the wings of an old hen, I reckon.

Har. Egad, Dominie, you're caught in your own snare.

Em. [*Laughing.*] Oh! poor fellow! I pity him.

Har. Come, come, pity is akin to love; you must pity me first. 'Tis nearly ten o'clock; by this time our convenient friend must be waiting to tack us together.

Em. Well, I'm quite ready. [HIRAM *is listening* L. H. *door.*

Har. Let us fly!

Hir. By all patience, this is too all-killing bad. There comes the old man, and I do believe he's ketchin' the wings of Hymen.

Doct. [*Outside,* L. H.] What's this! no light in the entry, and the door open!

Hir. We are all busted up now, and no mistake.

Han. He's coming up! oh! my nerves!

Har. Emily, can't you get down this ladder? try, quick.

Em. I can't, I can't, indeed. Oh Harry! Harry! Shan't I be married, after all?

Hir. Here, squire, be quick. [*Gives him a candle, and puts them into a room,* L. L.] And you, Hannah, get in; keep quiet as coons

till I come to you—I'll fix this job up—guess I know what's o'clock. [*Gets into clock-case, leaving one lighted candle on table.*

Enter DOCTOR, L. H.

Doct. Very extraordinary! No lamp lighted in the entry! [*Looks at clock.*] Half-past nine o'clock, and the door open! I hope all is safe in the house. I feel a little alarmed, and I fancied I heard something in the entry like a person breathing hard, but it must have been fancy, as I felt all over the passage, and have carefully locked the door. [*Shows key.—Puts it in his pocket.—Goes to table.—Opens desk.—Examines papers.—Sits.*] All is right here. Let me see—to-day is the tenth of September, and at ten o'clock this night, my ward, Emily Richly, will be exactly seventeen years old, the time appointed by her father's will here, for her to take possession of his vast property. [*The hands of the clock are seen to move to ten.—He turns and looks at clock, at the same time knocks the will off the table to floor.*] It can't want more than twenty-five minutes to the time. Eh! how's this? Surely my eyes deceive me! Ten o'clock! yes indeed it is. I must have made a mistake when I looked before. If I can manage to keep her in ignorance of her age three years longer, my son Washington will be nineteen years old, and then I can make it a match, and all my troubles will end. [*Locks up desk.*] Now to see if all the rest of the house is safe. I have not much confidence in that fellow, Hiram. [*Exit*, R. H.

Hir. [*Coming from clock-case.*] There ain't much confidence wasted between us. You're a nice old man, I don't think. That's a pretty looking husband, kivered up with a sack there, for a young lady of fortun'. [*Picks up will.—Opens door.*

Enter HARRY.

Squire, I'm going to give you a marriage portion. Look here! [*Opens will.*

Har. "Will of Jacob James Richly." What's this?

Hir. Only makes your wife worth twenty thousand a year, at ten o'clock to-night—that's all.

Har. Fall—lal—lal! [*Dances.*] I am the luckiest dog alive! [*A whistle from below* C. *window.*] By Jupiter! there's Ned Knottie, my friend, the parson—that's his signal.

Hir. Is it, by Cupid? [*Both run to window and look out.*] Say you, Mr. Minister, walk up Hymen's ladder, will you?

PARSON *comes up ladder to balcony.*

Har. You dog, Ned, just in the nick of time. Come, Hiram, you must give me away.

Hir. I'm on hand, squire, go ahead.

[*Takes lights from tables.—All exeunt into* L. H. 1. U. E.—*Lights down.—At the same moment,* TEDDY *puts his head up ladder, with his lantern and rattle.*

Teddy. Ladders don't walk without legs, 'cepting when they're carried on a cart. When I passed fornenst the Doctor's here, on my bate, not half an hour since, the divil a bit of a ladder was there here at all, at all. [*Gets over into room and nearly falls.*] Whistle Teddy, whistle! Be aisy, it's your legs that isn't used to the likes of these aiqual floors they have in gintlemen's houses. [*Looks around with his lantern.*] I should'nt be at all surprised to find the whole family kilt. [*Sees* WASHINGTON.—*pulls off table cover.—Starts back.* Och! murder and ouns, but here's a murdered body!

Wash. [*Trying to sit up.*] Give me my wife—I want my wife, and I will have her!

Ted. By the powers, I should have thought you'd cried out for your mother! But I must raise the police, anyhow—there's bloody murder on my bate. [*Goes to balcony—springs rattle—calls murder.*

DOCTOR *rushes in* R. H.—TEDDY *collars him.*

Och! I have one of the murtherin' villains safe enough. Murder! Murder! [*Loud knock,* L. H. D.

Enter HIRAM, *from* R. H. D., *with a light.—Lights up.*

Hir. What in all creation is to du now?

Ted. [*Points to* WASHINGTON.] Here is a murdered gintleman crying out for his wife, and I have succeeded in detecting and sazing the culprit. Did you ever see such a villainous countenance before? Oh! you'll be hanged for this, you will. [*Knock at* L. H. D.

Hir. Watchman, I guess you've ketched the wrong coon this time. Don't you see it's the Doctor himself?

Ted. By the powers, and so it is the ould gintleman himself! [*Releases* DOCTOR.

Doct. Watchman, I charge you open the street door, [*Gives key,*] and bring up the police. I fear I'm robbed, ruined, undone. [TEDDY *takes key and goes off* L. H.] Where is Miss Emily, my ward, Hiram?

Hir. Don't be in such a pesky passion, Doctor. Here's your ward that was, Mrs. Harry Rocket that is.

Enter EMILY, HARRY, *and* HANNAH, L. H. D. U. E.

Em. Dear Guardy, we crave your blessing, and if you refuse it, why, Guardy, we shall not break our hearts, as I am now mistress of 20,000 blessings a year—ain't I Harry?

Har. [*Holding up will.*] Ecce signum! Ha, ha, ha! and myself makes 21,000 blessings!

Doct. I'm thunder-struck!

Hir. Be you, though—I guess you ought to be, and struck all of a heap, too! Look here, here's a nice, neat article for a young lady of fortune's husband! [*Bringing forward* WASHINGTON.

Wash. I won't be any young lady's husband—Hannah's my wife.

Han. Your wife, indeed! you nasty, tipsy thing, you—the very *sight* of you makes me nervous.

Hir. Git out! [*Takes* HANNAH'S *arm,* R. *corner.*] This is better than a huskin', by gravy!

Enter HORATIUS *and* MISS PENELOPE, *still vailed,* L. H.—EMILY *is up Stage with* HARRY, *back to* HORATIUS.

Hor. Harry Rocket, my first apology is due to you—but you know friendship gives way to all-powerful love. Doctor Iodyne, I am sorry to take from you so great a solace and comfort, but the fates have so decreed it. So honorable have I been in all this transaction, that I have even kept my promise to my friend there, and actually married my charmer in the dark. Now, my angel, remove the cloud that obscures those radiant charms, and let all behold and reverence the [*She unvails.*] the devil!

Hir. The devil! that's me, squire—reverence me! I swiggell, Doctor, I'm a kind a sorry for you, but human natur's human natur. So forget and forgive—make the young folks happy. [*All laugh.*—DOCTOR *joins the hands of* EMILY *and* HARRY.] Now all that remains for me, is to ask the same good feeling here.

Followed by fortune!
Cheer'd by your smiles—
All fears from our minds we chase;
To give pleasure to all
Assembled here,
In our minds shall have a first place.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CLXXI.

THE

DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

A Farce, in One Act.

By JOHN MADDISON MORTON, Esq.,

(MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.)

Author of "Brother Ben," "Cousin Lambkin," "The Attic Story," "My Wife's Second Floor," "A Thumping Legacy," &c., &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business

AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATERS.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 Nassau Street, (Up Stairs.)

Cast of the Characters.—[The Double-Bedded Room.]

	Haymarket, London, 1843.	*Louisville*, 1858.
Mr. Dulcimer Pipes, Mus. Bac. and Organist	Mr. W. Farren.	Mr. Scallan.
Major Minus	" Strickland.	" Townsend.
Spigot, Landlord of "The Yorkshire Gray"	" T.F.Matthews.	" St. Clair.
Joseph, his Head Waiter	" Clark.	" Dillon.
Mrs. Deputy Lomax	Mrs. Glover.	Mrs. Gilbert.
Nancy Spigot	" Humby.	" Lorton.

Scene, York. Time in Representation, thirty-five minutes.

Costume.

MR. DULCIMER PIPES.—Dark-brown old-fashioned lapeled coat—black breeches—white waistcoat—black hat—flannel dressing gown—nightcap—fawn-colored traveling cap.

MAJOR MINUS.—Military jacket—white collar and cuffs—pair of epaulettes—white trowsers—blue cloth cap, with gold band—fawn-colored stuff Taglioni.

SPIGOT.—Brown Newmarket coat, gilt buttons—nankeen breeches—white gaiters—striped waiters.

JOSEPH.—White jacket—black trowsers.

MRS. DEPUTY LOMAX.—Flowered challi dress—black velvet spencer, and white bonnet.

NANCY SPIGOT.—Blue silk—white apron.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Center.* L. C. *Left Center.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Center Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

THE DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

SCENE.—*A Room in the "Yorshshire Gray." Beds, with curtains to each,* R. *and* L.—*A window, practicable,* C.—*A washhand-stand, water-jug and glass near bed,* L. H.

JOSEPH *discovered dusting furniture.*

Joseph. I don't like it. I say I don't like it. [*Kicking chair away.*] I've a soul above chambermaid's work, and making beds and shaking beds is quite out of my line, and so I told my master, Mr. Spigot, this morning. "Never mind, Joe," said he, "it's only once a-year." That's just once too often, thinks I. Confound the York Festival, I say.

Spigot. [*Without.*] Nancy! Nancy!

Nancy. [*Without.*] Yes, father.

Spig. Pork chops and one brandy and water for No. 2—one tea and muffins for No. 3. I'll take care of No. 1.

Jos. You generally do, old fellow.

Nan. [*Without.*] Yes, father, directly.

Jos. Bless her dear little voice—it's the only comfort I have in life. I did flatter myself once that my little attentions had made an impression on the interesting Miss Spigot. Formerly it used to be, "Honest Joe, do this—dear Joe, do that." Now it's "Mr. Joseph, be so kind—if it isn't too much trouble, Mr. Joseph"—just as if I was a gentleman; and I defy any one to say *that* of me. Oh, here comes master! [*Begins to dust furniture very energetically.*

Enter SPIGOT *and* NANCY, L. D. F.

Spig. Ah, Joe, that's right! Well, I declare, our best sitting-room makes a capital sleeping apartment. All's fair in the Festival-week, eh, Joe? So work away—look alive.

Jos. I don't know how I may look, but I feel half dead.

Nan. No wonder, Mr. Joseph. Father doesn't seem to be aware of the fact that rest is natural to man.

Spig. Poo! who dreams of rest during the Festival?

Jos. Ecod, you're right there. There's not much chance of dreaming of that, or anything else!

Nan. That's true enough. I haven't been in a horizontal position for the last two nights.

Jos. No more have I; and if I could better my condition—

Spig. You'd leave me? Joseph, beware of ingratitude! Haven't I been a father to you?

Jos. Not that I am aware of; but if you're particularly ambitious of the title, there's a way of accommodating you. Give me your daughter Nancy, and the reversion of the "Yorkshire Gray," and when you join the society of your respected ancestors—which you're at liberty to do as soon afterwards as you think proper—you'll have the satisfaction of carrying my good opinion along with you. Come, is it a bargain, yes or no?

Spig. No.

Nan. That's to the point. But, as the auctioneers say, allow me to call your attention to the article once again. Look at him again—it's your last chance—you'll never have such another.

Spig. Joe, you're an honest, hard-working lad, but poor as a rat, and therefore no match for my daughter.

Jos. Then, in plain, unadulterated language, Mr. Spigot, you are a flinty-hearted father!

Nan. So you are—anything but an ornament to the numerous, influential, and enlightened body of Licensed Victuallers.

Jos. But though I'm poor, there's plenty of money in the family; and if my father's sister's second husband's brother's son—or, as I call him for short, Cousin Pipes—

Spig. Who's cousin Pipes?

Jos. Who? Why, a genius. A musician—plays on the organ—not in the streets—no, no—but at all the principal Teetotal Festivals in the county; and, ecod! he's rattled on the keys till he's fingered the notes to a pretty tune, I can tell you.

Spig. All the better for Mrs. Pipes.

Nan. And the little Pipeses.

Jos. Mrs. Pipes! Bless you, Cousin Pipes would as soon be alone with a mad dog as a woman. He's got organs of all sorts and sizes, except the organ of matrimony.

Spig. Ah, Joe! Now if this rich cousin of yours would only come down with a hundred or two for you—

Jos. You said if! I have given him some half a dozen gentle hints to that effect myself, but he won't take them, so what do you think I've done as a last desperate resource? I've sent him an invitation to the York Festival, in the shape of an anonymous letter, stating that the organist has been taken suddenly ill, and urging him to come on here as fast as he possibly can, to apply for the vacancy. If that bait don't make him nibble, the devil's in it!

Spig. Ah, and if he does come, what would you do? Now, suppose me your cousin——

Jos. Very well. You're cousin Pipes—you come in. I make a dash at you. [*Seizing* SPIGOT.

Spig. Holloa!

Nan. That's right—shake him, Joe! Never mind—we're only supposing, you know. Go on, Joe!

Jos. "Lend me a couple of hundreds," says I. "No!" says you. "No!" says I—"then take that!" says I.

[*He gives* SPIGOT *a punch in the stomach.*

Spig. Zounds! [*The noise of a carriage arriving.*

Major Minus. [*Without.*] Here, waiter! ostler!

Spig. Huzza! more visitors to the Festival, and more customers to the "Yorkshire Gray."

Jos. Perhaps it's cousin Pipes——

Nan. A post chaise and pair!

Jos. Then it isn't cousin Pipes. A donkey cart and one would be more in his style.

Spig. A lady and gentleman, I declare. What a dashing pair! Run, Nancy, and show them up. [*Exit* NANCY, R. D. F.] Now, Joe, for your best bow.

Nancy. [*Without.*] Up stairs, sir—first room to the left, ma'am.

Enter MAJOR MINUS, R. D. F., *in military costume, and supporting* MRS. DEPUTY LOMAX, *in gaudy attire—a large vail over her face.*

Maj. This way, my adorable widow. Lean on me—that's right! [*In a very soft tone.*] Not quite so hard. [*Vociferating to* SPIGOT, *who keeps up a volley of bows.*] A chair!

Spig. [*Starting off his legs.*] Bless us! a chair.

[*Vociferating to* JOSEPH, *who runs and brings one.*

Maj. [*Seating* MRS. L.] There, my beloved—repose your agitated anatomy! [*Fanning her with his hat—Sees* JOSEPH, *who begins to fan her with his napkin on the other side.*] Be quiet, sir. Halloo! [*To* SPIGOT.] Why don't you show us into a sitting-room, sir?

Spig. Beg pardon, sir—this was a sitting-room, but really during the Festival week the demand for beds is so very great, that we venture——

Maj. I understand.

Mrs. L. [*Recovering.*] Major!

Maj. Matilda Jane!

Mrs. L. [*In a plaintive tone.*] Where am I?

Jos. [*In her tone of voice.*] At the "Yorkshire Gray."

Maj. [*To* JOSEPH.] Will you be quiet, sir? Don't be alarmed, my precious Lomax. I am certain he could not recognize you—thanks to this vail which conceals your charming face. [*Lifts up vail.*

Mrs. L. Well, I do declare Major, there never was a female so near fainting away, as I was when I put my head out of the po shay, and saw my brother John galloping after us! I han't fainted for good, since I went down to Margate with the late lamented Lomax, last Midsummer day twelvemonth, in one of the horrid steamers. How sick I was to be sure!

Maj. Indisposed, you mean!

Mrs. L. I mean what I say, Major. I shall never forget the smell of the oil out of the boiler.

Spig. [*To* MAJOR.] What will you please to order, sir?

Jos. We've got kidneys, chops, steaks, cutlets, patties, pickled salmon, calves' ears, ox's tails, pigs' feet, sheeps' trotters——

Mrs. L. Keep your trotters to yourself, young man!

Maj. What say you, my widow—shall we take some refreshment before we continue our journey?

Spig. Eh, what? Ain't you going to stop, sir?

Maj. Most certainly—until you put a fresh pair of horses to the vehicle.

Spig. Oh! sorry I cant accommodate you, sir. There isn't a horse in the town——

Mrs. L. Not a horse in the town! Well, if that isn't a thumper, I don't know one when I hear it.

Spig. Fact, ma'am, I assure you. All the horses are busily engaged in bringing in the families in the neighborhood to the Festival. Now, if you would allow me to suggest, you had better stay here to-night—honor the Festival with your presence, and resume your journey to-morrow morning. To be sure I might, perhaps, let you have a pair of horses in an hour or two.

Maj. What does my Lomax decide?

Mrs. L. Why, considering that Lomax has been undergoing a very considerable degree of bumping all day, in a post chaise—

Maj. That's enough! Innkeeper, consider us domiciled under your roof until your first pair of posters come in. But I say. [*Aside to* SPIGOT]—Mum's the word, you know.

Spig. No, I don't!

Maj. An elopement! the widow of the great Lomax, late tallow chandler, and deputy of Candlewick—rolling in wealth!

Spig. No!

Maj. Fact! we've been pursued all the way from London——

Spig. No!

Maj. Fact! By her long brother John—who has the vile taste to object to me as a brother-in-law—therefore, mum's the word, and you pocket a ten pound note.

Spig. All right!

Mrs. L. Oh, Major! where are the dear animals?

Spig. The what?

Maj. [*Aside to* SPIGOT.] Her dog and cat!

Mrs. L. I must say it's very unfeeling in you to leave the poor little creatures shivering by themselves in the post chaise. You know Alonzo the Brave has got a cold in his head!

Spig. Alonzo the Brave!

Maj. [*Aside to* SPIGOT.] The terrier dog——

Mrs. L. And as for the fair Imogene——

Maj. [*Aside to* SPIGOT.] The tabby cat——

Mrs. L. It's my firm belief she's sickening with the measles, so I'll trouble you, Major, to bring them into a warmer temperature directly.

Maj. I'm going, my precious. [*Looks out of window.*] Eh! no—*yes, it is!* [*Starts away from window.*

Mrs. L. What's the matter, Major

Maj. We're discovered! I just saw your long brother John sitting on the top of the lamp post opposite, and looking in at the window.

Mrs. L. Then there'll be murder, as sure as my name's Matilda Jane. If John once gets into the house, he'll shiver every individual morsel of furniture in it.

Spig. The devil he will!

Mrs. L. What's to be done? Where can we hide? Show us another room.

Spig. I haven't another room, but if you'll just step down stairs, you can lie snug in the back kitchen till I run for the constables, and send brother John about his business.

Mrs. L. Oh anything—come along!

[*Hurries* SPIGOT *out*, L. D. F., *followed by* MAJOR.

Jos. Ha, ha! I've half a mind to let brother John in. He'd smash the furniture, and then I shouldn't have to clean it.

Enter NANCY, R. D. F.

Nan. Father, father! Oh, Mr. Joseph!

Jos. Mister again! What's the matter, Miss Nancy? You look agitated.

Nan. No wonder! There's a stranger below—a remarkably tall man—doing his best to tear the front door off its hinges. He says he's in pursuit of a runaway sister, and insists on searching every room in the house. Do run, Mr. Joseph, and turn him away.

Jos. I should be delighted, Miss Nancy, but you surely wouldn't have me get into a scrape with a remarkably tall man, for the sake of your father, who won't have me for a son-in-law, at any price.

Nan. Joseph, I've made a discovery—you're a coward.

Jos. No, Miss, only discreet.

Nan. Well, Joe, I'm not blind to your fascinations, if father is.

Jos. Thankye, Miss Nancy. Oh, if Cousin Pipes, would only—ah! [*Exclaiming.*

Nan. What's the matter? anything extraordinary?

Jos. Yes, very extraordinary! I've got an idea! Ten to one, but Cousin Pipes has put up at some other hotel, for the express purpose of not seeing me. I'll ferret him out, if I have to ransack every inn in York. I'll begin with the "Spotted Dog," round the corner. [*Going, Stops.*] Don't call me a coward again, Miss Nancy. [*Going, Stops.*] By the by, I think you said the remarkably tall man was posted at the front door, my shortest way is decidedly out of the back! [*Runs off*, L. D. F.

Nan. Ha, ha! poor Joe! I hope he may succeed with his Cousin Pipes, for he's evidently pining away for love of me, and I'm not certain that he hasn't inoculated me with the same complaint.

Enter DULCIMER PIPES, R. D. F., *a large handkerchief around his neck, and very dusty. He carries a carpet bag in one hand, and a hat box in the other—an umbrella under his arm.*

Pipes. Wheugh! this is what I call pleasant, seventeen miles in

tax cart, over a cross road, remarkable for nothing but the profundity of its ruts; and then trotting up and down the streets of York, with a carpet bag in one hand, and a hat box in the other, and an umbrella under my arm. I've been to thirteen hotels, nine taverns, five Tom and Jerry's already—total, twenty-eight, and have got precisely the same agreeable information from all—"quite full."

Nan. [*Seeing* PIPES.] A strange gentleman!

Pipes. A remarkable lively time I've had of it altogether; never mind, Pipes, my boy, if—thanks to my anonymous correspondent—I can only get an opportunity of playing the organ at the Festival, I'm a made man.

Nan. Sir! I presume you want accommodation for the night?

Pipes. You do not presume, for I do—quite full, I suppose?

Nan. Yes, sir.

Pipes. I thought so! that makes twenty-nine.

Nan. We've only this double-bedded room empty.

Pipes. Both beds disengaged?

Nan. Yes, sir.

Pipes. I'll take one

Nan. We can't let one, sir—you must pay for both.

Pipes. Why, I can't sleep in two beds at once.

Nan. Very well sir, if you object—

Pipes. But I don't object—I only repeat the observation, that I can't sleep in two beds at once—how much?

Nan. Fifteen shillings, sir.

Pipes. Oh! that's seven and sixpence for one.

Nan. Yes, sir—and seven and sixpence for the other.

Pipes. Exactly! it's a good deal of money, young woman?

Nan. Oh dear, no sir—not in the Festival week, especially for two beds!

Pipes. But I don't want two beds.

Nan. We can't let one without the other.

Pipes. Then I've no other alternative, unless I sleep in the streets. I'll pay beforehand, and secure them. [*Feeling in his purse.*] Six half-crowns—there's fifteen shillings. [*Giving the money.*

Nan. Perhaps you'd like to pay the chambermaid beforehand, sir?

Pipes. Eh? oh! there's a shilling. [*Gives one.*

Nan. A shilling a bed, is the usual compliment.

Pipes. But I tell you once more, I don't want—it's no use—there. [*Gives another.*] I'll have both beds warmed, d'ye hear?

Nan. Very well, sir.

Pipes. [*Throws bag and box on bed,* L. H.] I shall get into this bed first—and you'll knock at my door in an hour, and then I'll get into the other, and so on all night long. I'll have my fifteen shillings' worth, or my name's not Pipes!

Nan. Pipes! did you say Pipes, sir?

Pipes. I did say Pipes—I say it again, Pipes—do you see any reason why I shouldn't say Pipes?

Nan. Oh, dear, no! [Aside.] It must be Joseph's rich cousin—

how fortunate! We've all heard of the famous Mr. Pipes, of course! the whole town is on tiptoe of expectation for your arrival.

Pipes. I'm sure the whole town is exceedingly flattering, and as I've no time to lose, perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me where I can find the Stewards of the Festival?

Nan. Certainly, sir! first to the right, then to the left, then to the right again, across the market place, past the pump, then anybody will direct you!

Pipes. Hadn't you better put it down?

Voices. [*Without.*] I say, sir, I must see the lady.

2 *Voice.* [*Without.*] You cannot, sir.

1 *Voice.* [*Without.*] I tell you I must—the lady is my runaway sister, and I must and will see her!

Pipes. Hollo! what's that?

Nan. Only a noisy, troublesome gentleman, making inquiries after a runaway sister.

Pipes. I hope he doesn't mean to persevere in his inquiries all night—just tell him with my compliments, that I'm paying for two beds, and expect to have a double quantity of sleep. First to the right, then to the left—through the pump——

Nan. No, no—past the pump.

Pipes. Well, I remember there was something about a pump—I must endeavor to find it. [*Exit* R. D. F.

Nan. Now, then, to find Joseph, and tell him the good news.

[*Exit* R. D. F.

Enter SPIGOT, L. D. F.

Spig. There never was such a hubbub in the "Yorkshire Gray" before—I knew I should be obliged to send that long brother John to the station house. Oh! here comes his runaway sister and the gallant Major! Rather lucky for them, this double-bedded room was empty.

Enter MAJOR *and* MRS. LOMAX, L. D. F.

It's all right ma'am, I've got rid of your troublesome brother.

Mrs. L. Thanks, innkeeper. Major, you've got the—

Maj. The animals? oh yes—here they are.

[*Pulls a puppy out of one pocket of his Chesterfield, and a kitten out of the other.*

Mrs. L. What, a double-bedded room?

Spig. We have no other, ma'am.

Mrs. L. Very well—put the animals on one bed, and I'll occupy the other. [MAJOR *puts the animals on bed,* L. H.

Spig. Any more commands, ma'am?

Mrs. L. Nothing particular, except that you are at liberty to retire, and take the Major along with you.

Maj. Very well—and as there isn't another bed to be had in the town, I'll smoke myself to sleep in an arm chair.

Mrs. L No, no! how much more romantic it would be, to stand sentry under my window, with a cigar in your mouth, and see that

sentry under my window, with a cigar in your mouth, and see that my repose is not disturbed.

Maj. So it would! How delightful! [*Aside.*] What a bore! Come along, Mr. Spigot. Sweet slumbers to Matilda Jane!

Mrs. L. Thankye, Major. [*Exeunt* MAJOR *and* SPIGOT, L. D. F.] Well, I vow, this eloping is a fine lady-like recreation. What a contrast to my first entrance into the holy state! When I married the late Deputy Lomax, I had to hear my name bawled out by a parish clerk, for three Sundays running; then, when the important day arrived, went to church in a hackney coach, No. 462; was given away by my uncle, the undertaker; then returned to the shop to see the wedding party helped to lobster salad and bottled porter; and after having been slobbered over and wished all sorts of happiness, by all sorts of people, was driven away by Lomax in his one-horse chay, to spend the honeymoon at Battersea. It was dreadful! Indeed, I said to Lomax, before we got to Hyde Park Corner, "Lomax, when I marry again, I'll elope," and I've kept my word. [*Puts bonnet and shawl on the smaller chair, near the bed,* R. H.] I sha'n't be sorry to snatch a little snooze before we continue our journey to Gretna Green, for I do feel uncommonly nappish, [*yawns,*] so I'll just lie down as I am. [*Lies down on bed and lets curtains down, so as to conceal her.*

Enter DULCIMER PIPES, JOSEPH, *and* NANCY, R. D. F.

Pipes. [*Putting a bundle, which he carries, on a chair.*] No, Joseph, no! once for all, I won't do any such thing.

Jos. You won't lend me a couple of hundreds?

Pipes. No!

Nan. One hundred?

Pipes. No!

Jos. Fifty?

Pipes. No!

Nan. That'll do. [*Turns to go, and sees the bed,* R. H., *is occupied.*] Oh, Joe, look there!

Jos. Matilda Jane fast asleep—what an idea! I have it—we'll lock Cousin Pipes up in the room, and then run and report the state of affairs to her fiery lover, the Major.

Nan. Capital! He! he!

Jos. Now, cousin, I think it's my turn. Good night, cousin; by by, my dear cousin! [*Exit,* L. D. F., *locking door after him.*

Pipes. Hollo! he's locked the door!

Nan. Good night, sir. [*Exit,* R. D. F., *and locks door.*

Pipes. Hollo! she's locked the other door! Well, of all the peculiar proceedings—never mind! it's only on a par with the rest of my adventures. My anonymous correspondent turns out to be a humbug—the organist was never better in all his life—and the upshot is that I have been made a pretty considerable fool of. Let me see—one pound one for having my bones dislocated in a tax-cart; fifteen *shillings* for two beds, when I only want one; and another fifteen *shillings for a new* flannel dressing-gown and nightcap, because I was *simpleton enough to forget* my own in the hurry of starting. [Takes

flannel gown and nightcap out of bundle.] Never mind, I'll go to bed and forget it all. [*Takes off coat and puts on flannel gown and cap.*] I shan't want much rocking, for I feel uncommon—[*yawns, and goes to bed,* L. H.] Hollo! here's a dog! Hollo! here's a cat! Come, I say, get off my bed, will you? Puss, puss, puss—doggy, doggy, doggy! [*Trying to coax them off.*] Oh, damn it! [*Seizes them both by the necks, crosses, and flings them on to the bed,* R. H.] There!

Mrs. L. [*Screams.*] Murder!

Pipes. Mercy on us! [*Rushes back to bed,* L. H., *gets behind the curtains, only showing his head.*

Mrs. L. [*Putting her head through curtains.*] What's the matter?

Pipes. A woman! } [*Each drop the curtains and conceal them-*
Mrs. L. A man! } *selves.*

Pipes and Mrs. L. [*Both concealed, and both speaking at the same time.*] Leave the room! Quit the apartment! What business have you here?

Mrs. L. [*Putting her head through curtains.*] Sir! Mr. Whoever-you-are, if you keep on saying what you've got to say at the same time I'm saying what I've got to say, we can't possibly know what either of us do say. Now what do you say?

Pipes. What do I say? Why, I say, ma'am, that this room is mine! [*Standing on his bed and putting head through the crown at the top.*

Mrs. L. Yours?

Pipes. Yes, mine! mine!

Mrs. L. No such thing! Begone, you naughty old man!

Pipes. Naughty!—ha! ha! I tell you, I've just paid fifteen shillings for this room, ma'am—and I'll trouble you to remove yourself and your two domestic animals instanter.

Mrs. L. Go yourself, sir, before I have you chucked out of the window.

Pipes. Chucked out of my own window—ha! ha! We'll soon see that. [*Jumps off bed*—MRS. LOMAX *screams and draws her head in.*] Pooh! pooh! don't be afraid, it's all accurate. Come out, ma'am; come out. [*Runs to door,* L. D. F.—*tries to pull it open.*] Here, help! landlord! waiter!

Mrs. L. [*Running to* L. D. F.] Here, chambermaid! anybody! everybody!

Pipes. It's no use—we're locked in.

Mrs. L. Locked in! Oh! what'll become of me?

Pipes. You! Pooh! what'll become of me? I'ts a vile, atrocious conspiracy against my reputation—and it's my belief, ma'am, you're at the bottom of it!

Mrs. L. I? Hold your tongue, you vile old wretch! Oh, oh! I'm going to faint!

Pipes. Don't—don't do any such thing! [*Avoiding* MRS. LOMAX, *who staggers towards him, and at last falls into his arms.*] Good gracious! she's off! Oh, my arms! [*Lets her drop into a chair and tries to revive her.*] It's no use! Here, help! murder! [*Shouting. Knocking heard.*] Hollo! what's that? Somebody in the next room *knocking at the* wainscot. What's the matter with you?

Voice. [*Without.*] I say, sir, do you mean to keep on beating your wife all night?

Pipes. My wife! No such thing! allow me to explain.

[*Close to the wall and very anxious to make himself understood.*

Voice. You're a cowardly brute; and if I don't have you up before the bench to-morrow, my name's not Turnbull.

Pipes. Pooh! go to sleep, Turnbull, and don't make a fool of yourself. This isn't to be borne. [*Shouts in* MRS. LOMAX'S *ear.*] Zounds, ma'am! will you leave off fainting, or will you not?

Mrs. L. [*Coming to herself.*] Where am I?

Pipes. Where are you? Why, here, ma'am, in my double-bedded room, ma'am; seven and sixpence a bed, ma'am, and paid for, ma'am; and yet, ma'am, I'm going to sleep in the streets, in the stable, in the cockloft, among the hens and chickens, anywhere but here. [*Gathering up his coat, carpet-bag and hat-box, during the above.*] And so, most uncomfortable of females, good by.

Mrs. L. Where are are you going, sir?

Pipes. I don't know—I don't care! And if I can only find a window, or a chimney, or a trap-door, to creep out of—eh! here's a window. [*Going.*

Mrs. L. [*Stopping him.*] Not for the world, sir; I can't allow a man to be seen jumping out of my bedroom window.

Pipes. [*Vociferating.*] My bedroom window—mine! Let me go!

Mrs. L. I tell you, you'll do yourself an injury, you infatuated old man.

Pipes. That's my affair, ma'am—I presume I've a right to break my neck, if I think proper.

Mrs. L. But you've no right to break the Major's, which you certainly will do, if you jump out of the window upon him.

Pipes. The Major! Who the devil's he? your husband?

Mrs. L. Not my husband that is, but my husband that is to be. He's a terribly jealous creature, and will run you through the body as sure as my name's Matilda Jane.

Pipes. Better be cut into mincemeat than remain here; so here goes. [*Opens window. Furious rain heard.*] Rains cats and dogs!

Mrs. L. I say, sir!

Pipes. [*Disgusted.*] Well?

Mrs. L. I hope you're a respectable character?

Pipes. What right have you to hope anything of the sort, ma'am?

Mrs. L. Because we shall certainly be locked up together in this room all night.

Pipes. I'm afraid we shall. What a situation for an organist and a bachelor of music!

Mrs. L. I'll stab you, if you behave rude; I've got my scissors.

Pipes. Damn it, ma'am, don't be absurd! You're by no means a lovely woman, ma'am; you're anything but a lovely woman.

Mrs. L. Don't be impertinent, you ordinary creature, and help me to put up the screen.

Pipes. With all my heart—I wish it was a brick wall. [*They put up screen, so as to form two rooms.*] There, now, ma'am, there's a

light for you. [*Gives* MRS. LOMAX *a light.*] That's your apartment; and I'll trouble you to keep in your own parish, d'ye hear?

Mrs. L. Good night.

Pipes. Good night! [*Fiercely.*] I never was so sleepy in all my life. What a disgusting position! [*Gets on to his bed,* L. H.

Mrs. L. Sir!

Pipes. What's the matter now?

Mrs. L. Nothing. [*Speaking to the animals on the bed.*] Pst, pst—pretty puss—pretty little dog!

Pipes. Confound it, ma'am; Send the quadrupeds to sleep, can't you? [*Digging his head into the pillow.*

Mrs. L. I say, sir, are you awake?

Pipes. Awake! Of course I am; and likely to keep so, if you go stamping about the room all night.

Mrs. L. Well, good night.

Pipes. For the seventeenth time, good night.

[MRS. LOMAX *extinguishes the light. Stage dark. A momentary pause, during which* PIPES *gets comfortable. Furious rain, &c. Strong flash of lightning.*

Mrs. L. Oh! mercy on us! A storm coming on, and I'm such a coward! [*Knocking at screen.*] Sir! [PIPES *takes no notice.*] Sir! [*Repeats knocking*—PIPES *looks up, but does not answer.*] Will you be so obliging as to bring me a glass of water? [PIPES *sits up, and snores as loud as he can.*] He's asleep, so I can get it myself.

Pipes. [*Shouting.*] No, you can't! I'm not awake—I mean, I'm not asleep! I'm coming! [*Gets off bed.*] The woman's a fiend—a fury! I shall smother her presently—I'm sure I shall!

[*Runs up against screen, which he removes.*

Mrs. L. Make haste!

Pipes. I'm coming. [*Pours out a glass of water and fumbles his way across. A violent clap of thunder.* MRS. LOMAX *screams and seizes him by the arm—falls into the large arm-chair, and drags him down on the chair beside her.*] Let me go, ma'am!

[*Struggling.*

Mrs L. Don't think of such a thing. If I was to be left alone with a clap of thunder, I should expire to a certainty!

Pipes. I wish you would! Very well, I'll stop. You need not pull my arm out of the socket. I tell you, I'll stop. Hollo! what's this? [*Pulling out* MRS. LOMAX'S *bonnet from under him, all flattened.*] There, don't go and say I did it. [*Flash of lightning.*

Mrs. L. It's coming again! [*Seizing* PIPES *again by the arm.*

Pipes. Be quiet! Do you mean to go to sleep, female, or do you not? Oh dear! [*Yawns. Lightning.*

Mrs. L. Oh, sir! [*Seizing hold of him.*

Pipes. Don't! There—there—[*putting a shawl round her head*] —now the lightning won't see you—I mean, you won't see the lightning. Good night. [*Going.*

Mrs. L. [*Seizing him.*] Don't leave me, or I'll come after you.

Pipes. Very well, I won't—there!

[*Seats himself with his back to her.* PAUSE.

Mrs. L. Sir, tell me a story [*yawns*]—it'll put me to sleep.
Pipes. Will it? [*Yawns.*] In the reign of King Stephen—
[*Yawns.*
Mrs. L. W—e—ll— [*Nodding*
Pipes. Umph!
Mrs. L. Y—e—s— [*They both sleep. Furious rain heard.*

MAJOR MINUS *opens window and cautiously lets himself drop into the room.*

Maj. Zounds! I can't stand the rain any longer. I've been under a regular water-spout till I haven't a dry thread on my body, and had no alternative but to effect an entrance [*shaking his hat and wiping his coat, &c.*] or stay outside and be drowned, and here I am. I wonder if Matilda Jane is asleep. [MRS. LOMAX *snores.*] No doubt of it; so I will just venture to lie down here till the storm is over.
[*Goes on tiptoe to bed,* L. H., *and lies down.*
Pipes. [*Waking.*] Hollo! bless me, I've been to sleep. Eh? [*Listens.*] My indefatigable tormentor is asleep at last! Then I'll make bold to regain my solitary couch.
[*Crosses on tiptoe towards bed,* L. H.
Maj. [*Listening.*] Heydey! footsteps! Zounds! then she's awake, after all! [MRS. LOMAX *snores.*] No, she isn't! She must be walking in her sleep—and coming this way, too!

[*As* PIPES *gets on to the bed,* L. H., *the* MAJOR *creeps off the other side and gets to the center of room.*

Pipes. Hollo! how damp the sheets are! The rain must certainly come in at the ceiling.
Maj. [*Crossing towards bed,* R. H., *and looking back to bed,* L. H.] She's off to sleep again, [*gets close to bed,* R. H.,] so I'll just— [MRS. LOMAX *snores.*] Hollo! she's come back again! Well, she's the fastest sleep-walker I ever heard of.
[*Crossing back cautiously to bed,* L. H.
Pipes. [*Listening.*] Heydey! it can't be—yes, it is! The horrid creature's coming after me! What a singularly unfeminine proceeding! [*As the* MAJOR *gets to bed,* L. H., PIPES *creeps off, and crosses towards the bed,* R. H.] Well, this I will say, that— [MRS. LOMAX *snores.*] Why, she's back again! Oh Lord! the room's haunted or I'm bewitched! I shall go stark staring mad presently, I'm sure I shall! [*Drops into chair, which is near the center of the room.*
Mrs. L. [*Waking.*] Dear me! I declare, I've been to sleep! [*Gets off bed.*] I wonder if the Major is within call. I'll just go to the window and ask him when we are likely to resume our journey.
[*Feeling her way about.*
Maj. All seems quiet again, [*gets off bed,*] so I'll make my escape before she takes it into her head to walk in her sleep again. [*Feeling about—he and* MRS. LOMAX *each take hold of the back of the chair on which* DULCIMER PIPES *is sitting, and pull it from under him—he rolls on the stage, crying,*
Pipes. Help! murder!

Enter JOSEPH *and* NANCY, R D. F., *with lights. Stage light.*

Jos. What's the matter? Eh! can it be? Cousin Pipes locked up in a lady's bedroom! Oh, fie! fie!

Pipes. No such thing! It's a lady locked up in mine.

Maj. You've compromised this lady's reputation, sir, and you must give me satisfaction.

Pipes. With all my heart, sir, to-morrow morning.

Enter SPIGOT, L. D. F., *running.*

Mrs. L. Are the horses put to?

Spig. No; for your long brother John has escaped out of the station-house, and is now below, vowing to shoot the villain that has insulted his sister.

Maj. [*Pointing to* PIPES.] That's he!

Mrs. L. Yes, that's the villain!

Pipes. Me?

Spig. Oh! then I'll have him up— [*Going.*

Pipes. [*Dragging him back.*] Don't do any such thing. Good gracious! what's to be done?

Jos. I think I've a plan.

Pipes. I'm sure you have, Joe; you've looked all along as if you had a plan. What is it?

Jos. Why, one which will enable the Major and the lady to accomplish their elopement.

Pipes. Never mind them. Will it save me from being shot through the body?

Jos. Yes.

Pipes. Then it's a capital plan, and I second it. Go on, Joe.

Jos. Nancy and I will drive away in the post chaise. Brother John will then be put on the wrong scent. You [*to* MAJOR *and* MRS. LOMAX] will then start off by another road; and, though last, not least, Cousin Pipes—

Pipes. Will have a chance of a night's rest for his fifteen shillings. Capital! Well, Joe, go along. Why don't you go?

Jos. [*Aside to* PIPES.] You forget— [*Holding out his hand.*

Pipes. Eh? No, I don't; I'll give you fifty pounds.

Jos. No.

Pipes. A hundred.

Nan. No.

Pipes. Two hundred.

Nan. It's a bargain.

Jos. [*To* SPIGOT.] You hear, father-in-law—so come along, Nancy.

[JOSEPH *and* NANCY *run out,* R. D. F. *Noise of a carriage driving off.*

Pipes. [*At window.*] They're off. Joe's a clever fellow. Now I'll go to bed, and what's more, I won't get up again for a month.

Mrs. L. [*To* SPIGOT.] Well, are the horses put to the post chaise?

Spig. No, ma'am. I am sorry to say I can't possibly accommodate you with a pair to-night.

Mrs. L. Never mind. We must remain where we are till the morning.

Pipes. No, ma'am; no, no; you won't do anything of the sort I insist upon having my night's rest or my money! Seventeen shillings, ma'am! Two's into seventeen, eight times and one over. I'll trouble you for eight and sixpence.

Mrs. L. Nonsense! Inkeeper, turn that old man out of my double-bedded room, instantly.

Pipes. [*Aside.*] Her double-bedded room!—she sticks to that! [*Aloud.*] No, no, I won't budge!

Mrs. L. No more will I!

Pipes. Ha! ha! Now I appeal to any lady—

Mrs. L. And I to any gentleman—

Pipes. What, divide the house? No, no; let us rather hope that both ladies and gentlemen will unite on this occasion, and overlooking our many offenses against strict dramatic laws, unanimously sanction the second hearing of our

DOUBLE-BEDDED ROOM.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

No. CLXXII.

THE

DRAMA DEFENDED.

ADDRESSED, WITH RESPECT,

TO THE PUBLIC GENERALLY,

AND

WITH COMMISERATION, TO MESSRS. THE

REV. STRICKLAND T. L. CUYLER,

&c., &c., &c.

By WILLIAM DAVIDGE,

COMEDIAN.

New York:

SAMUEL FRENCH, 122 NASSAU STREET, UP STAIRS.

1859.

PREFACE.

THIS pamphlet is submitted to the public without any pretension to literary elegance, or purity of style—simply as the expression of one who desires to see the Drama placed upon a fair and equitable footing with any of the liberal, or learned professions, and protected from the aspersions of *ignorance* and *conceit*, whether it emanate from the *self-styled* pious clergy, or any other dictatorial source.

I am the more desirous to start thus undisguisedly, and explain any motives clearly and fully in this place, because I may probably expect some animadversions upon my style or purpose of expression from those who in extremity invariably adopt the *forlorn hope* of a confused and defeated opponent.

If I have found it necessary, during the course of this inquiry, to be some what personal or bitter as the case may be, it has been forced upon me solely with a desire to adopt small means for the attainment of great ends, or, just as an artisan, intent upon the production of a magnificent silken fabric, must necessarily, at the beginning, be indebted to the humble instrumentality of the poor grub.

Sensibly alive to the false impression which some narrow-minded persons entertain towards Art generally, and the Drama and Actors in particular, it is a consolation to carry one's thoughts back, not only to the Elizabethian era, when many of the brightest lights of the time were actors, or connected directly or indirectly with the Stage, and its representatives, but to know that the present day can boast of some choice spirits in Literary and Theological knowledge, who will make their mark among the best of their time; indeed, it is only very lately that an esteemed and early professional associate of mine, Mr. Harcourt Bland, of the Glasgow Theater, has entered the field of Argument with the celebrated Dr. Cummings in reply to that eminent divine's Lecture on "The End of the World." The same gentleman has also published an historical solution of the "Book of the Revelations," which has had a large sale, and is highly commented upon by the most able reviewers in Glasgow, Edinburgh and London.

While I have no desire to insinuate that certain parties, who unscrupulously level their anathemas at Art and its professors, are actuated by personal spleen or settled antipathy, but honestly regard their objections in the light of a sincere conviction, yet I do believe that there are parties, whose temperaments are so constituted, that, while they have a very exalted idea of their own virtues, and contemplate the weak parts of their own characters through a medium of ridiculously diminishing quality, cannot resist the temptation of applying one of great magnifying power to the faults, the follies, and the sins of others, and are so self-conceited that they do not scruple to

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to."

WILLIAM DAVIDGE,
118 PACIFIC STREET.

BROOKLYN, Dec., 1858.

test against the calling to which I belong being made a stalking-horse for a man's changing his trade or occupations.

Again, I protest against scenes described with graphic pulpit eloquence solely to produce an effect, the which scenes in reality never had any existence, except in the fertile imagination of its clerical inventor.

Mr. Strickland says, if rightly reported, that while he was a Manager, an actor, whom he admits was dying, took a farewell benefit; that in the last scene of the play, when the audience were delighted and entranced with his wondrous ability, and the curtain had fallen on the scene, on raising the actor from the ground, two streaks of blood oozed from his mouth.

A physician was summoned, who shook his head gravely, and said "Too late," then the actor, uttering lines from Macbeth—

"Cans't thou not minister to a mind diseased &c.,"

said that the Theater was a very good place to live in, but a very bad one to die in. Then turning to Mr. S., and laying his hand upon his wrist, continued, that he wished he had listened earlier to a mother's voice, but now he had offended against the Lord, and he was sure his sin would find him out.

Now, in the first place, I deny that this circumstance ever happened at all; and in the next place, I wish to inquire how, or in what way, this actor had offended or outraged the laws of religion and piety, in being by professsion an actor? Will Mr. S. oblige us with the location of this event? Mr. S., for his own purposes, pleases to assume, "by this marvellous invention," that the judgment of Heaven came down from above, and sent this *erring* and *unconverted* actor into the presence of his Maker while he was actually engaged in the exercise of his very sinful calling! But will Mr. S. dare to assert or assume that, while the members of a religious congregation (Baptist or otherwise) are assembled in solemn conclave in the house of God, it shall please the Creator to shatter the roof of the building in which they are assembled, and take the lives of several persons by lightning (the which did really happen lately,) that this is an indication of God's vengeance for the sinful occupation in which they within the building were at the time indulging.

The muse who watches over the poetic destiny of Mr. Strickland, was not very fertile of invention, or propitious to his interests, when she compiled the discourse to which this letter relates, or she would have known that the touching incident of the artist who went to a church to take a copy of some portraits of the interior, and while there was knocked on the head by a large stone that had fallen from above, is to be found in an old *German legend, long* before the present generation were born; *though the story, as* related by Mr. S., (*or the party who does his sermons for him,*) *is* imperfect, inasmuch that in the original, his *Satanic Majesty seizes* the aforesaid artist by the hair of his

THE DRAMA DEFENDED.

"But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a theif, or as an evil-doer, or as a *busy-body in other men's matters.*"—1 Peter, Chap. 14, v. 15.

The following letters having been penned by me in reply to what I conceive to be either willful misrepresentation, or gross ignorance of the subject at issue, and having excited more notice and comment than I could have anticipated, has induced me to offer them in pamphlet form, for a more attentive perusal than the columns of a Daily Paper could conveniently give, where a greater amount of terseness is desirable, than the importance of a subject can frequently afford.

It is not without some hesitation that I have acceeded to many requests to reproduce what I wrote hastily, and forgot as readily, and I should not have been impelled to the perpetration but for one reason, that appears to me of so cogent a character that I think I may be pardoned, if, after having taken leave, I linger, like a troublesome guest, on the threshold of my subject.

I am informed, by reliable authority, that Mr. Strickland, one of my *distinguished opponents*, did me the honor to allude to me in no very complimentary terms, during one of his discourses at Bedford, Westchester County, soon after my reply to his sermon delivered at Harlem Chapel, on the 13th July last and reported in the New York *Herald* of the following day, assuming, however, a *dignified silence* on the most important points of willful misrepresentation charged against him by me, in the following, viz.:

To the Editors of the Sunday Times:—

I cannot help believing but that some one of my professional brethren may be expected to say something in reply to the discourses delivered on Sunday last by the Rev. Mr. Strickland, and the Rev. C. H. Weeks, at two of the Baptist Chapels in New York.

Not that I can suppose sensible people permit themselves to be *hoodwinked by* these tongue-worshipers, or that the Drama, as *an art, requires* that I should become its defender · but I pro-

THE REV. MR. STRICKLAND AND THE CHARACTER OF THE SAVIOUR.

To the Editor of the Herald:

NEW-YORK, *August* 4, 1858.

I have delayed replying to Mr. Strickland's letter of the 16th ult., and published in your issue of the 21st, because I thought I could lay my hand on the act of Parliament appertaining to dramatic matters in England. I have either mislaid or overlooked it in some way, so that I cannot give it *in extenso*, as I desired, but must be content to simply state its substance, viz:—

That no dramatic representation of any class or kind, not even excepting a Christmas pantomime, can be performed within the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain, the which extends ten miles round London, without being duly licensed by the above-named functionary, who retains a copy of the piece, which is regularly filed in his office. A violation of this law subjects the defendant to the loss of his or her license, and a heavy penalty.

It will be clearly perceived that Mr. S. could never have played the part he has stated, for the simple reason that no play with the title of Pontius Pilate, and containing such a character as the Saviour, could by any possibility have passed the censorship of the Lord Chamberlain.

Indeed, it appears to me that Mr. S. himself has but a very vague recollection of the matter, for he rather tried to fence with his dilemma, when he says that your reporter makes him say several times, when he only said once he did it. He is also very studious to make his readers understand that he proposes to settle the question by letter only, with any one who may dissent from his assertions. This, no doubt, would be a capital mode for Mr. S., but it does not appear to me to be the equitable way in which to settle the question of the cause of Mr. S.'s conversion from the art of which he says a great deal, and evidently knows nothing.

He also omits to favor us with his motive for adopting an old German legend as his own, and which I suggested, on the 18th ult., was in existence ages ago, in the palmy days of witchcraft in that country.

I most fervently trust that for the sake of Mr. S.'s financial interest, as well as the spiritual welfare of his adherents, that he may turn out a credit and a profit to his vocation, and would seriously advise him, when he shall have exhausted the Drama, by giving that much abused and little understood art the paternity of his similies, he can direct his attention to the "Newgate Calendar," where there is a wide and untrodden path open for his very skillful rendering.

If he will glance over the aforesaid volume, he can take his *choice of sin from the clergy* of various creeds, high in office down *to the rural parsonage*, some of them charged with little foibles

which the law calls murder, and other crimes revolting to our common nature and humanity, and which it is not necessary more clearly to describe.

Mr. S. may be somewhat surprised to know that that entertaining work does not contain the name of any person or persons who have been guilty of the crime of dramatic authorship, or have earned their natural sustenance by the profession of the Stage.

One of our most celebrated writers says, "Give utterance to whatever you please, but be careful what you print." It has been Mr. Strickland's fate to occupy a column in your paper, the which I am certain he never expected, or he would have been more guarded, and have favored your readers with a little more fact and a great deal less fiction.

That Mr. S. may prove a faithful shepherd, and guard his flock from the pitfalls that surround humanity; that he may rise to a distinction in the church which his scruples, his temperament, or inaptitude, would have prevented his achieving on the Stage, is my most fervent desire.

Let him, in the seclusion of his study, while compiling his discourses for the pulpit, carry his thoughts back to the creations of the great poet and philosopher whose words he has often uttered when in the exercise of his discarded profession, and he will there find portrayed the brightest truths with which to garnish his intellectual feast.

Trusting, also, that he may bear in mind that a good orator is not necessarily imbued with divinity any more than a good stump speaker is a skillful politician,

I am, sir, yours, respectfully,

WILLIAM DAVIDGE, *Comedian.*

It is presumable that every man has an object or purpose for any deliberate course of action, therefore it is patent to believe that Mr. S. proposes to impart to his auditory, at congregational gatherings, the great fundamental truths as expounded by our Saviour and the Apostles—a delegate from whom, by right of position, he *desires* to be considered. Such a divine mission Mr. S. undertakes, or why does he intrust himself with the spiritual guidance of his communicants? "Does he fulfill this design?" Let any person peruse his sermon, as published in the New-York *Herald* of July 12th, and conscientiously answer the question.

Mr. S. takes for his text the 32d chapter of Numbers, and the 23d verse

"You have offended against the Lord, and be sure your sin will find you out."

But how, or in what way this extract can be made to apply to the exponents of the Drama, more than it does to any other profession or occupation, it is difficult to discover.

If Mr. S. can make this pertinent to the subject at issue, there may be some hope that he will enlighten us as to the object he had in giving the old German legend a local habitation, and making a professional friend the hero and himself an accessory after the fact. I wait for the solution of this mystery with some curiosity.

Now, while I have not the slightest objection that Mr. S. or any one else adopt allegorical or mythical figures in order to infuse a force and profundity into their effusions, *I do object most strenuously* against the Drama's being favored with this solitary distinction for the purpose of illustrating a wild and fanatical theory, unsound in argument, uncharitable in spirit and false in theological research.

Mr. S. can render me a service by putting me in possession o the name of the actor (who died after playing Macbeth) so touchingly described in his sermon, and which I take the liberty of doubting, because, if such an event had happened, it would have become a matter of dramatic history similar to Palmer's death many years since in the Liverpool Theater; but even if this *were* true, how does it prove the sin of Stage represensations, more than sudden death in the pulpit does the sinful calling of the pastor who is thus hurried to his account.

Further he tells us, that while at Louisville, Ky., he was greatly affected by a worthy lady handing him a tract and assuring him "that the soul of an actor was as good as any other." Is it possible? What a beneficial admisssion! Why was Mr. S. so affected at receiving this *astounding and heart rending* intelligence. If this be not cant and hypocrisy of the most genuine kind, I should like to have a better definition of that weakness.

The assertion that Mr. S. enacted the character of the Saviour is pretty generally believed to be an hallucination under which he has labored while suffering from some organic affliction, not, I trust of an incurably chronic nature.

There is evidently a desire on the part of my reverend opponent to make the world believe he presided over an establishment scarcely second to any in its consistent and artistic embodiment of the choicest works of our best authors, because he speaks of "*When he was manager of the Theater Royal, Deptford.*" Now it so happens that the Deptford Theater is *not* a *Theater Royal at all* and bears about the same analogy to a respectably-conducted or first-class establishment, as the Newark Theater in New Jersey does to one of our first-class houses in the city of New York, and has always been regarded as the forlorn hope, of even the most itinerant of managerial speculators.

What confidence can be placed in the statement of a person who travels so far out of his way to distort facts in order to produce powerful and thrilling effects with hearers who have not the *facility* or inclination to look beneath the surface of things. How *shall I stigmatise such* bare-faced effrontery. I trust that I have *proven beyond dispute* that Mr. S. is incapable, from the tone of

his sermon, of becoming a purveyor of the public morals, though I must readily admit, in the matter of composition he exhibits a capacity for the marvellous that must ever place him in the foremust rank as a retailer of fiction.

I think, if possible, I should have been almost inclined to pass Mr. S. by, as the "idle wind which I regard not," had not another *Christian Pastor buckled on his vituperative armor* and "pricked the sides" of my intent to pursue the inquiry.

The Rev. Mr. T. L. Cuyler enters the arena of folly and misapplied zeal at the Cooper Institute on the 24th October and exhibits his anathema's in formidable shape which provoked from me the following rejoinder.

THE PULPIT AND THE ROSTRUM.

MR. DAVIDGE'S REPLY TO REV. T. L. CUYLER.

To the Editors of the Sunday Times:

A sermon delivered by the above named gentleman at the Cooper Institute, New York on the 24th of October, might have passed by with the silence which its illogical deduction merited, if its author had not, with an eye to the main chance, published it for the edification of his admirers, at one dime per copy.

Your able review of it in last Sunday's issue, suggests to me one or two ideas which I would not intrude upon you, but they appear so patent to the subject that I wonder (if any of my professional brethren have taken the trouble to read the document,) it should remain unanswered.

This Colossus of the pulpit takes for his text the 18th verse of the 5th chapter of "Ecclesiastes," the 3rd verse of the 4th chapter of "First of Peter," and the 13th verse of the 14th chapter of "Proverbs." He then proceeds to propose what he considers healthful and consistent recreation for a good Christian, as far as he comprehends the passages, and so far as he feels the pecuniary interest of the church in general, and of course his own creed in particular, is concerned.

He alludes also, to Martin Luther in his elaboration against the Popish delusion, who soothes himself by listening to the sweet songs of his wife; but he omits to say that the above reformer, in his "Coloquia Mensalia," defends the acting of comedies, whereby he says "*people are admonished and instructed every way concerning their offices and avocations.*"

It does not come within the limits of Mr. C.'s convenience to admit that St. Paul did not consider it unworthy to insert a verse of Menander, who was a contemporary poet with Euripides, into the Holy Scripture. Mr. C.'s object is evidently to divert the moneys expended for recreation into another and more congenial *channel, because* he magnanimously permits his hearers to indulge

in the luxury of open-air exercise, which can be obtained for nothing.

That for over 2000 years the stage has flourished, since Thespus first exhibited his rude invention; that it has constantly kept pace with civilization, and that no nation can lay claim to any advance in literary enlightenment or social progress without a Drama, are facts that its greatest opponents cannot deny.

In Greece it prospered most when Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides formed the models of dramatic composition, which was during the brightest period of Athenian glory. The early Christian fathers and divines have written for the stage; and St. Thomas Aquinas asserts that these amusements were needed for the conduct of a well-spent life.

The Drama existed in the time of the Apostles, at Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Ephesus, &c., &c., and it is somewhat curious that while every conceivable crime should have been stigmatized by them, not one word is mentioned as a warning against attending the Theater.

The poet is the interpreter of the mysteries of nature; but as few can enter themselves into the sacred temple, he again requires interpretation. To appreciate the highest poetry, a man must be a poet; but many beauties may be revealed to the million through the medium of a fine interpreter, which otherwise would have been unnoticed. Actors are as necessary to interpret the dramatic poet, as priests are to elucidate the great problem of human destiny with which revelation deals, and it is *impossible* that, while the human mind is constituted as it is, *the Drama should not exist*. Who are the objectors to the Drama? Chiefly sectarians, soured by fanaticism. The narrow-minded bigots of a conventicle, begrudge the congregations that flow into a Theater, and think the money paid to witness a well-acted play would have been better bestowed in the support of the Dr. Cantwells and Mawmorms, that turn religion into fanatical imposture. The testimony of Dr. Blair, in favor of the moral effect both of tragedy and comedy, may well outweigh the ravings of a ranter, even if we had not the examples of Milton, Addison, Dr. Johnson, Thomson, and the most illustrious of the literati, ever burning and shining before us.

The importance of the Drama, not merely for purposes of amusement, but instruction, is well attested by the fact that priests were among the first to avail themselves of it, as the most impressive medium of religious truths. There are none of the fine arts that equal her. The greatest literary genius whom the world can boast, irradiates the Stage with his divine head; and of all persons on the face of the globe, we, who speak the English tongue, have most reason to be proud of the Drama. These facts are so patent to the meanest capacity, that it would seem little short of assumption, if not gross ignorance, for the traducers of *the Theater to be perpetually* raising their giddy hum against an

art that has had for its exponents and admirers some of the greatest lights that have illumined the world.

If, as I am perfectly willing to admit, the exposition of the Drama is not confined to the represenation of works of the best and purest kind, the fault is not so much with those who provide the feast (for managers must live), but with the questionable state of the public morals, engendered and augmented by the erroneous teachings of fanatical preachers.

It has been the persuasion and endeavor of persons holding certain religious opinions, from the time of old Collier downwards, to represent the Drama as immoral in its tendency, and its professors as devoid of that fine feeling of probity and manhood which raises them above the level of the brute creation; and yet, how singular it is that if we search the criminal records of this country or Great Britain—nay, if we take up a newspaper, our eyes are constantly assailed with accounts of crimes perpetrated by those who wear the garb of preachers (of what they call the Gospel), or have been distinguished within their own circle for extreme piety of thought and pureness of action, while we cannot find, as I explained a short time since in my letter to Mr. Strickland, of Bedford, Westchester County, a single instance of an actor or dramatic author having been charged with any heinous offense.

What inference are we to draw from these facts? It would seem that if the Drama be antagonistic to the best interests of society, the social status of its professors must be objectionable in a similar degree; but I have yet to learn by what deduction it can possibly be shown that the professors of the Stage are more prone to immorality than other professions. Indeed, the reverse seems to be the case.

Taking it for granted, then, that what is not true can never be right, I will venture to assert that the professors of the Stage exhibit as good a portion of truth, righteousness, and virtue, as (prejudice apart) is supposed to exist in the creeds or categories of even the church itself! A young woman seldom falls or loses her self-respect, because intrusted to her own guidance behind the scenes of a Theater; it is from without that the spoiler comes. It is very rarely from the profession, but from the followers of inexperience, if added to some amount of beauty, that danger may be apprehended; and rely upon it, it is not their great guiltiness in comparison to their fellow mortals, but that when they are corrupted, their persons, like their attractions, are more known to the public than the lapses of equally-erring, but private individuals.

I am led to observe, therefore, that there are other callings and avocations that have no dramatic proclivity, which promote the increase of frivolous pursuits, that are not less objectionable; and, supposing we select one of such avocations for the subject of censure, and perpetually emit our solemn thunder, in order to assert *a particular distaste* or a misconceived conclusion of any certain

class, the commerce of life would be at a stand, and many of our nobler professions might whistle for their dinners.

In conclusion, then, I would say that, from the nature of Mr. Cuyler's avocation, who admits that he has never visited a Theater or opera of any kind, it is unlikely he can be aware of, or have any communication with, the social condition of those who are, or have been, exponents of the Drama; if he had, he would know that some of the highest and proudest of the British peerage have not objected to take ladies in marriage whose whole previous lives have been expended in the exercise of the dramatic art, and that there are now in the city of New York, who have retired from the duties of their profession, those whose chastity, truthfulness, and domestic accomplishments, as daughters, wives, and mothers, are second to none, not even the most opulent in this vast metropolis.

I have been, during a career of twenty-two years, in close proximity with my brothers and sisters of the dramatic art, and I have universally found the most patient endurance and perseverance through sickness, sorrow, and poignant distress. I have seen the slender means of the fond daughter cheerfully expended to soothe and comfort an aged parent. I have followed, with an interest which few can feel and none can know, the successive changes of a talented and struggling family, and I have ever found a conscientious discharge of all the sacred and social duties, added to an unwearied zeal to promote the interest of all around them.

It is sufficient for my happiness to have witnessed this, and to add that no one has greater pleasure in being attached to a profession whose morality, in its general sense, will bear a favorable comparison with any other, either literary or commercial, than, sir, Yours truly,

Brooklyn, Nov. 24, 1858. WM. DAVIDGE, *Comedian.*

The eccentricity of a gentleman who hurls his solemn nonsense at a profession of which he openly *confesses he knows nothing*, should be a matter of serious concern to his friends, who would exercise a due regard for his personal welfare, were they to exert their influence to prevent him poking his fun in this irresistible manner, for fear he may be bought over by some of the comic papers, which abound at this festive season, as a pleasing and necessary relief to the many months of lugubrious effusions, with which the country has, for so many months, been remorselessly inundated.

Let us take the texts of this, Mr. C's. discourse, and endeavor to solve the mystery, if possible. First, the 18th verse of the 5th chapter of Ecclesiastes:—"Behold that which I have seen, &c., &c.." also the the 3d verse of the 4th chapter of *Peter, and the 13th* verse of the 14th chapter of Proverbs, *which two passages he* contends flow naturally together.

These exhortations, I take it, *are not, and cannot be construed into an assumption of St. Peter's distaste for the Drama*, or anything appertaining thereto, but were addressed to, and for the spiritual instruction of the people in Galetra, Pontus, &c., &c., who strongly needed the ministering agency of the apostles, and are uttered *entirely irrespective* of any calling or occupation.

Mr. C. next proceeds to admit (see page 4) that it is a very difficult and a very delicate subject to treat, viz.:—*Christian Recreation*, and *Unchristian Amusement*; not at all delicate, neither is it difficult, to any one who knows how to handle it as a scholar, and a man of liberal principles, and not as a bigot! Wholesome recreation, he admits to be necessary for our well-being, "and the people of the United States are the most over-working people on earth." If Mr. C. had taken the trouble to examine the statistics of labor in the large cities of Germany, Switzerland, and Great Britain, he would know this to be wide of the truth. At page 9 he says:—"I believe there is more demoralization of the young, more loss of character, and incipint infamy, resulting from the vile pages of certain pestilential literature, which swarms in this country, than from any other source which Satan employs to ruin our youth." Pray, to whom shall this state of things be attributed—to the Drama? Certainly not! To whom, then, *but the Clergy, whose influence is inoperative for the public good, and who do not exercise that spiritual control their position should confer upon them.*

It is really lamentable, in the face of known facts to the contrary, to find a person dogmatically undertaking to pronounce upon the convictions of the whole Christian mind, and, that, too, as regards a mere matter of opinion. It can only be paralleled by a brook trout undertaking to portray all the habits and characteristics of all the fishes in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. At page 12, Mr. C. dilates on the sin and impropriety of stimulants of *all kinds*; that the love of excitement is the *supreme attraction of the Theater*, &c. &c. Now will Mr. C. tell me why people flock in such numbers to listen to Mr. Spurgeon, and other sensation preachers, and are brought out fainting into the open air, but for the pleasure this love of excitement produces. He further says the Theater makes one forget *God and Eternity*. This is simply the ravings of a madman! Are we to suppose for one moment, that in ancient times, when literature was really of a licentious character, that the dramatic art would have been honored by being made subservient to religion and morality, and in the most highly enlightened country of antiquity, viz.: Greece, the Theater was even supported by the state itself; nay, the same patronage exists to this day, in the continental cities of Europe.

At page 14, Mr. C. has the hardihood to say that "Some plays turn on the *ribald scoffer, burlesquing the most sacred passages of the blessed book of God!*" In no instance does the Drama do anything of the kind, *but it does expose the arrogance, conceit, and*

infidelity of hypocrites clothed in the garb of sanctity, as in "Tartuffe," and one or two other authors.

Mr. C. asks whether a merchant would think of having in his employ a young man who was perpetually in the habit of visiting Theaters? Certainly not! neither would he approve of perpetual attendance at Mr. Cuyler's church, if, by so doing, it would unfit him for the duties his employer required of him, and I should consider the latter extremely probable, if he visited him very often, and his teachings were on a par with the one under review.

The late celebrated and esteemed Rev. Sidney Smith, deacon of St. Paul's Cathedral, in regard to Theaters, thus writes:—

"There is something in the word playhouse, which seems so closely connected in the minds of some people with sin and Satan, that it stands in their vocabulary, for every species of abomination. And yet, why? Where is feeling ever more roused in favor of virtue than at a good play? Where is goodness so feelingly, so enthusiastically learnt? What is so solemn as to see the excellent passions of the human heart called forth by a great actor, animated by a great poet? To hear Siddons repeat what Shakspeare wrote? To behold the child and his mother—the noble and the poor artisan—the monarch and his subjects, all ages, and all ranks, convulsed with one common passion, and with loud sobs and cries doing involuntary homage to the God that made their hearts; what wretched infatuation to interdict such amusements as these! What a blessing mankind can be allured from sensual gratifications, and find relaxation and pleasure in such pursuits.

"But those who dub themselves 'Evangelicals,' are uniformly paltry and narrow, always trembling at the idea of being entertained, and thinking *no Christian safe, who is not dull.* As to the spectacles of impropriety which are sometimes witnessed in parts of a Theater, such reasons apply in a much stronger degree to not walking along the Strand, or any of the great public streets, after dark; and if the virtue of well-educated young people is made of such very frail materials, their best resource is to go to a nunnery at once. It is a very bad rule, however, never to quit the house for fear of catching cold."

I will presume, without begging the question, that Sidney Smith is quite as competent an authority as Mr. Cuyler and his set are, upon this subject.

The Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey says concerning "Recreations of the Religious world:" Games, gayeties, sports, spectacles, there will be as long as men have limbs, or eyes, or ears. It is no factitious choice which the world has made of its amusements. It *chose them because it* wanted them. The development here is *natural as it is in the arts.* You might as well think of extirpat-

ing music and painting, as of driving the common amusements out of the world.

"Shall the religious objection, then, since it cannot destroy, proceed to vilify those amusements? What? vilify an ordinance of nature, a necessity of man, a thing that cannot be helped? Is this the wisdom of religion—to degrade what it cannot destroy —to make of that which it cannot prevent, the worst that can be made; to banish alike from its protection, and remedy that which it cannot banish from the world? There lies the garden of recreation, close to the field of labor; and they cannot be severed; and men must and will pass from one to the other, and is it the office of religion to curse that garden, to pronounce it unholy ground, and so to give it up to utter levity or license? nay, can anything be plainer than that the business of religion is to reform the amusements of the day? Reform, I believe is the only measure that can be taken with the Theater; for that which has its root in the natural tastes, customs and literature of all civilized ages, is not likely to be eradicated.

"But how is anything to be reformed? By invective, by opprobium, by heaping contempt upon it, by casting it out from the pale of good influences, by withdrawing good men from all contact with it, by consigning it over to the irreligion, frivolity, and self-indulgence of the world? Surely not. Therefore am I anxious to show that recreation must come within the plans of good life, and hence, to show that it is not to be snatched as a forbidden measure, nor to be distorted by the hand of reckless license; but to be welcomed, aye, and consecrated, by calm, conscientious, rational enjoyment".

Elevate, refine, purify the public amusements. Let religion recognize and restrain them. Let it not, as is too common, drive them to license and extravagance; but let it throw around them its gentle and holy bonds, to make them pure, cheerful, healthful —helpful to the great ends of life.—*Bath Journal*, England, May 28, 1827.

If these are not sufficient, let me refer to a lot of Sermons, published by the Rev. James Plumtre, Vicar of Great Grandson, Huntingdonshire, entitled, "Four Discourses on subjects relating to the Amusement of the Stage," produced at Great St. Mary's Church, Cambridge, on Sunday, 25th September, and 2d October, 1808, with very copious notes, 8vo., 1809. Dr. Beattie was also passionately fond of the Stage, and the Tragedy of Douglas was written by a clergyman of the Church of Scotland—the first representation having been witnessed by his brother divines and the most intellectual of his associates.

At page 15, Mr. Cuyler asks: "If the Theater is a good school of morals, why do not the teachers learn and practice their own lessons? It is a poor gospel that does not convert its own advocates." Indeed it is, Mr. C.! and it would be well if many of the members of the church would bear this fact in mind. If they

did, and could profit by their teachings, we should not so frequently hear of their presence at the bar of justice, as well as the scandal they create to shock the really pious and good Christian pastors, who deeply regret the erroneous and meddling propensities of many of the brothers of the cloth.

"Dr. Johnson," Mr. C. says, "avoided the company of actors, because of their tempting him to licentiousness." Why didn't Mr. C. tell us *all* that Boswell says about Dr. Johnson's objection to the society of actors, and the reason he gave Garrick for not being able to trust himself behind the scenes of the Theater? Come, out with it, Mr. C.? Was it not because he said he found the attractive appearance of the ladies, dressed as they were in fascinating costume, too much for his equanimity?

Was this great, but, at the same time, somewhat eccentric man, such a Joseph as Mr. C. would seem to infer? and doesn't Mr. C. himself know better? The Doctor was notorious for his habits of conviviality, and the very tavern still exists in Fleet-street, London, where he, and the actors and wits of his time, used to pass the greater part of their leisure.

Some facetious friend of Mr. C.'s has been perpetrating a joke upon him.

The first trip Mr. C. may take to Europe, for the benefit of his health, let him visit the Doctor Johnson Tavern in Fleet-street, London, where he may learn something more authentic of the Doctor's history.

It is surely not quite sufficient for Mr. C. to tell us that every one will be damned (for this is, in substance, what he does say) who frequent Theaters, without producing proofs to maintain his position. Now, how does he do this? By asserting wild theories, in place of facts! As well might I insist upon the abolition of the entire banking business throughout the country, because many *apparently pious and worthy Presidents* have absconded with the funds of their associations.

By a late parliamentary return, published in London, I find that the number of church-goers, on a certain Sunday, did not exceed *one-eighth* of the entire population—only about 60,000 out of a population of 2,500,000. What becomes of Mr. C.'s charge, leveled chiefly against the Stage, in face of these facts? for this may be taken as a fair average of the existing state of church-going in the United States, and there is no better way of making the calculation.

In taking leave of Mr. C., I would direct his attention to the extract selected by me at the beginning of this pamphlet, the serious consideration of which will be of essential service to him, and those of his class; for they should never lose sight of the great question involved in this inquiry, viz:—not the number of *person* who are addicted to impure and objectionable practices, who *make a general habit* of visiting Theaters, but whether, from *some depraved* and immoral organization, these people would

not have been as bad, or even worse, if they had never visited one at all?

I am fully alive to the fact that no greater insult can be given to a *bigot than a refusal on the part of others to embrace his peculiar opinions*, on any subject, but more particularly upon a *spiritual one;* and as Mr. C. asserts the Theater to be anti-religious in its tendencies, I as firmly insist that it is not so, and that, too, upon my own *personal experience*, inasmuch as I have always had ample time, not only for church-going, when I wished it, but also for every other domestic spiritual duty; and it may be a subject of *extreme doubt* whether Mr. C., (who has never, by his own admission, entered a Theater), can be, as the law would have it, a competent witness in the premises. The members of the dramatic profession are deeply sensible of the fact that there are amongst the clergy those who have touched the key-note of social progression; and in exhibiting their affinity with good deeds, are not afraid, openly and fearlessly, to propagate their belief that there is "a time for all things."

Dr. Bellows, with his good and Christian influence on behalf of the Drama and its children, *sprung a mine of anxiety and despair* within the bosoms of some who exist upon the *delicate disguise* of life! and who can see no road to a blissful hereafter, save by the *devious* and *briery* path of their own contracted pilgrimage!

All honor to the divine, who thus, at the risk of exciting the envy and spleen of these *itenerants* of *their faith*, lent his powerful influence, and became our champion and defender!

In fitting companionship with Dr. B., may be named clergymen of many creeds, who have, from time to time, entered the field in our favor, with conclusions as undeniable as their characters were distinguished for purity of purpose and liberality of intention.

Another little pleasantry of Mr. C.'s is, that the assumption of male attire by females is one of the chief and most objectionable features in Stage Dramas: therefore ought not to be countenanced by a well-intentioned person. Now, it so happens that not *one-sixth part* of dramatic pieces have an incident of this kind at all; and if they had, would it be a tithe more demoralizing than the mania for modern isms that stalks with unblushing effrontery and shameless presence into our very midst, threatening destruction to our domestic peace, annihilation to our fondest hope of happiness, alienating the affections of those nearest and dearest to us by visionary promises of a blissful hereafter, draped in alluring robes of falsehood, sensuality, and licentiousness?

Let these men who *profess to hold* the insignia of educational influence over the world, teach that world to walk in the consciousness of rectitude and truth; instil into their minds the importance of the marriage law; let their flocks know that it is the *first and holiest* sacrament *ordained* by God in the Garden of Eden,

and not a simple civil contract, that can be broken in like manner with the commonest agreement of trade or profession!

Abjure schisms amongst yourselves; combine together for the social regeneration of all men, and you will occupy a more exalted status than some of you now do. But if the Drama is to have the paternity of every imaginable evil, we shall probably be charged, ere long, with fostering the existence of Mormonism, or have the failure of the Ocean Telegraph laid to our charge!

Try, I say, this constant system of abuse amongst yourselves, for we of the dramatic profession are like the "*eels in the adage,*" *and are getting used to the skinning.* Neither are we grateful for this continued mark of your consideration, and do not wish to absorb *all your attention*, because we are usually of a liberal nature ourselves, and averse to monopoly of all kinds. Therefore, I would advise you to direct the public attention to your own backslidings (I shall be very happy to furnish you with notes for that purpose). Next try the law; then medicine; and if you only exhibit the same profundity of ideas with which you often favor the Drama and its members, you will certainly surprise, if you do not edify the practitioners of the above-named professions.

Other occupations, besides that of the Stage, might find much benefit accrue to them by a closer observance of the Ninth Commandment! which wholesome example they seem entirely to overlook in the desire to elevate their own social and religious consequence to an altitude above their equally worthy and commendable neighbors.

A visit to many of the lunatic asylums throughout the country, will present to the careful observer a sorry sight of imbeciles, whose sun of reason has forever set! After a gloomy wandering through the mazes of theological mysticism, to find no haven save an *unseated reason and a living death!* Honoring, as I do, most reverentially, the germs of the *true Gospel*, and many of its *pious, meek*, and suffering exponents, I would be grieved to insinuate (for I desire to respect their feelings, even at the expense of my own) *that religious teachings should be abolished, because of the fruits it sometimes produces.* Yet Mr. C. does not scruple, without the slightest mistification, to say that *Theaters lead to misery, madness, and death!* The genius of Shakspeare is *vaguely admttted* by Mr. C., with a reservation as ridiculous as it is untrue. The name of that supreme mastor of his art, and Nature's greatest philosopher, who has agitated the world with his divine teachings, is polluted by a charge of blasphemy. To confirm this, we are told that a great master of the art a lady (I suppose Mrs. Butler,) was compelled, in reading the poet, to make omisions, and step from stone to stone, as it were, like one crossing a brook in order to keep a dry foot. *Oh, supreme conceit!* Will not Mr. C. expect to be asked whether the omissions from the poet are as numerous *as constantly occur* in his own text-book, *the Bible?* Can he, *and does he, read,* without curtailment, *every* chapter in that sacred

volume? Let him answer this question, regardless of the result, if he can!

If Mr. C., and his party *really* designed the reformation of society let them turn their attention to a different code of moral teaching than they usually adopt. Reform the pleasures of the people, but don't attempt to drive them from their intellectual pursuits by insisting that many of the greatest men that ever lived, such for instance is Milton, Shakespeare, Maturin, Horne, Shield and others too numerous to specify, have lived and bequeathed their brilliant intellectual influence to an admiring world, and are to occupy no place in the world's social greatness, or spiritual usefulness. Don't, I say, labor under this delusion, or it is more than probable your hearers may not entertain that exalted respect for your teachings, or opinions you might desire they should have.

I need not dwell upon the origin of the Drama. It is easily to be found in the principles of human nature. Let any one relate what he or she may have done, seen, or heard, that has strongly impressed or deeply interested them, and they will instinctively act it, that is by look, tone, or gesture, they will endeavor to express, or represent it to the life. We inherit this from our infancy. Thus there is a Drama in real life, and the fictitious Drama is but a copy of it, it may be very aptly considered "A personifier, not of abstractions, but of realities? a resuscitation of history, and a mirror of the times."

Why the public taste plays truant to the best interests of art, and flock to see sensation pieces, I have, as best I can, explained in my letter to Mr. C. and repeated in this pamphlet. I need only add that from the earliest history within our reach, we find that while the spirit of the Drama has at times slumbered, it has only been subjected, like the fashion of our garments, to a change of form, or character, that like all created matter it never dies or is capable of complete destruction, but its vital principle remains inviolate and must be so till the end of time.

Finally I would urge these gentlemen who have so little of the true spirit of Christianity ingrafted within their bosoms that I can see no reason whatever, why galleries of paintings and sculpture, so much lauded by most writers should not be styled works of darkness in common with Theaters, for infinitely more *indecency* is exhibited in such places. *That is if men will insist on looking only at the gross side of every work of art*, and overlook *the artistic*, which is precisely what Mr. Cuyler and his party do with regard to Theaters.

Gentlemen, I have done! I have penned this pamphlet, not in a spirit of vain gloriousness—far from it! but solely from my desire to add my poor ability in defense of an art that numbers amongst its professors, some of the most brilliant lights that have illumed the various phases of our common nature, distinguished, *too, by social* excellence in an equal proportion to their fellow

men, who are not like them encompassed by temptations of convivial allurement.

Reform the Drama by all means, if you can, and you will be conferring a blessing on your kind. It needs it! so does the Church in an equal extent; but you may sooner succeed in stemming the mountain torrent, than abolish what has become a text-book of man's intellectual greatness. The pages of dramatic poetry will exist and exert their beneficial influence on mankind, when the *dogma's of theological and fanatical bigots* are scattered to oblivion, and their expounders bear them company in peaceful insignificance, unhonored and unregretted.

THE END

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE ACTING EDITION.

No. CLXXIII.

VERMONT WOOL-DEALER.

A Farce, in One Act.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATERS.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Cast of the Characters.—[Vermont Wool-Dealer.]

	Cincinnati, 1844.	*St. Louis*, 1844.	*National, N. Y.*, 1847.	*Cincinnati, July*, 1844.
Deuteronomy Dutiful	Mr. C. Burke.	Mr. Marble.	Mr. C. Burke.	Mr. J. O. Sefton.
Mr. Waddle	Mr. C. S. Porter.	Mr. Hickmott.	Mr. C. Taylor.	Mr. Prior.
Captain Oakley	Mr. C. Stone.	Mr. Wright.	Mr. Stafford.	Mr. J. Dunn.
Con Columby	Mr. C. Van Camp.	Mr. Tuthill.	Mr. Shaw.	Mr. T. Saunders.
Bob	Mr. Sanders.	Mr. Sanders.	Mr. Hart.	Mr. Allen.
Slap	Mr. Rynar.	Mr. Smithson.	——	Mr. Grace.
Amanda	Mrs. Kore.	Miss Sylvia.	Miss Flynn.	Miss A. Silvia.
Betty	——	——	——	Miss Carnihan.

	Albany, 1852.	*Baltimore*, 1846.	*People's, St. Louis*, 1854.	*Louisville.*
Deuteronomy Dutiful	Mr. J. O. Sefton.	Mr. J. O. Sefton.	Yankee Pierce.	Mr. Silsbee
Mr. Waddle	Mr. Sprague.	Mr. Thompson.	Mr. Graver.	——
Captain Oakley	Mr. Warwick.	Mr. Johnston.	Mr. Gobey.	——
Con Columby	Mr. C. Cane.	Mr. Drawes.	Mr. Thorp.	Mr. Tom Booth.
Bob	Mr. D. Myron.	Mr. Lewis.	Mr. Jones.	Mr. Sanders.
Slap	Mr. Brink.	Mr. King.	Mr. Blake.	——
Amanda	Mrs. F. Drew.	Miss Thompson.	Mrs. Thorp.	Mrs. Walters.
Betty	Miss A. Wells.	Miss Allen.	Mrs. McIntosh.	

VERMONT WOOL-DEALER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Hall in a hotel.*

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLEY *with* AMANDA *and* BETTY, *carrying bandboxes and portmanteau,* L. H.

Captain Oakley. Carry those things into the house, and provide separate apartments immediately.

Amanda. Take care of those bandboxes; don't crush them, for they are filled with perishable merchandise.

[*Exit* BETTY *with bandboxes, &c.*

Cap. Why, yes, bonnets and bouquets, flounces and flowers, ribbons and roses—perishable, indeed. Not only do the articles perish, but the fashion which gave them birth! As variable as the price of stock on a lady's heart.

Ama. If you mean my heart, I'm sure you have no cause to complain of inconstancy, for the impression made on it by you, Captain, has defied the tests of time and space.

Cap. Time and space?

Ama. 'Tis! time—fourteen hours; space—all the distance between this and Saratoga. Did I not treat with chilling coldness all the pretty fellows who were so civil to me during the passage? Did I not almost petrify your persevering friend from Vermont, as often as he addressed me?

Cap. My friend! you are in error; he is no friend of mine. He introduced himself to me, by inquiring who you were—your name—your residence—family—present object and future intention.

Ama. I'm sure I should be grateful for the interest he so eagerly manifests in my concerns. I'm sorry I lost the opportunity of thanking him.

Cap. I fancy you may have an opportunity of doing so still, for among other important items he informed me that he intended to establish his residence at this hotel.

Ama. I am glad of it, I like his quick humor, and his indomitable perseverance.

Enter SLAP *from house*, R. H.

Slap. An elderly gentleman is inquiring for you and the young lady, sir.

Ama. My father! Where is he?

Slap. He came in through the bar-room, ma'am.

Cap. Where is he now?

Slap. It necessarily follows that he is in the front parlor, up stairs.

Cap. Does it, then I suppose it necessarily follows that he wishes us to follow him there?

Slap. He signified his wishes to that effect!

Cap. He did? Now let me signify mine; you I take, are waiter here!

Slap. It does not necessarily follow, I am the bar-keeper.

Cap. Well then, Mr. Bar-keeper, you will be good enough to receive my instructions respecting dinner.—In the first place—

Waddle. [*Within house.*] Amanda! Amanda!

Ama. Oh! Lord! there's my father; he's impatient as usual; I must attend him, Captain you'll follow me.

[*Exit* AMANDA *into house.*

Cap. Follow you? through the world my dear! She is indeed a charming girl! charming in her person, charming in her manner, and charming in her circumstances. The latter inded are fifty thousand times more charming than the others, as I understand she has exactly that number of dollars at her own disposal, a sum that would just replenish my exchequer—for tailor's bills, tavern bills, wine bills, and billiard bills, have completely stripped me of bank bills.

Slap. It necessarily follows:

Cap. And if you should make such an impertinent remark again, I know another thing that would necessarily follow:

Slap. Might I be favored with a knowledge of it?

Cap. Oh! certainly! you shall know it feelingly and feel it knowingly, 'tis simply the application of this rattan to your shoulders.

Slap. Sir, if any gentleman should so far forget himself, as to inflict manual chastisement on my person, it would necessarily follow, that independent of the personal resistance he would experience—

Cap. Personal resistance, you villain? What do you mean by that?

Slap. I'm too polite to mention it, sir!

Cap. Oh! I presume you hold some rank in the militia service. Are you a Colonel? a major? a Captain? or a shoe-black?

Slap. No sir, I'm a bar-keeper, and in that capacity it necessarily follows, that I am waiting your orders.

Cap. Oh! sir, since you descend from your personal resistance, to the duties of your station, allow me to ask you what you can give me for dinner?

Con Golumby. [*Outside* R. H.] Two bootjacks.

Cap. Two bootjacks, rather an indigestible dish.

Slap. 'Tis our stupid Irish waiter, sir, answering the customers.

Enter CON GOLUMBY *from house* R.

Con. Now, sir, you have only to lift your legs, and the divil a boot you'll have on. [*Business with bootjack.*

Cap. A most summary proceeding, on my honor! pray sir, who gave you authority to clap me in the stocks in this manner?

Con. Wasn't it yourself that called for bootjack?

Cap. Bootjack, you scoundrel! Release my feet, or I'll kick you.

Con. Will you? Faith then if it's kicking your'e after, I've a notion your feet are safest, just where they are! [*Business.*

Cap. Why, you impudent Irish, bull headed—

[*Chases him round stage, till he meets* DUTIFUL, 1 E. L.

Enter DEUTERONOMY, L. H.—*A trunk on his shoulder.* — GOLUMBY *runs against him, overturning it.*

Deu. Hello! hello! What on earth's broke loose. You see that ere trunk?

Con. I do.

Deu. Maybe you'd like just to mention what you put it there for?

Con. The gentleman was presenting me wid the bootjack.

Deu. That ain't no reason you orter keel over my trunk. If there's any damage happened to the inside, you shall make it straight —you shall, now—mind I tell. There's a heap o' notions in thar, and some on 'em almighty tender.

Cap. Well, Paddy, you may thank this gentleman for your safty. Now, begone, sir.

Con. I can't without my instruments.

Cap. What do you call your instruments?

Con. My jack, sir, you may want them another time.

Cap. Take them, and be gone. [*Exit into house,* R. H

Con. [*To* DEUTERONOMY.] Have you anything to polish, sir.

Deu. Well, let's see if we can make a trade—what do you tax?

Con. Sixpence, sir.

Voice. [*Within,* R. H.] Golumby.

Con. Coming, sir. [*Exit* CON *into house,* R. H.

Deu. [*Getting on trunk.*] Lookee there, you, is your house full of lodgers. How'd you like to take me in?

Slap. Why, our house is so full that it necessarily follows—

Deu. What? oh, I see, you don't like to trust strangers—want the chinks, a week's board in advance—well, here's a dollar!

Slap. Now, 'tis obvious—

Deu. No 'taint—'tis genuine—rale spelter—aint no counterfeit about me.

Slap. But, sir we are so crowded—

Deu. Why that was pretty much the case aboard that consarned steamboat. There war'nt room enough for as many Nova Scotia her-

rings, packed and pickled as there was men aboard. We was piled up on the floor about four foot high, and a leetle thicker than sugar house molasses. When I first went down in the cabin I writ on one bunk with a piece of chalk "this birth is mine"—but another chap said it was hisen, and so I was choused out, and they put me into the pantry a top o' the coffee pots and gridirons. Somehow when I got asleep there was a fellow a layin' across my legs, and he snored so distressed loud that I was obliged to ram his head into a butter-firkin, when the butter began to melt it kind o' greased his nose, and he snored a good deal easier afterwards.

Slap. Well, sir, we'll endeavor to make room for you.

Deu. Half a dozen feathers will do for me if beds are scarse, jest to ease those sharp pints of my body that comes in contact with the floor—you needn't put yourself out more than a rod—I'll look out for number one.

Slap. Number one is occupied, but I'll squeeze you into some corner. [*Exit into house,* R. H.

Deu. Yes, and let's have suthin' to eat, for I'm as hungry as a juvenile hippopotamus, and as dry as a squash bed in April.

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLEY *from house,* R. H.

Cap. Waiter! oh, sir! you are here. Haven't I seen that impudent face of yours somewhere else?

Deu. You haven't seen it no where but in the front of my head.

Cap. Now, sir, I would say a word to you—during our passage down the river, I observed your leering at the young lady in my company in a manner which calls forth this remark. Should I observe any more such demonstrations of your regard I shall expect you to answer it to me.

Deu. Answer it to me? Why, what do you mean by that?

Cap. Why, sir, I shall take the liberty of calling you out.

Deu. Well, suppose I don't want to go out.

Cap. Then, sir, you know the alternative. I shall you post for a coward!

Deu. Oh, I understand what you mean—to challenge me. Hum, if the gal likes me, and I do believe she does, I shall court her the worst kind. I don't want to fall with you, Captain, cause I got great respect for military men—I was pretty near being made a major on myself once—but I shall court the gal—I wouldn't fight with you on no account hardly, but I shall court the gal—and I know I shouldn't like to be posted for a coward, but I shall set up late o' night with the gal.

Cap. You will?

Deu. Roll me into pig iron, if I don't

Cap. Then, sir, you know what will follow. [*Crosses to* L.

Deu. What will follow my courtin' the gal? Why marrying her, I suppose, and you can't surmise what'll follow that.

Cap. Well, sir, you shall hear from me. *Exit* L. H.

Deu. And let me, won't you? That chap will get some of his

sharp pints filed down, if he don't look out. I will court the gal, by grasshopper! 'Cause she's got $55,500, I hear, and 'cause she likes me, I do opine; and furthermore, I'll give that ere chap a chance to challenge me. I writ a letter to her on board that steamboat, makin' the awfulest love to her; but I don't know how I shall get it into her hands. [*Bell.*] That's for breakfast.

[*Exit very hastily into house.*

SCENE II.—*Chamber doors each side.—No.* 8 *over* R. D.—*No.* 2 *over* L. D.

Enter BOB, L. H., *meeting* GOLUMBY, R. H.

Bob. I say, Golumby, why ain't you down stairs at the breakfast table?

Con. Because I've had my breakfast.

Bob. Wall, now, is dat any reason 'cause you ain't goin' to wait on de gentlemen?

Con. Faith it is, for the devil a one of them waits upon me.

Bob. Well, now, listen to what I tells you; No. 5 wants his breakfast carried up to his room—No. 2 is sick, and wants catnip gruel—No. 8 wants brandy and water—No. 10 wants a bootjack, and No. 6 wants fresh towels.

Con. Which is the number that wants the brandy and water?

Bob. No. 8.

Con. I'll attend to that first—how many glasses?

Bob. Two.

Con. I'll call for three—there's luck in odd numbers. [*Going.*] No. 2 wants three glasses.

Bob. No—no—No. 8 wants two glasses.

Con. Don't bother, you'll put me out. No. 2—three glasses of brandy! I say Bob, here—sure you're as white as the general run of Africans, you're a dacent lad, cuffee, you are, do you step down to the bar now, and get the liquor, and Bob, tell Mr. Slap to send me a wee sup.

Bob. Tink he send him

Con. You disbelieving infidel, away with you, tell him that No. 2 wants three glasses of brandy, and I want one, tell him to charge 'em all to No. 2. Go, Bob, and we'll share the sureptious glass between us.

Bob. Mind you give me half. [*Exit* BOB, L. H.

Con. Bad luck to the drop you get, except you stale a mouthful as you're fetchin it up stairs, and if you're after doing that, I'll sue you for burglary.

Enter BOB *with salver containing* 3 *glasses of brandy, and pitcher of water,* L. H.

Bob. Here am dree glasses, Mr. Golumby, but massa Slap would'nt gib me one for you.

Con. It's a falsehood, you murdering Carthegenian, you, you have

drank the liquor—don't I see the lavins of it on the thick lips of you Get me another, or I'll tell the master of the robberies, you have committed, I will, you Asiatic African. [*Exit* Bob, L. H.
Now I'll carry these to No. 2, and hand them to the gentlemen.
[*Exit* Con Golumby *into No.* 2 L. H.

Ama. [*From within.*] Leave the room, you Irish brute.

Con. [*In No.* 2.] Oh! ma'am, I beg your pardon—I thought it was for you.

Enter Con *from No.* 2.

Con. I've made a mistake; there's a young lady in there, singing "Over the water to Charley," and she told me she did'nt want any brandy with the water, she called me an Irish brute, for interrupting her in her ditty—I like a ditty myself. [*Sings.*

Oh! there's not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.

My bosom is not wide enough for water to mate in it, so by my father's son, I'll let the brandy mate the water. [*Mixes one glass.*] Och! how beautiful they amalgamate; see how, the pair of them are laughing—it's a pity they should ever be drowned, och! jewels, that tumbler's but a cold and hard lodging place for ye; faith I'll give ye a softer and warmer bed; my stomach come to my heart, ye blackguard. [*Drinks.*

Voice within. [R. H.] Con Golumby.

Con. The divil Con Golumby ye! ye've sent the brandy one way, and the water another—they've taken the wrong roads, too—for the liquors gone up my nose, and the water down my throat.

Voice again. [R. H.] Golumby.

Con. May the divil go a hunting with you, there's not half a glass. here. I'll make mine a little stronger and the gentleman's a little weaker, for surely their throats must be copper bottomed, if they can drink such stiff horns as these; so I'll just divide wid ye; fair play's a jewel, and so is the liquor—I've put too much water in this.
[*Mixes them.*

As Golumby *is drinking,* Deuteronomy *enters* L. H., *and walks up to him.*

Con. Are you No. 3?

Deu. No—be you?

Con. No, sir—but it is a touch of the cholera I'm having, and the doctors told me that I had a collapse, and to drink freely of the chloride of lime.

Deu. Do you belong to this house?

Con. No, sir, I am only hired.

Deu. What do you do?

Con. Sir?

Deu. What did they hire you for?

Con. Bokase I wanted a place.

Deu. Do you know where the boarders lodge?

Con. Most of them lodge in their beds, I believe, except some that slapes out all night. If you've no particular business wid me, you'll plase not to be detaining me, but pay me for my services, and let me be taking the gintlemen their liquor.

Deu. Why, you haven't done me no service.

Con. No sarvice? haven't I been talking to you till my mouth is as dry as—

Deu. Well, tell me, which room is the young lady in, who arrived this morning in the steamboat?

Con. Does she sing over the water to Charley?

Deu. Considerable likely she does.

Con. Does she call people names?

Deu. Yes, when they've got any.

Con. Did she ever call you an Irish brute? Oh! you're not Irish, but how the devil did she find it out in me? Maybe it was by the ginteelness of my deportment. Och, you should have seen the grace with which I handed her the liquor. "Ma'am," says I, "you called for three glasses of brandy, here they are—mix them to your own palate." "Get out, you Irish brute!" says she. But I must get No. 3, maybe the gentleman may be wanting the same. [*Exit* R.

Deu. See here, stop. Where's the room where the young lady is?

Con. In No. 2.

Deu. Where is No. 2?

Con. Behind ye.

Deu. Is she there now?

Con. Unless she's gone over the water to Charley. [*Going* R.

Deu. Here, Irisher!

Con. Sir?

Deu. Can't you carry this letter to the girl that lives in that room? I'll give you sixpence.

Con. Sixpence? Will you be waiting till I carry this to No. 3?

Deu. Why, if you should meet anybody else on the road, I guess I shan't see you again to-day.

Con. Och, do you suppose I'd neglect your business, and when there's a letter to carry and sixpence to airn? Give me the letter. [*Takes letter.*] I'll be wid you immediately.

[*Exit* COLUMBY *into No.* 3, R. H.

Enter BOB, *with breakfast things* L. H.

Deu. Hello, you Ethiopian, where are you goin' to take that victuals to?

Bob. Why, I take 'em to the young lady in No. 2.

Deu. Well, see her, just tell her that I want to see her on business.

Bob. I tell her. [*Exit* BOB *into No.* 2—*re-enters and exits.*

Deu. That are fellow's hide is as full of rum as a pine knot is full of gum; he ain't white, no way you can fix it, unless you turn his skin inside out, and then I reckon it would be flesh color,

Enter GOLUMBY, *with coal-scuttle,* R. H.

Con. I'm a-going to take this fire-wood into No. 18, and then I'll deliver your letter. [*Exit,* L. H.

Enter AMANDA, L. D. F.

Ama. A man want to speak to me? Where is he? Sir, I understand—

Deu. [*Nodding from corner.*] How du you du? Miss Amanda, I calculate?

Ama. Oh! Mr. Dutiful, I believe?

Deu. Deuteronomy Dutiful, ma'am. How hev you been?

Ama. Well, thank you. You wish, probably, to see my father? You'll find him below. Good morning, sir. [AMANDA *is about to go.*

Deu. Stop, look here; what's your hurry? I want to talk to you; I got suthin' peticklar to say to you. Set down, won't you?

Ama. Certainly, sir. [*They sit. A pause.*] I'm all impatience for your communications, sir.

Deu. What's the price of wool?

Ama. Wool, sir? Why, really, you should know more of the article than I.

Deu. Wool! well, I do feel a little sheepish; but you see I come down to York to sell wool, and just thought you might know the price of it. You know I came down in the steamboat along with you.

Ama. Yes, sir, I remember.

Deu. That journey cost me considerable. I say, how did you sleep on board of that 'ere steamboat?

Ama. Sleep! very well, sir.

Deu. I didn't. They told me I might have the third of a bunk, but a fat man got in first—

Ama. And is this your sole business with me?

Deu. Oh! now I was only just tellin' you. [*Ruffle shirt.*] That chap that came down in your company, you know, from Saratoga—he's a captain, ain't he? I like military men. I came pretty near being made a major on once myself, but when the court of examination axed me how I could effect a retreat, I answered right out that the only way I ever heard of anybody's retreating was movin' backwards. Now whenever you want to be made a major on—

Ama. [*Rising.*] Sir, as I've no pretensions to that office, I beg you'll spare me the recital of the causes of your failure.

Deu. Well, don't get into a blaze about it. I want to talk to you about the captain.

Ama. Well, sir, what about the captain?

Deu. Why, he talked suthin' about calling me out.

Ama. Calling you out, sir?

Deu. He said if ever I dared to speak another word to you, I'd hev to fight him, and so I'm resolved to hev a long talk with you to begin with.

Ama. Oh, sir! for heaven's sake, don't think of fighting.

Deu. I don't think nothin' about it, because I don't think the captain's got any notion on't. [*A pause.*] Be you engaged?

[*Business with gloves, brooch and watch.*

Ama. Sir!

Deu. Are you engaged to be married?

Ama. Married? No, sir. Why do you ask?

Deu. 'Cause I'll marry you myself.

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLEY, R. H.

Cap. The devil you will, sir. I am your humble servant.

Deu. Are you?

Cap. So, madam, this is the manner in which you trifle with my feelings?

Ama. Captain Oakley will understand that I can give no reply to such remarks, and that if he will intrude himself into the presence of a lady in so abrupt and ungentlemanly a manner, he can excite no other feelings than those of contempt. [*Exit*, L. D.

Deu. I guess you feel kinder streaked—ha! ha! ha!

Cap. Villain! I demand immediate satisfaction.

Deu. No, do you?

Cap. I presume you are a gentleman?

Deu. Presume I be.

Cap. Enough, sir; I'll chastise you instantly.

Deu. Chastise!

Enter WADDLE, *pulling on* GOLUMBY, L. H.

Con. Och! if your honor plase to believe me, I'm the innocentest man!

Wad. Don't talk to me, you scoundrel!

Con. But if your honor would listen to m—

Wad. I'll not listen to you! Which is the man? You, sir, [*to* DEUTERONOMY,] what's your name?

Deu. Umph!

Wad. [*Violently.*] What's your name, sir?

Deu. Wall, you needn't get in a fever about it. Why, you look out of your eyes like a catfish with cholic. Don't approximate you bombastical rotundity to me.

Wad. Is your name—pshaw—the divil!

Deu. No, that ain't it.

Wad. This letter sir—did you write this letter! [*Shows it.*

Deu. Pretty good hand—that P. has got a swingin' tail.

Wad. Damn the P's tail, did you write the letter?

Deu. Why it does look considerable like my hand.

Wad. No trifling sir—how dare you address a letter to my daughter?

Deu. You got a daughter?

Wad. How dare you write a letter, and above all, such a letter to any member of my family?

Deu. You got any members to your family.

[BETTY *appears at door of No.* 2, *business watching.*

Wad. I demand satisfaction sir—Captain Oakley, you will be good enough to act as my fried on this occasion and arrange preliminaries.

[*Exit* WADDLE, L. H.

Cap. I, sir, am the first claimant on your attention. [*Crosses* L.] So you shall hear from me instantly. [*Exit* CAPTAIN OAKLEY L. H.

[*Exit* BETTY *into room, No.* 2.

Con. They'll shoot you betwixt 'em. The last one is a desperate character; if he should miss you the old one will plug you! Have you got no one to back you?

Deu. No—but I've got two to front me.

Con. You may depend on me, 'twas me that got you into this hobble! The letter you gave me for the young lady, I put into the coal-scuttle for safe keeping, till such a time as I could deliver it, when the ould gentleman himself called for coal, and I, not thinking that the letter was amongst it, pitched it down by the side of the grate, and out flew the letter, and the ould thafe picked it up—I told him it wasn't for him, but his daughter—damn his maneness he opened and read it, then he picked up a chunk of coal, and bad luck to him, he struck me on the head wid it—the devil choke the ould murderer! och it's laughin' ye are, wid two deaths starin' you in the face; I like you, by the hill of Hoath I like you! I'll be your bottle holder—let 'em come on, we'll whop the pair of 'em—hillo hoo! hoo!

Deu. Where's the place they go to fight?

Con. I believe they call it Hobuken.

Deu. Where's Hubuken.

Con. Over the water to Charley—I mean it's beyond there, fornenst the city.

Enter SLAP, *with card, which he gives* DEUTERONOMY, *who reads it.*

Deu. That's as clear as flour starch; you hev'nt got a gun or nothin', hev you—I must get a shootin' iron of some sort.

Enter BETTY B. F. L. H.

Bet. Massa Deuteronomy, Missus like to see you a few minutes, 'spose you at leisure.

Deu. Tell her I'm goin' to fight a duel or two, and if I get back any way hullsome, I'll come.

Con. And I'm the second.

Bet. Missus says she want to see you tickler business immediately.

Deu. Twelve o'clock this chap says; why it only wants a quarter of that now—what an almighty hurry he's in, but the lady must be attended to first by all means; Golumby do you go over to Hubuken and tell them I'll be thar in about an hour at farthest.

Con. I can't leave the house, here's the major—maybe he'll go.

Enter BOB, L. H. *with a glass of brandy.*

Deu. Here blackee, I'll give you two shillins' if you'll go over to

Hubuken, and tell a gentleman you'll find waitin' thar for me, I'll be thar in an hour.

Bob. Two shillings—where are dey?

Deu. But, I say, won't you take one and ten pence?

Bob. Yes massa, I'll go.

Con. Give me my cruisken!

Bob. Let me taste him first.

[*Drinks all, gives empty glass to* GOLUMBY, *who kicks him off*, L. H.

Con. Bad manners to you—may the divil go wid you and a drum, and then you'll want neither company nor music.

Bet. Now you come to Missus, sir!

Enter AMANDA, D. F. L.

Ama. Betty, what has detained you. [*Down* R.] Have you delivered my message! oh, here is the gentleman. I beg pardon for the liberty I have teken, but I perceive you are not alone?

Deu. Oh, yes, I am particularly alone, except the Irishman, you and the nigger. Golumby, carry that gold-colored lump of humanity into the cellar.

Con. Faith will I.

Bet. Why, you drunken wretch, touch me, I wool you!

Ama. Let Betty remain.

Con. [*Going.*] Och, if you should find them both one too many for you, whistle, and I'll come to your assistance.

[*Exit* GOLUMBY, L. H. *Exit* BETTY *into No.* 2.

Ama. I have just learnt from Betty, with alarm, that you have been challenged, both by my father and Captain Oakley, and I have sought this interview to entreat you to forego any intentions you may have entertained of answering them.

Deu. Let down, won't you? Why should'nt I answer them?

Ama. Oh, sir, can you coolly ask me why? Will not your meeting either of them in all probability cause bloodshed?

Deu. Conglomerate the fools! What made them challenge me then?

Ama. Oh, sir, be generous—do not sacrifice to a false notion of honor—lives so dear to me! My father's life—my lover's—I mean your own, sir!

Deu. The hevens! my life! By scrumsky! she's in love with me—I kwow'd it all along. How could she help it? Well Miss Amanda, since I have riz the muscles of your heart!

Ama. Done what, sir?

Deu. Roused the ramifications of your rampant sensibilities, ma'am.

Ama. Upon my life, sir I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning.

Deu. Why, in plain words, then, since I've been lucky enough to rouse up your sanguine sensations—since I found out you love me as you do—

Ama. Love you, sir?

Deu. Need't blush 'bout it—'cause I respect your feelings—chop me into live oak fence rails, if I don't.

Ama. Sir, you have strongly misconceived; I only—

Deu. Yes I know you did'nt like to speak of it plain outright, at first, but you flew round and round the subject like a chicken-hawk, but you folded up your wings—pinted your bill—and darted down, slap-dash on me at last! Well, Miss Mandy, since things have gone so far between us, and my life is so precious to you, why, I'll not answer the challenge, but will content myself with lickin' that old captain like smoke, for sendin' it.

Ama. Oh, no sir, do not molest him—'twill cause further danger—for my sake don't!

Deu. Well, I won't for your sake. Hokey! for your sake, I'd do anything on airth—I'd almost swear never to eat no more clam chowder! On one condition, though—that we bring our business immediately to the conclusion that it must eventually arrive at. I'm every way a match for you—my family is good, none better in Vermont. My grandfather was one of the first settlers in our part of the country—bought up pretty nighly one third of the hull country. He was sent to our State Legislature—old Michael Dutiful—you must a'heern on him—he was my grandfather. Well, Mike, he married old Squire Holliday Harrindon's daughter, Harrietta, as like a gal as ever drove a pair of oxen, so they say that seed her when she was young and spry, but when I seed her, her face was furrowed like a new plowed cornfield. She had only one eye and two teeth, or two eyes and one tooth, I don't know which, but Harriet brought suthin' considerable to the old man when he married her; she had an all-sufficient quantity of quilts and blankets—in fine, I hearn say she warn't short of body clothes, nyther.

Ama. I haven't a doubt of the respectability of your family, sir, but to return to the subject of our conversation.

Deu. Oh, yes, certainly—return to our marriage, you mean. Well, you see, I haven't got time to make a long courtship of it, because my business is all out o' kilter, and has to go on in Vermont without me; besides, this seems to be a pretty dear tavern, and you know every dollar I spend in staying here courting you, is so much out of your pocket after I marry you, for I swan, if you don't marry me right away, I'll charge the extras to you—I will—honor bright.

Ama. Marry you, sir? You surely jest, ha, ha, ha!

Deu. Jest! you been jesting with me all this time? [*Rises.*] Then I've no more time to waste with you, for I must go and blow them ere fellows to the land of nod. [*Going.*

Ama. Stay, sir. [*Aside.*] How shall I prevent this duel? I have it. I'll practice a little innocent deception on my impudent friend here; it will at least gain time, and that may prevent the mischief. You are very hasty in your determination, Mr. Dutiful. Do you ever hope to obtain a wife, if you take her first refusal as decisive?

Deu. Eh! oh! Ay, ay; it's well you spoke, or I should have been off like a long-nine at the end of a port-fire. Such matches as I am are not to be 'lighted on every day. Well, now, as we have agreed

the thing shall be done, let's have it done as quickly as possible; we'll run away to-night.

Ama. Oh, Mr. Dutiful! impossible, to-night. Really, it cannot be accomplished; my father is so vigilant, and the captain so suspicious, we should be detected. My father's chamber is so immediately between mine and the street, that I could never pass it unobserved. However, a plan has struck me—but I fear you will think me forward.

Deu. Never, unless you go backwards. What is your plan?

Ama. I might disguise myself in my servant maid's clothes, and so pass without suspicion.

Deu. What, put on that mulatto gal's clothes? That will do, all but the face not being the same color.

Ama. A vail thrown over it would prevent the color being seen.

Deu. Swampy! that's true. I'll have a coach at the next corner; I'll come here to escort you to it, and then, Heliogabulous! we'll drive to the parson's and get grafted.

Ama. We had better perhaps fix eight o'clock for the expedition. When the clock tolls the hour, knock at my door, softly, and on the wings of love fly with your prize.

Deu. The wings of love wouldn't carry us far, but the wheels of the coach shall roll us to the parson's. Well, rather guess I've made some marks on her heart. She's almighty rich, and she can talk like a hornet in a buckwheat patch. [*Exit* AMANDA.

Enter CON GOLUMBY, *with a bottle—endeavors to conceal it from* DEUTERONOMY.

Con. Are you safe? The divil take me but I was afeard the young woman would play some trick upon you. She has the divil's own look out of her eye.

Deu. Then I shall marry the divil's tricks, her eyes and herself with them, for I'm going to marry her this night.

Con. That's cool.

Deu. I want you to help me.

Con. To marry her? I don't belong to the clargy.

Deu. No, guess I'll make out to marry her without your help—all I want of you is to help me to get her out of the house.

Con. To run away wid her. Oh, shame! I never run away wid a young woman since my father run away wid my mother.

Deu. If we get along pretty sharp in this business, I shall take her to Varmont. You see I'm a wool-dealer, and I sell notions o' all sorts by hullsale.

Con. I like wholesale stores.

Deu. I shall want a man to qualify my liquors.

Con. I'll qualify liquors, by the wholesale, with any man.

Deu. Well, I want you to keep watch till I return here with a hack at eight o'clock—it wants a few minutes of it now—and when I appear at the end of the passage, you tap at the door No. 2, and say, "All's ready;" then the young lady will come out, dressed in Betty the yel-

low gal's clothes; you hand her to me, and we'll drive off together like Jehu.

Con. You've the devil's own cunning. She'll be disguised in the mulatto gal's clothes?

Deu. Now I s'pose that captain chap is waitin' for me. Well, may be we'll have time enough to get over to Hubbuken and put him out of his misery afore eight o'clock. No, I'll marry the gal first, and then, if he sends me a challenge, I'll squeeze him till he ain't got no more wind in him than there is in the gizzard of a snappin' turtle.

[*Exit. Darken stage gradually.*

Con. [*Drinking and singing.*]

Oh! the oily Irishoun
It's down my throat is going;
It warms the very blood of my heart;
It's like water to a mill,
Or to a pig its swill,
Or grease to the wheels of a cart.

Enter BETTY, D. F. L. H.

Bet. Massa Golumby, missus send me to tell you you mustn't make such a noise.

Con. My singing disturb a lady, aveneen! Out of that, you squaw papoose! [*Sings, introducing song. Exit* BETTY, D. F. L. H.

Enter CAPTAIN OAKLEY *and* WADDLE, L. H.

Wad. Well, sir, but having given the business into your hands, it behooved you to forward it. You undertook the conduct of the affair and therefore should have brought it to an issue.

Cap. But, sir, you will not hear me—if you reflect a moment, you must remember that I did not engage myself on your behalf; on the contrary, the same rascally Yankee had undergone my challenge before he had insulted you. The cowardly knave has deceived us both—instead of meeting me, he sent a negro to excuse him; I thought the fellow was a gentleman.

Con. [*Sings.*]

Let the Dutchman bolt his schnapps,
'Till his eyelids do callapse.

Wad. Silence, fool!

Con. Faith, if you knew all, 'twould be soon seen which is the fool. If I am a fool, my folly is confined to myself, but your hallucination is shared equally by yourself and daughter.

Wad. My hallucination! and shared by my daughter, you impertinent bootjack, what do you mean?

Con. I mean that your daughter is going to run away wid a Yankee man this very night, at eight o'clock—ha! ha! ha! Now then, which of us is the fool? [*Recollects himself.*] By St. Patrick, I've let the cat out of the bag—oh! I'll be kilt.

Wad. What do you say? my daughter running away with a man? how? when? what for? what man?

Cap. A Yankee? I'll annhilate the villain—speak! what are their plans?

Con. I'm bound not to tell—honor—

Wad. Here! [*Gives money to* GOLUMBY.] How is my daughter to escape from the house?

Cap. Speak the truth, [*Gives money*] and instantly.

Con. The cherrybims could'nt concale the truth, under all the circumstances. [*Looks at money.*] Your daughter is to change her garments with the yallow gall, and pass out with the Yankee as Betty, with a vail over her face.

Wad. We'll prevent it and detect the undutiful jade in the very act of elopement—I'll then secure her under lock and key, until we leave this city, this hot bed of intrigues; at eight o'clock, you say—'tis now the time. My young friend, dispose yourself near the door, and when she appears instantly, seize her—do *you*, remain where you are—sir, I'll prevent your giving assistance to the intrigueing parties.

Dou. [*Re-enter.*] I've got the coach at the next corner; now if that Irisher is any way spry, there won't be no trouble 'bout it—Golumby!

Con. I'm here. [*Business.*

Wad. Silence you villain.

Con. [*Starts to go—they stop him.*]

Cap. Hush!

Dou. Is all fixed?

Con. I'm fixed.

Enter BETTY *and* AMANDA, S. H. D. BETTY *veiled.*

Ama. Betty, my cloak you say is in the parlor; go and get it.

[*Exit* AMANDA, L. H. D.

Dou. There she is, sure enough—upwards of a few voices sounding somewhere along here.

Wad. A trick to blind any one who may be listening. She comes.

[*Business. Steals towards* BETTY, *seizes her.*

[BETTY *advances,* R. H. WADDLE *and* CAPTAIN *seize her, she screams.*

Dou. Don't you holler or you'll wake up the wrong passenger.

Wad. Lights there! lights! So madam, you are caught pretty innocent. [*Lights up as* SLAP *comes on.*

Enter SLAP, *with lighted candle,* L. H.

Cap. Why, this is not your daughter, sir!

Wad. Eh!

Dou. Why, it's the saffron colored nigger, you got hold on in the dark—why old man at your time of life.

Wad. Then this fellow has been telling a falsehood all the time—how dare you say my daughter was disguised as this girl?

Con. I tould the truth; that's the young lady disguised.

Dou. I swow, maybe she's soaked her face in a pitch pine gum.

Enter BOB.

Oh, no, here comes the rale white feminine specious herself. Come along, my productive aboriginal! Golumby, hold on to the old man.

Slap. Hold, madam. [*Takes vail off* BOB.] What, Bob—ha!

Con. It's the nager boy!

Deu. I'm rather flummixed.

Enter AMANDA, L. H. D.

Ama. What means all this noise?

Wad. Amanda, you have come in good time to join in the laugh against the gay seducer. How dare you presume to write letters to my daughter, and then attempt a shallow stratagem to elope with her?

Cap. A cowardly scoundrel, who accepted a challenge, not having courage to answer it.

Deu. I'll whip the hull boodle of you at once. [*Skipping.*] Make me mad, and I'll lick a thunder-storm!

Con. So can I.

Deu. Want to use fire weapons, I'll fight you with rifles loaded to the muzzles with three cornered slugs, and rammed into each other. Get my Ebenezer riz, and you'd think somebody was a blowin' rocks! I've the almightiest notion to pick up this awful nigger and knock out somebody's brains with his shin! [*Walks the Stage.*

Con. So have I too.

Deu. Git my dander up, and you'd think it was the Cape Cod sea sarpant in convulsions.

Con. Yes, we're all in convulsions. [*Hiccups.*

Ama. [*Advances to* DEUTERONOMY.] What's the price of wool, sir?

Deu. It's riz considerable—black in pertickler.

Cap. What says the lovely Amanda to my suit?

Deu. I'll sell you a woolen suit, cheap.

Ama. Captain, my father consenting, there's my hand.

Deu. You she catamount, didn't you promise to cut stick along with me?

Ama. Do what, sir? I made use of your vanity to punish his jealousy. I have no doubt you have left a score of sighing damsels—victims to their passions for you, in Vermont. Oh, you look like an American Blue Beard!

Deu. Blue Beard? So you thought you'd give me an American Black Beard? Don't you think, Miss Mandy, that you've used me a leetle damned scurvy?

Ama. Perhaps your disappointment has been a little greater than you deserve, but forgive me, sir, this time, and I give you my word never to promise to elope with you again.

Deu. I reckon I shan't come swooping round you any more. You're going to marry her, captain—to prove I can laugh at a joke, though at my own expense, I'll stand the champagne to-night, till all's blue again. I bought six baskets everlastin' cheap, and it's the shockinest nice liquor ever you masticated, and having completed my sales in wool, I shall depart for hum to-morrow, trusting that some amusement has been derived by friends from the visit to New York of the Vermont Wool-Dealer.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CLXXIV.

EBENEZER VENTURE;

OR,

ADVERTISING FOR A WIFE.

A Farce, in One Act.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE PECULIAR POWERS OF MR. D. MARBLE,

BY LAWRENCE LA BREE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business

AS PERFORMED AT THE

PRINCIPAL ENGLISH AND AMERICAN THEATERS.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 Nassau Street, (Up Stairs.)

CAST OF THE CHARACTERS.—[Ebenezer Venture.]

Buffalo, September 18, 1841.

Ebenezer	Mr. Dan Marble.
Dibble, Uncle to Ebenezer	Mr. Ellis.
Little	Mr. J. B. Rice.
Auctioneer	Mr. J. Addams.
Porter	Mr. Hickmott.
First Constable	Mr. Salisbury.
Second Constable	Mr. Coleman.
Emma, a Daughter of Dibble's	Mrs. Rice.
Mary, her Servant	Mrs. Marks.
Mrs. Dibble	Mrs. Butler

Watchmen, Mob, &c., &c.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means *First Entrance, Left.* R. *First Entrance, Right.* S. E. L. *Second Entrance, Left.* S. E. R. *Second Entrance, Right.* U. E. L. *Upper Entrance, Left.* U. E. R. *Upper Entrance, Right.* C. *Center.* L. C. *Left Center.* R. C. *Right of Centre.* T. E. L. *Third Entrance, Left.* T. E. R. *Third Entrance, Right.* C. D. *Center Door.* D. R. *Door Right.* D. L. *Door Left.* U. D. L. *Upper Door, Left.* U. D. R. *Upper Door, Right.*

*** The reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.

EBENEZER VENTURE.

SCENE I.—*A room in* DIBBLE'S *house.*

Enter MR. *and* MRS. DIBBLE, R. H.

Dibble. So my dear, by this letter, we may soon expect this nephew of mine in the city. Gad! If he has improved none since I last saw him, he must be an odd specimen of humanity.

[*Puts letter in his pocket.*

Mrs. Dibble. Well, my love, and can he not be improved? Did you ever see a Yankee that could not, in time, adapt himself to all kinds of society?

Dib. I dare say the city will soon remodel him. His father is immensely rich, and he will probably inherit a large portion of the estate, therefore it is as well to look to him. Who can tell what may be brought about? Emma is now marriageable. They were schoolmates and favorites with one another.

Mrs. D. You had better encourage her union with some fashionable gentlemen of the city.

Dib. What, with one of those animals having more hair than brains—the most ridiculous of the tribe ourang outang ever yet seen? Nonsense, wife, nonsense! let me hear no more of this—here comes the girl.

Enter EMMA, R. H.

Well, daughter, this letter tells me that your cousin, Ebenezer, will soon be here—prepare to receive him.

Emma. Is it true that he is coming? Oh, dear, I am so glad!

Dib. Hark! did I not hear a noise in the hall? Surely some one came in.

Ebenezer. [*Without* L. H.] What's my name? None of your business, Mr. Blackball. Stand out of the way, you pesky sarpant! I shall walk right straight in, and that's the hull on't!

Enter EBENEZER, L. H.

Uncle Jo, how du you du? Aunt Sarah, how are yew? pretty middlin', I s'pose? Lor bless my eyes! if there ain't Em! She's grown as slick as a peeled carrot, and there's them ere everlastin' blue eyes,

tew! Gosh molley! Well, folks, I've cum to see you all, and have a stop.

Dib. We are all glad to see you, my boy. When did you arrive in the city?

Ebe. When did I get in town? Well, I guess 'twas t'other day.

Dib. So long ago?

Ebe. Not long ago—only day 'fore yesterday. You see, I didn't come right here—you know such a power of things to see here that a body never sees afore, they strike the mind at once, and time passes afore one becomes anxious of its departure. Hello! here comes the chap with my trunk.

Enter PORTER, L. H., *with a trunk.*

Mrs. D. Put it down anywhere for the present.

Ebe. I say, you feller, what's your name?

Por. Lemuel Swop, sir.

Ebe. You ain't Lem?

Por. That's my name.

Ebe. Shaw! You mus'nt think nothin' of my askin'—cause I din'nt know. You ain't Lem, though?

Por. Yes, some call me Lem.

Ebe. They du! Well, I did'nt know that neither. Look here, now, how much are you goin' to ask me for fetchin' my luggage?

Por. Two shillings!

Ebe. Two shillins'? Why, that's an awful price, you! See here, won't ye take nine pence?

Por. I can't sir.

Ebe. Won't you take a shillin'?

Por. No, sir.

Ebe. You'll take a pistareen?

Por. No less than two shillins'.

Ebe. Won't you take twenty-five cents?

Por. Yes, sir, I will take twenty-five cents.

Ebe. Here, take it—though I guess if I was you, I would'nt stuck out so long for a few cents.

Por. Money is scarec, sir, these hard times. Good bye.

[*Exit* L. H.

Ebe. That are fellow is tighter than the braiding on a whip stalk.

Dib. All people have their peculiarities, nephew—I see you have yours!

Ebe. Snake me up if I haint, tho'. Why aunt Sarah, you do look as rosy and slick as a winter pippin—I've a notion you've been pooty tol lol, considerin'.

Mrs D. But come, breakfast is now ready—your arm, Mr. Dibble, come Emma—come Ebenezer.

[*Exeunt* MR. *and* MRS DIBBLE, R. H.

Ebe. Life everlastin'! you look as handsome as a May Rose—marciful gracious, I should'nt have known you.

Em. You flatter me, Ebenezer—tell me why you did not come to see us, when you first came to town.

Ebe. Well, I guess I don't know; maybe it was fore ordination;—you see I had a curious sort of a notion, to see things as they dew them up in New York, and so you see I thought to take a look round fust. Bnt of all natur', where did you get such a fine dress?

Em. Fine!—I think it is very plain, myself!

Ebe. Sufficient Providence!—why our gals, when they've got on their best bib and tucker, don't look nothin' so fine.

Em. It is the difierence between the city and country. But tell me what have you been doing, since you have been in the city?

Ebe. Well, I hain't been idle, I calculate. You see as soon as I got in, I budged straight off to a tavern, where I see a hull lot of folks—some on 'em pourin' down the liquor—some talkin' politics, and a hull passel more settin' in chairs, with their feet out of the winders—and on the t ables, a readin' newspapers like all fury; so says I, I guess I'll do so tu—so I lit on a paper and stuck myself in a chair, and my feet on a table along with some pies and doughnuts, and I went to readin', I guess; a letlle the loudest they ever heard—read so loud, all the other fellers left the room—'spose they was lookin' over the papers, but could'nt read. Well, what do you suppose my eyes first lit on?

Em. I could not say!

Ebe. I rather guess you could'nt; I swanny, if it warn't a real genuine advertisement for a wife.

Em. An advertisement for a wife!

Ebe. Yes, right out and out; think says I, I never hearn of such a thing afore, in all my born days.

Em. Oh, it is a very common practice here.

Ebe. So a feller told me arterwards—he told me too, that regular courtin' was goin' out of fashion; well, thought I, I guess I won't let any feller get ahead of me, and I calculate I won't be out of fashion neither.

Em. Well, what did you do?

Ebe. What did I du? well, I guess I did'nt du much, but what I did du was something—I got a sheet of paper, a pen and some ink, and I writ out straight, that I wanted a wife tu.

Em. Impossible.

Ebe. 'Taint no such thing, I did, by golly—I paid a dollar and had it put in a paper, right off; that was yesterday, arter breakfast; I'm going down to get an answer.

Em. You do not expect any one will be foolish enough to answer it, or even notice it,

Ebe. Maybe I du though, I'll see her and if she don't please me, I can get another; I'll try you, kum, you have hearn say I 'spose it's most likely, that the proof of the pudding, is in chawing the bag.

Em. A very odd and vulgar adage. [*Aside.*] I'll play a trick upon this cousin, yet—come, let us into breakfast, it is waiting.

[EBENEZER and EMMA exeunt, R. H.

SCENE II.—*A chamber in* DIBBLE'S *house.*

Enter EMMA, R. H. *meeting* MARY, L. H.

Em. Oh, Mary, I'm so glad you have come—I want you to assist me in a little plot or intrigue of my own!

Mary. A love affair, I'll warrant.

Em. It is indeed, but a very harmless one, in which I am concerned.

Mary. Well, let me know in what way I can assist you, and I am at your service.

Em. My cousin whom I have often mentioned to you, is now here, he has been in the city several days, during which time he has advertised for a wife. This is in strict confidence, now; he is shortly to go to the office for answers to his advertisement. Wishing to play him a trick, and having some interest at heart—I—I——

Mary. You have answered it!

Em. But that is not all—I have taken the liberty to use your number, in directing him where I could be found; there I will receive him, disguised, and win him, and not till he is fairly won, shall he know it is his cousin that has hoaxed him!

Mary. A very fair plot, my friend—and I will do my best to render you all the aid necessary; my house, you are perfectly at will to use, to carry out your designs.

Em. If such be the case, then, my fine cousin, it is hard if woman's wit does not play itself off to some advantage upon you.

Mary. But, how do you propose to effect your purpose?

Em. In this manner! Your husband is now absent, and will be for some time; I wish, when my cousin comes, (for come, I am sure he will) to represent myself as Mistress of the house, and you shall appear as my companion.

Mary. Very well conceived, indeed—but if you should fail to ensnare the gentle cousin?

Em. I have no fear of that; if we but act our parts well, we shall be sure to make a decided hit, for which our friends will applaud us.

Mary. Let the affair proceed rapidly; I have all a womans' curiosity for the issue. [*Exeunt* R. H.

SCENE III.—*A Street—a Placard on the side of the House—Fifty Dollars reward, &c.*

Enter LITTLE, L. H.

Lit. Well, if I make nothing out of this game, then I am altogether beyond my calculation! Ha! ha! ha! why should I not gull him; 'tis the way one half the world lives, by cheating the other half —Ha! what do I see—*fifty dollars reward—stolen from a jeweler's shop, a splendid gold watch, worth two hundred dollars;* I am very *suspicious,* that means me; I must be on the look out.

Enter two CONSTABLES, L. H. *exeunt* R. H.

Lit. [*Comes forward.*] They are after me, that's certain, but if they catch me, I dare say fifty one dollars will answer my safety—oh! money and villainy, you are the two great levers of the human heart; the poor rascal is sure to meet his just dues, while the rich one is at liberty to enact his villanies at his own pleasure.

[*Exit*, L. H.

Enter EBENEZER, R. H.

Ebe. Well, I swan to man, this is the tarnallest place—this ere New York. All sorts of folks here tu—niggers, a nation on 'em—foreigners by the bushel. Guess Europe are unpopulated, now—anyhow all come here to see New York. Well, I wonder if dad thinks what I'm dewing—guess he don't—and marm, tew, bless her old soul! wonder who she gives her warm milk tu, now? Howsomdever, I've got my portrait from old dad, and I guess I'll make it swing—if I don't, put me under a harrow! The first thing to be done is to introduce myself into society; I've lain a plan for that—I've advertised for a wife, 'cause I seed as how the practice is very common, and I don't want to be behind the age; besides, I'm naturally bashful, for I never seed a petticoat that did'nt make me blush. Hello! here comes my friend Little—a fustrate feller, he looks good natured—I guess that he has got some news of a wife for me; he was so clever to me, a stranger, that I let him into my secrets, right out; I did—he's a darnation slick chap, I know, 'cause he's so willin' to show me and tell me everything.

Lit. Well my covey, I wish you joy!

Ebe. Du you, though—now you don't say so.

Lit. I'm blowed if I don't!

Ebe. Show now; I say, you—any news about a wife;—have you been tu the office; is the advertisement answered?

Lit. Take care—take care—don't be in such a hurry, our New York girls won't like you so well for it.

Ebe. Shut up, du, I won't believe a word on it; I guess they like to have things done in a hurry, if they don't, they ain't like our down east gals.

Lit. Oh, that's a notion of yours. But now for the advertisements, there was one from a young widow.

Ebe. Damn young widows—I'm afeered on 'em!

Lit. I tore it up; there was one from a spinster.

Ebe. A spinster! don't know what that is—take it away!

Lit. I demolished it; there was one from a chambermaid!

Ebe. A chambermaid! I say, mister, that won't do; very suspicious; I don't like chambermaids.

Lit. I annihilated it.

Ebe. You what?

Lit. I annihilated it; destroyed it.

Ebe. Well, why did'nt you say so in the first on't: speak English, I can't bear French; I never liked the looks on't—that's why I would'nt have it, go on!

Lit. There was one from a girl, whose parents are unkind; making her home unhappy—she wishes for another.

Ebe. An unhappy gal—poor crittur. Well! what did you do with her note.

Lit. Here it is; shall I read it to you?

Ebe. Why, yes—that is, if it won't be asking too much!

Lit. Not at all—here it is. [*Reads letter, which he takes from his pocket.*] SIR:—Having read in the Sun, of yesterday, your advertisement for a wife, I am induced to answer it; present unhappiness is all that drives to me, to it, else would woman's natural timidity deter me from taking such a step; I am young, but twenty—am called handsome—am industrious, economical and not quarrelsome—could love a good husband, and am not fond of society. An interview can be had this afternoon, as my parents are now out of town. If you should conclude to call, you will find my number on the inclosed card!

Ebe. Is that all?

Lit. That is the conclusion.

Ebe. She's a screamer! a hull term and no mistake. Now, what's on the card?

Lit. Never mind that, at present—you must get yourself ready—she begins her name, Miss Angelica Pink.

Ebe. A real novel name, by gosh! Yes, I will get ready. Will you go with me? I'm awful skittish when I get among the gals; never kissed one but once in all my born days, and then I blushed so that my face burnt my shirt-collar clean off—if it didn't dig my turnips!

Lit. I dare say, a very backward youth. But you will do better now.

Ebe. I calculate I shall. Perhaps I may, but I feel a leetle sheepish, anyhow.

Lit. No doubt. But let us dispatch business; 'tis now half-past three; I will order a carriage directly. Meet me at the Star House in ten minutes; from thence you can go immediately to see the lady.

[*Exit*, L. H.

Ebe. Oh Lord! I'm all in a prickly heat with perspiration! Tarnation! I guess when dad hears the news, he won't stare nor nothin', nor think I warn't born for no eend; I reckon Sal Snubbins will kind a wish she'd had me, arter all. Hello, here comes Mr. Little back; I wonder what it's for.

Enter LITTLE, L. H.

Lit. I say, Venture, my good fellow, I'm devilish short of money for a day or two; oblige me with the loan of ten dollars. I shall be in funds again soon, and will repay you.

Ebe. Oh, sartin. Maybe you don't want twenty? You can have it if you do; jest say so.

Lit. So much the better, my dear fellow; just make it twenty, though perhaps I shall not need it.

Ebe. Never mind that; here it is. [*Takes out his pocket-book.*] There's a five on the Steam Pill Bank; here's a five on the Magnetic

Bank; well now, there's a tu—that's twelve; there's a three, and here's a one; and there's a three on the Temperance Bank—that's nineteen. Let's see if I ain't got no change. There's half a dollar; here's a ninepence; here's fourpence-halfpenny; here's a pistereen. and another ninepence, and there's two cents. That's right, ain't it?

Lit. All right. Now: sir, consider me your friend. [*Shakes his hand.*] How very hot the day is!

Ebe. Not so darned hot, neither. Fust-rate weather to make hay; as for sweating, that's reckoned healthy down East, where I come from—Rockingham county, New Hampshire. Why, sir, I once drew a yoke of oxen one day when it was so hot they couldn't sweat, no-how—it dried up 'fore it come out. [*Exeunt*, L. H.

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in* MRS. MINDFULL'S (MARY'S) *House.*

Enter MARY *and* EMMA, R. H.

Em. Now I believe all is complete, and I expect him here every moment.

Mary. I am really interested in this affair, and hope it will end happily. [*Knock*, L. H.] Hark! did not some one knock? [*Knock again.*] Now draw your vail, and remember your character.

[*Exit* MARY, L. H.

Em. Well, the sought-for moment has come, and if my hopes are realized, I shall win my cousin's heart. He is rough and unpolished, 'tis true, but still he has good sense enough to adapt himself to the best society. [*Drops her vail.*

Re-enter MARY, *conducting* EBENEZER.

Mary. This is the lady, sir.

Ebe. Yes, I expect so. How de you do? how are you? [*To* MARY.] You may go. Don't want any more use on you. You may get out.

[*Exit* MARY, L. H.

Em. Do you wish to see me, sir?

Ebe. Yes—no—that is kinder—du you? that is—yes—du you ever read the Sun?

Em. Sometimes I do!

Ebe. You du! Well now, so do I, sometimes—don't believe half they say about pills and consumption medicines though; can't gum this are Yankee so, no how—although I must say, that steam *power* is almighty swift, I calculate—it beats lightning a leetle; comin' down the sound, the Cap'n seed a shower a risin', and the way it was a comin', warn't a circumstance. The passengers all got afeerd and some of the ladies fainted right out; I knowed what a time there would be, so I thought I'd be a general benefactor, so I went to the Cap'n and told him what I thought, and that he'd better put on steam; says he, that's jest the very thing I was going to do—with that he gave the order—the steam was put on, and in five minutes we had clean outstripped the storm, though it begun to sprinkle when we started. My dad once heern tell on steam, and he was so taken with it, that he gin' an order, right straight out, for a steam churn,

forty hoss power, and the way it would make butter, was a caution—and it was the most economical savinest machine, tu, as ever drew the breath of mortal life; why, if you'd believe me, it would make twenty pounds of butter from a gallon of sour milk.

Em. Astonishing!

Eb. Greatly so—maybe you don't believe it.

Em. Certainly I do!

Eb. Well, I thought so—look here, though I snore you've got a real slick smartish house here—hain't ye; 'taint your'n, I 'spose?

Em. No, my parents rent it.

Eb. They do! well, now, I thought like enough; I say, you, whose picture is that are, what you got hanging up there? regular rum looking customer, ain't he?

Em. That is one of our ancestors.

Eb. One of your aunt's sisters, dressed in man's clothes, I du declare—sociable old critter she must have been; did she ever take snuff?

Em. Snuff, sir?

Eb. I guess so—look here now; maybe you don't know what I come here for.

Em. I must plead my ignorance of that.

Eb. Well, now, I calculated as much—but I can tell you about as quick as anything, I guess; now I think jest as like as not you don't know who I be neither; well, as the world has got to hear from me, in some way or other, I may as well begin with you; I was born down East, in Rockingham County, New Hampshire, and that was about the first that was hearn of me. When I was born, uncle Zeb said of me—you know uncle Zeb—heern tell on him? get out; you have though? No! du tell. Look here, did you ever study jography and 'stronomy? never did? well, I thought so. Guess you ain't never read Thomas's Almanac? never did; well, I thought so! not know uncle Zeb! Well, if these New Yorkers ain't the most ignorantest nation of people ever I did see, then smash my onion bed—not know uncle Zeb, I du declare. Why, he raised the biggest turnip in his garden, ever did grow, not excepting any. Why, it was so big, nobody would'nt believe it was a turnip, and no livin' soul believes it to this day; it was so big, it took all the strength of the earth to bear it. Well, uncle Zeb said, when I was born, that he kinder reckoned, as near as he could make out, that Miss Natur had done her puttiest that time, any how. I guess she did tu; there was a thunder storm when I was born—I'll tell you what, if it didn't roar more than amazin', and all the folks said they never saw the like afore. I'm the youngest of seventeen children, all boys, except one, that's a gal, she's next to me, and the handsomest critter you ever set your eyes upon; folks say she and I look jest alike—the gals used to say, that I was proper handsome, but I never thought so; I never liked myself much, no how, some way or other. Well, my mother named me Ebenezer, that's my name, Ebenezer Venture, Esquire;—I was educated in school; the school marm always called me her little genus, but it didn't make me proud; my father was select man of the town, my

mother was President of the Benevolent Society, and Secretary of the Foreign Board of the Charitable Society at home; my aunt Nabby, she was a snorter—a screamer—she conducted the singers in the core of the meeting house, Sabbath days; as for me, I'm a team by myself, twenty oxen and a stallion; I come down to New York to see the place, and tell the folks a thing or two; I can play on the jews-harp, fiddle, fife, drum and bugle horn, the sweetest; I can dance anything, from the college hornpipe, to Jim Crow—I can read loud, sing, and sometimes make poetry.

Em. Make poetry and sing.

Ebe. I guess so—but like enough you don't believe me; Godfray Domano—goody gracious—du tell. Rot me, what du you wear that are pesky vail for? Here, I've been sittin' all the while and didn't notice it; come now, take it off—you tarnal critter you.

Em. That is impossible, at present. I am under a vow; three days must expire before I can remove it.

Ebe. A vow! Well, that does beat natur' all holler, by jingo! I suppose you know what I come for, so there's no harm in showin' me your face.

Em. Impossible. Some might think it was adopted to hide a deformity, but I can assure you such is not the case; on the contrary, I have been told that I am very handsome—but I love not flattery.

Ebe. Political destruction! where's the man that says you ain't handsome? Such pretty feet and hands, and neck, and sich a sweet voice, never can belong to an ugly face.

Em. Now you are disposed to flatter, sir.

Ebe. Dod rot it if I be, though There ain't nothin' in me but what is sincere. But if it ain't askin' a favor too much on a short acquaintance, I should like to ask you—could you—du you sing?

Em. Sometimes I sing a very little to please myself, but I have too poor an opinion of my vocal powers to attempt to amuse others.

Ebe. Get out, dew; you needn't be afeard on me; I'll be as quiet as a sucking lamb. Come, jest sing once.

Em. Well, then, since you insist, I suppose I must gratify you.

SONG.—EMMA.

Love comes not with the din of arms,
In battle's thrilling hour,
Nor with the gaudy glow of wealth
Is felt its mightiest power;
Nor in a glare of glorious fame,
By wild ambition bought;
The haughtiest titles earth can give
By love are heeded not.

But to the soul that spurns the earth,
And heavenward loves to gaze,
Yearning for brighter, happier spheres,
Love is no sudden blaze.

It spurns the aid of dazzling wealth,
Gold cannot tempt its truth;
Its life is like a fairy's dream
Of wild, enraptured youth.

Eb. Fiddlers and jewsharps! if that are ain't music, then there's no snakes, that's all. Now I suppose its my turn next, so I'll sing you a song of my own making.

Em. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to hear you sing one of your own songs.

Eb. You don't say so. Well, I guess I'll do it, so here goes. [*Sings.*] There, now, I guess that's a cute one, anyhow.

Em. I admire your song and singing much.

Eb. You do! Well, I knowed it; and now there ain't only one thing in all human natur' to make me feel better than wheat at a dollar a bushel, and that is—I say, you, did you ever see this letter afore? [*Produces letter.*] Come now, say yes—now du.

Em. The letter is mine, sir. I presume that you are the gentleman that this morning advertised for a wife?

Eb. I shouldn't wonder. I ruther suspect I am. Well, there ain't no use standin' on ceremony; so if you'll have me, I'll have you, and there's an eend on it. I want no other recommendation than yourself. I always judge by the physiognomy, when I can see it. So, is it a bargain—yes or no?

Em. Why, sir, I would rather have some time to consider upon it. You—that is, I am not quite prepared.

Eb. Don't say a word about that. Come now, don't be squeamish; consent to be made Mrs. Venture; I'll consent to become your husband, that will be one of my first *ad*ventures—there will be lots after that, of course.

Em. If you insist upon it, I suppose I must, since I have been bold enough to answer your advertisement. You must consider, sir, that my situation alone drove me to this singular step.

Eb. Don't mention it. I'm told it's quite fashionable in New York to advertise for wives, and that the old fashion of courtin' is goin' to be sacked; folks have got too much business to attend to this are age of improvements and general railroad extension, to 'tend to courtin'. But Jehu Christopher! if you only let me see them eyes—they shine, I know they du!

Em. The day previous to my marriage you shall behold my face, and if you do not approve of my looks, you can relinquish me.

Eb. That's fair, by Hokey! I'll marry you to-morrow—if I don't, consarn me all over—with your permission. And now I'm going to my old uncle's, to tell the news, for I think jest as like as not wo'll be married there. You'll like 'em, I swirm. There's my cousin Em—pesky critter!—I guess you'll like her, tu. Told her all about it, so she knows what I'm up tu. I'm goin' right there now, and then I'm coming back arter you, and you must go there with me, and then—

Em. And then my vail shall be removed, and you can, if you please, withdraw your promise.

Ebe. If I do, I am a pandowdy etarnally; rip me tight, if I'd do any sich a thing—lands me, what hull acres of happiness in prospective. I could spatiate till there warn't nothin' left on me; I must go to uncles, right off, and on my way, maybe I won't buy nothin' for the comin' nuptials; I do wonder in all natur', if jinin' in the holy bands, tickles every body, as it does me? Stripes and stars!

[*Exit*, L. H.

Em. Well, the plot goes bravely on, much better than I could have hoped! I must hasten, and tell Mary of my success. What a laugh I shall have, at my poor cousin, bye-and-bye! No time is to be lost, for I must meet him again, at my fathers. [*Exit*, L. H.

SCENE V.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. DIBBLE, R. H.

Dib. So, my dear, this is a pretty story, that I hear about my nephews' advertising for a wife!

Mrs. D. Very well, my dear.

Dib. But, I tell you, it is not very well, Mrs. D.; I tell you it is not very well—what is Emma to do?

Mrs. D. Emma will do very well, much better than to marry such a stupid fellow; I am sure she is too good for him.

Dib. How dare you, Mrs. D.?

Mrs. D. How dare *you*, Mr. D.

Dib. Nonsense, my dear! nonsense! I insist upon seeing the girl, where is she? Here Emma! Emma! [*Going*, R. H.

Mrs. D. What is the matter with the man? Mr. Dibble! Mr. Dibble! Do you hear, Mr. Dibble?

Dib. Emma! Emma! My girl! [*Exit, calling* EMMA, R. H.

Mrs. D. Mr. D., will you listen to me?

Enter EBENEZER, L. H., *as* MRS. DIBBLE *exits.*

Ebe. Hello! tarnation rot me, what's the matter? Judas Iscariot! but, I guess the marriage pot's been bilin' over; well, thanks to my stars and worsted garters, as my old great grandmother used to say, when anything extraordinary came over, but, I guess I like to have got myself into a pooty pickle, with that are vandew feller in Chatham street. But, I guess I weren't born in the woods to be skeered by owls.

Enter EMMA, L. H.

Ebe. Oh, here you are, are you.

Em. Yes, cousin, I heard your voice, so I came to learn how you have succeeded with your advertisement.

Ebe. Capital, by golly, I've got a gal right out, and no mistake.

Em. You are sure there is no mistake?

Ebe. Conscience all sufficient! I don't want specs to see that.

Em. What color are her eyes?

Ebe. By the great Ichabod, they shined so bright that I could'nt fix on any particular color, but I calculate they was black as a young skunk's, if they warn't, they was most almighty blew.

Em. Has she handsome teeth?

Ebe. Had'nt she though, I always thought snow was white, but it ain't no circumstance, compared with her teeth!

Em. Will she marry you?

Ebe. Said she would, right off. I came back to tell you all about it, and I'm going right off to fetch her here, and Em, you musn't be jealous, 'cause there's no use, not a bit.

Em. You need not fear me, cousin, there is not a spark of jealousy in my composition; besides, I am very much inclined to think, that there is no occasion for it—for I don't believe half you say of her—I know she must be positively ugly, but make haste and bring her here, for I long to see her!

Ebe. To-morrow is the appointed time!

Em. Oh, no, let it be to-day—you can easily pursuade her, I know women better than you do—let it be to-day!

Ebe. Well, seein' it's you, I don't care if du—in the mean time, there's the key of my trunk; I want you to du a leetle fixin' to my things—I think, like enough you'll find a dirty dickey and a bosom there, that wants washing, and mind you put in lots of starch.

Em. All shall be as you wish.

Ebe. That's a good gal—I 'spose you know my trunk?

Em. I think I do.

Ebe. I thought likely—it's covered with horse hide; perhaps you don't know what hoss that are skin come off on—he was the darndest slickest, fastest hoss you ever did see, I tell you now; he could outrun and outjump anything this side of creation, I don't care where tother was, but he died one day—he got old and thin and weak, so darned weak, that he had'nt strength to lay down, no how—he used to have to lean against the barn, when he wanted to sleep, and dad used to pull his eyelids down, because he had'nt strength to shut 'em himself. Well, he was sleepin' so one day beside the barn, dad had just left him, when a big hoss fly—you've seen a hoss fly—well, a tarnal big hoss fly, see him takin' a nap and perhaps dreaming of happier days and future bliss, and he stung him right under the eye and the pain caused him to expire, without a groan. It was a kinder horrible thing to think on—but I believe after all, it was a blessin'.

Em. A blessing?

Ebe. Yes, a blessin'; he wouldn't never die.

Em. Never die?

Ebe. No, he was tu weak, tu far gone, tu die—he couldn't stood it out; we'd give him up; it was the opinion of the minister he hadn't strength enough to die. I used to tell dad he'd better borrow another horse to help him draw his last breath.

Em. He was certainly a most singular animal

Ebe. Guess he was. Dad had him skinned, and put his carcase in the cornfield to scare the crows off.

Em. To scare the crows off?

Ebe. Yes, I guess so; none on 'em wouldn't come near the cornfield arter that; they were taken by surprise. Wall, that are's his hide upon my trunk.

Em. You must consider such a curiosity very valuable. Ah! here comes my father.

Enter DIBBLE, R. H.

Dib. Oh! you are here, Emma, and you too, Mr. Ebenezer. So I hear you have taken upon yourself to advertise for a wife. Don't you think it a pretty business?

Ebe. Wall, I like it pretty well, as far as I've tried it.

Dib. You do? This is my return for being so anxious to see you.

Ebe. Anxious! Well, that's what Elder Job Stone used to say to mother afore she 'sperienced religion. "Sister Charity," says he, "do you feel anxious to-night?"

Dib. I should be pleased, sir, to have you leave my house immediately; your company is burdensome, and your board an expense.

Ebe. Expense! Lor' me! don't put yourself out on my account, nohow; and as for expense, I can pay that.

Dib. I wish, sir, to see you move. Emma, come with me to your mother, girl. Nephew, good day. [*Exit*, R. H.

Em. Take no notice of this, cousin; he is in a pet at present. I shall not go near him, but take my hat and shawl, and make a short call on a friend of mine, till the storm blows over. Good by. Let me see you before you leave the city. I wish you all success with your intended. [*Exit*, L. H.

SCENE VI.—*A Parlor in* MRS. MINDFULL'S *House.* MARY *discovered at table*, C., *sewing.*

Enter EMMA, *hastily*, L. H.

Em. My friend, assist me quickly; take my hat and shawl. That's right; now help me to put on my vail. I had almost to fly, for my cousin is close upon my heels. [*Knocks*, L. H.] That is his knock. Now leave me, my friend; the servant will show him up.

Mary. This, I suppose, settles the question. Well, success attend you. [*Exit, with hat and shawl*, R. H.

Em. Now for the consummation of my plot. Hark! he approaches. [*Sits down and sews.*

Enter EBENEZER, L. H.

Ebe. How d'ye do? I s'pose you know what I came arter now?

Em. You've come, I suppose, to see me.

Ebe. You've guessed it, by golly. But I want you to marry me

right straight off, to-night; I want you to rig right straight off, and go with me to my uncle's. Yes, you will now—say yes.

Em It is rather sudden; but if you think it necessary, I see n cause for delay.

Ebe. Hurra! you're the gal for me! But, I say, how are you on for this world's blessin'?

Em. Blessings?

Ebe. Yes, blessin'; the rhino; the dust; that is what I mean—money.

Em. Ah, sir! I'm not possessed of much; one thousand dollars is the extent of my wealth.

Ebe. Du tell! I want to know! Well, I'm glad on it, 'cause I ain't huntin' for riches. I likes to make the gal I love rich myself—them's my notions.

Em. I respect your sentiments; and as a proof of it, I will go with you to your uncle's immediately, if you desire it, and there, before you all, will I raise the vail that conceals the mystery.

Ebe. Hurra! I feel as happy as two clams in the mud. Put on your bonnet—put on your things, and let us away before it is dark. Du you know what I'd like?

Em. Many things, I suppose—but what in particular?

Ebe. Hit me a dough, but if I wouldn't like to raise that are vail and have a peep at the two eyes that sparkle beneath it; and tarnation! I wouldn't mind havin' a smack or two at them cherry lips, that hide such pretty teeth, through which sometimes comes such musical sounds. It's jest like a man going to Paradise, and hearing the fiddlin' and dancin' inside: he wants to get in and can't; they won't let him go inside of the walls nor have a peep over.

Em. You must purchase the fruit before you taste it.

Ebe. Heavenly temptation! [*Exeunt*, L. H.

SCENE VII.—MR. DIBBLE'S *Parlor*.

Enter MR. *and* MRS. DIBBLE, R. H.

Dib. Hark! some one is coming up stairs.

Enter EBENEZER *and* EMMA, L. H.

Ebe. Well, uncle, I've come to say farewell to you before I leave this 'ere pesky city. I s'pose you ain't got no objections?

Dib. I have objections, sir. I told you, plainly enough to be understood, that I wished to see nothing more of you. Why are you here now, and who is your companion?

Ebe. This 'ere critter? Scrupulosity! but perhaps you ain't never seen her afore. But don't you profane her with your hard names, or may be, I calculate—

Dib. What language is that to me, sir? Leave the house, and take that baggage with you.

Mrs. D. Don't get into such a passion, my dear.

Dib. Will you leave this house, sir?

Ebe. Well, may be I will, when I once make up my mind; but I'd like to argee.

Dib. I want none of your argument, sir.

Ebe. That's jest what I come for. 'Tain't quite all, neither. You gin me a blowin' up because I advertised for a wife, and wouldn't marry Em. Now I had nothin' particular against Em, only it warn't to be, that's all, and what ain't to be won't be, so the minister says. I got a gal by advertisin', and here she is, by golly.

Dib. Well, sir, take her away—away with the hussy!

Ebe. Come now, don't bust your b'iler—'tain't no use; I shan't get out as soon as you expect.

Dib. But what are you here for? Why the devil don't you explain?

Ebe. That's jest what I'm goin' to do, if you'll give me time. This 'ere gal seed my advertisement, and she liked the looks on't, so she answered it; we met, hitched horses, and come here to show ourselves. I want to see the whole on you, Em and all, so you may as well call her at once. I want to show you that I know enough to get a wife, without other folks havin' a finger in the pie. Why don't you sing out for Em? I shan't budge an inch till I see her.

Dib. Call Emma, my dear; I believe it is the only way to get rid of him.

Mrs. D. Emma! Emma!

Ebe. [*To Emma.*] Wait till the critter comes, and then you can show yourself, she's proper anxious to see you, and I'm almost ready to jump out of my skin, to have a peep under that are pesky vail.

Mrs. D. Why does'nt the girl come?

Dib. Call her again.

Mrs. D. Emma! Emma! where are you?

Em. [*Throwing off her vail.*] Here I am, dear mother, do you want me?

Ebe. Amazin' constarnation!

Mr. and Mrs. D. Emma!

Ebe. Airthly wonders will never cease; well, I do want to know, is that you?

Dib. So, this has been a mask to deceive us?

Em. On my part, all a mask!

Dib. What! and is Ebenezer, then, a dupe too? Capital! capital!

Ebe. Well, I've heern uncle Zeb say it took a woman, but I never believed it, till now!

Mrs. D. But, why have you carried on this masquerade?

Em. Anon, I will explain all—father, will you forgive this deception?

Dib. Aye, that I will, my girl, and Ebenezer must forgive me too!

Ebe. Well, seein' as how I must, I 'spose I will!

Em. And will my cousin forgive me, and as a token of his forgiveness, accept my hand?

Ike. Well, considerin' all things, I 'spose it's most likely I shall, but before we settle matters between us, I want to advise our friends here before us, if they want to procure the women of their suit, to announce it in the newspapers—the price of each advertisement is, one insertion, one dollar—that's what the printer charged, and I swow it's cheap. Gals and fellers, if any of you are ready to cunnaberalize, and ain't got no partner, jest write out a notice. Them cute critturs, the printers will tell you, that advertisin' for eenmost anything, from a shoe-peg to a wife, is all the go, and settin' up late at nights a-courtin', is now out of fashion. If it ain't so, inquire at the Ledger Office.

THE END.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

The Acting Edition.

No. CLXXV.

PRINCIPLES FORM CHARACTER.

A Comedy, in Three Acts.

BY J. H. WEHNER, M. D.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by J. H. WEHNER, M. D., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH,

122 Nassau Street, (Up Stairs.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. CHESTON.
HARRY CHESTON.
JOHN WILLIAMSON.
EDWARD MORTIMER.
CORNELIUS O'FLANEY.
JOHN WILLOUGHBY, Doctor Clasiclore, *pro tem.*
LAWYER SHARPLESS.
DOCTOR PILLGIVER.
BOOTS.
SERVANT.

MARY CHESTON.
NETTIE.

Scene, England. Time, 18—.

PRINCIPLES FORM CHARACTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Room in the Mortimer House.*

John Williamson. Sir, you have frequently advocated the doctrine, that "Honesty is the best policy;" well, in what does *your* honesty consist? In overwhelming your property with mortgages that can never be paid off, thus depriving your children of their inheritance? In contracting large debts when you knew there was no possibility of their liquidation? In foolishly committing yourself as security for a man whom everybody brands with the name of adventurer—swindler?

Mr. Cheston. Enough, sir. I am one whom you would never dare thus insult unless circumstances had wrought so fearful a change. Pushed to extremity I involved the greater part of my estate; but not unwittingly: I certainly expected ample compensation for all my risk; I was confident my investments would have brought a considerable percentage. But let all go to the winds—my honor is not mortgaged. Sir, the friend of my youth, whom misfortune has almost distracted, possesses a heart as noble, principles as true as might constitute moral perfection. The dastardly imputations of his character are but the malicious reports of envious slander.

Wil. That possibly is the fact. But what do you propose doing? My means, at present, are insufficient for my own expenses, and I am very sorry—

Ches. I do not seek your assistance, sir. Half a century has passed o'er an almost useless life—yet it has not left me incapable of support; my hands, browned by the cheering rays of the sun, and hardened by honest toil, will earn a livelihood which I, in opulence, could not hope to appreciate. Talk not to me of poverty. The man with mind illumining his brow, conscious of his individual power and ever willing to exercise it, whatever his condition, is one of the wealthiest lords of earth.

Enter EDWARD MORTIMER, *singing.*

Edward Mortimer. "We'll fill the bowl
With flowers of soul
The brightest wit can find us;
We'll take a flight
Towards heaven to-night,
And leave dull earth behind us."

[*Hic.*] "And leave dull earth behind us!" What a splendid ebullition of fancy! Moore was a trump! [*Hic.*] The Muses' favorite could wear his laurels with the grace of an Apollo. Hello, old boy! excuse my excessive politeness in not noticing your honorable presence—quite [*hic*] an oversight. You positively seem struck all of a heap. Make me acquainted with your down-hearted-looking friend.

Wil. [*Aside.*] An introduction will spoil all. Little does the scapegrace imagine that poor old Cheston is the father of the girl he declares he has such a passion for. [*To* CHESTON.] Ah, my dear sir! a new idea has struck me, which I think might prove of essential service in the furtherance of your plans. Step this way; we will repair to the study. [*To* MORTIMER.] Ned, you are a sad dog; but I confess when I was young I considered a jolly time occasionally anything but disagreeable.

[*Exeunt.*

Mor. That is decidedly cool. I have long [*hic*] entertained rather unpleasant suspicions of my estimable friend and guardian. [*Hic.*] If the truth were known, in my opinion he's an hypocritical old villain. From the way he regarded that poor devil with him, I—well, perhaps, am mistaken. [*Hic.*] "Fill the bowl!" That's the best song I ever listened to. What a whole-souled party of fellows!—every one of us! No [*hic*] reasonable person could accuse me of egotism in accounting myself one of the number. How we made the hall of the old tavern reverberate with that charming melody! It nearly made a fellow ready to attempt the heavenly flight suggested. [*Hic.*] I'm devilishly sleepy; I deem it undoubtedly advisable to retire into the arms of, [*hic,*] arms of Somnus.

"Oh! fill the bowl
With [*hic*] flowers of soul." [*Exit.*]

[SCENE II.—*Room in* CHESTON'S *House.*

Mary Cheston. This prolonged absence is dreadful. I fear the ingratitude of the man in whom he so confidingly trusted, together with his late reverses, will drive my father perhaps to desperation. If he but truly knew the tender affection of his daughter, what sacrifices she would make without a murmur for his comfort! My brother, in a distant land, little dreams of our unfortunate condition. Yet why should I repine? All-seeing Providence cares for his children without distinction; and I, but shortly a child of luxury, now of poverty, am regarded with the same beneficent eye. Good times will come again. Our humble persevering efforts for honest maintenance will meet with a deserved success. Yet what can detain my father so long from one he well knows is anxiously awaiting his return. Should some accident have happened, what would become of me? My cup is overflowing with bitterness. Hark! I hear footsteps.

Ches. [*Without.*] Mary! Mary, my child!

Mary. Thank God, it is he!

CHESTON *enters.*

Oh, father! I've spent such a fearful night.

Ches. And did my darling Mary suffer on my account? It was *wrong to peril your health* by remaining up so late.

Mary. Do you think sleep could ever visit me, alarmed for your safety? But tell me, where have you been?

Ches. Been? Been experiencing the reliance to be placed in friends. When fortune favored me, cringing parasites crowded around my board, continually buzzing protestations of regard, until, infatuated with their flattery, I esteemed myself the happiest of men. But since adversity has swept away my wealth, I bitterly realize how deeply I have been deceived. Why, the very world scowls on me—but "a man's a man for a' that." Cheer up, my daughter; the future cannot be worse than the present.

Mary. But what has transpired to so excite you?

Ches. I applied to a once would-be friend for advice. Supposing I came in the garb of charity he could hardly have treated me more contemptuously. Seeing how different was my motive, he, with the presumption that my ruin was so thorough that, accustomed as I have been to all the blessings that competence could bestow, imagined that I would agree to any plan conducive to my pecuniary benefit. Taking this for granted, he entered into a series of sophistical arguments as a softening prelude to the proposition he expected to tempt me with. The details of his scheme he concealed, though sufficient was said to establish its villainy. I could hardly maintain my anger at the outrageous insolence he was offering me. Concluding his remarks he coolly requested my opinion. I expressed myself in a few words. I pictured crime in its most flagrant colors, and informed him that all communication between him and me must cease, as I would never consent to compromise my self-respect and character as a gentleman by continuing his acquaintance. I left him. I anticipated harsh and severe retorts, but received none, except a diabolical sneer and a supercillious curling of lips may be construed as such.

Mary. But that wicked man might have power to injure you for the words you uttered.

Ches. I do not fear him; though poor, I am independent of any living being, and a few staunch old friends will not desert me in the time of trial.

Mary. But he has great influence over his ward, and if he should displease in any particular, the consequences might fall upon Edward.

Ches. Edward! who?

Mary. Why—why—his ward.

Ches. His ward! could he be the victim of Williamson's fraud?

Mary. Edward? Did his intended crime refer to him?

Ches. You appear somewhat interested in that young man. Are you acquainted with him? Tell me, dear, for God knows I have your welfare seriously at heart.

Mary. I—I partially know him.

Ches. Daughter, why this agitation? Is there in the name of Edward, any spell to move you so? Mary, I am afraid—oh, say you have not cast your affection upon him.

Mary. And why not on him, the very soul of honor?—whose nature is as exalted as his guardian's is debased!—who loves me, I am as-

sured, with all the fervor a generous spirit is capable of? Father, forgive me, but my heart is Edward's.

Ches. And could you permit his visits, and not confide in your nearest, dearest friend? To add to my misery the unkindness of a child!

Mary. Oh! do not reproach me! 'Tis but shortly we met. He seemed pleased to bestow attentions, which politeness at least, forbid me refusing. Never was I conscious of my own feelings, till he spoke of his intention to travel on the continent; then an indescribable sympathy drew me towards him; my emotions were beyond my control—I wept. He addressed me in terms of endearing love—urged the sincerity of his attachment—entreated me to say that it was reciprocated, and I candidly confessed my affection. I begged him to inform you of everything. I knew my father would not blast the fondest hopes of his child. We were so happy! Pardon, pardon my weakness!

Ches. Mary, I do forgive you; but I must insist—nay, command you hereafter to disregard him altogether—erase from your mind the remembrance of a man so destitute of principle as young Mortimer.

Mary. Edward unprincipled! Surely you do not mean it? You would not intentionally wrong him. All suspicions you may harbor are indeed unjust. His honor is without a blemish!

Ches. I would not willingly, my child, cause you a moment's sorrow; but when a young man allows society to corrupt him—dissipation to draw a vail over his morality—especially when possessing the tender love of such an angel as my Mary, is unworthy even respect, aye, the slightest consideration. Last evening—do not interrupt—Mortimer was in a state of intoxication that made my heart bleed. For the sake of your old father, of your injured self, forget the man who would be guilty of such baseness.

Mary. Let me go to my room; I will never falter in the duty I owe you and myself. Oh! father, my heart is broken! [*Exit.*

Ches. Poor Mary! misfortune on misfortune. Never did I truly thank heaven for the blessings which I once enjoyed, and now reduced to penury! To cast a gloom over her young life, till now so rich in promise! Could not I have been spared that pang? When Hope did not look despairingly into the future—when energy seemed sufficient to battle with the crosses of the world, this crushing grief, like a dark specter, arises and withers me into inaction. O God! let reason hold her throne, and bear me up, in this, my severest trial!

SCENE III.—*In front of the Golden Bull.*

Enter CORNELIUS O'FLANEY, *and* DR. ERASTUS CLASSICLORE.

O'Flaney. [*Singing.*]

"For he was a fine ould Irish Gintleman, &c."

Sure, don't be ranting at one of the finest ould melodies that iver delighted the vocal ability of a musical janius like mesilf.

Dr. Classiclore. Yes, but it lacks proper metre, and the tune is

enough to aggravate the patience of a martyr, besides the accident has disarranged my nerves, and I—

O'Fl. Don't be ungenteel, now, for want of taste; because you've been diving into Greek and Latin profundity, and have a cranium stocked with musty ould plays, the translation of one of them, by-the-by, gave me a high faver for a wake, you think you're warranted in unjustly criticizing the king's anglish, and the expressive harmony of ould Erin's favorite air.

Dr. C. Very expressive, I assure you.

O'Fl. Hallo! Landlord! Waiter! Hostler! Anybody! will you be afther making your appearance?

Enter Boots.

Boots. I be coomin', zur, cooming—I be cooming.

O'Fl. My illiterate friend, will you oblige me with your cognomen?

Boots. My what, zur?

O'Fl. Your name; what a divil of a counthry! Conceited larning and blundering ignorance on every side!

Boots. I be Boots, zur, Boots at the Golden Bull.

O'Fl. Boots is your honorable position, eh? Well, for the first time in me life, I've sane a miracle. Boots suitably adapted in ivery respect to the Calf! I say, Docther, ha! ha!

Dr. C. Did you remark?

O'Fl. Och, botheration! Boots, be afther carrying my luggage into a dacent room. Come along, Docther—beauty before age!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Interior of the Tavern.*

Cornelius O'Flaney *and* Boots.

O'Fl. Have you sane my valise and frind safely stowed away in your bist apartment?

Boots. Eiz, zur. What a quare jontleman!

O'Fl. A pretty flourishing place, this; not a sowl far nor near; who stops here?

Boots. A Doctor Pillgiver.

O'Fl. Oh lord! one of the faculty! I mesilf occasionally indulge in the science, as becomes ony gintleman.

Boots. Signs, zur! what kind of signs?

O'Fl. Look here, Boots, Calf! ould Erastus can't see a joke; just be absquatulating, and tell my fellow-traveler I'm expictin him.

Boots. He canna coom. He be complaining of a bad 'eadache and the loike, and Dr. Pillgiver ordered I to prepare a moustard foot-bath. I just ha' tain the tub to his room.

O'Fl. A tub for my erudite frind—Diogenes—Diogenes in his tub! That's admirable, ain't it? ha! ha!

Boots. Wha' be, zur?

O'Fl. Och, the divil! wasting my swateness on the desert air! Boots, make tracks. That wasn't bad.

Boots. Wi' pleasure, zur. [*Exit.*

O'Fl. Och the mutations of a man's existence! Here am I, Cornelius O'Flaney of lovely Londonderry, lately kind of physician's assistant; that is in breaking my back over a mortar and pestle, now sent for in haste by a savage ould uncle to recover some property, of which he writes I am a natural heir, or, at laste, I suppose can make myself such if there's a bit of cuteness at all at all, in my beautiful composition. He obsarves that the property is illagally claimed by a young rascal of the name of Mortar—damn the Mortar! Oh, Morthimer, and that I must carcumvint him. By my sowl, I'm afraid the affair smacks of a little gintail legerdemain. Well!

Enter Dr. Pillgiver.

Dr. Pillgiver. No, sir, he is not well, not by any means; it will be necessary to administer some excellent anti-spasmodics; cups probably to the back of his neck. Ah! he'll soon experience the delightful sensation of a glorious sweat!

O'Fl. Which will terminate in a glorious wet. Ha, ha! that's a scintillation.

Dr. P. Now this case—

O'Fl. Bah!

Dr. P. Now this case is a very satisfactory one; that is, in a professional view, but not—no, no—not in a practical one. However, I presume he will bleed pretty freely.

O'Fl. You haythen! To be afther seeking a man's blood in that cannibal style! You blade him with instruments medical, and if your extortions ain't canceled, you'll blade him with instruments lagal—ahem!

Dr. P. Allow me to request the reason of this excessive familiarity?

O'Fl. [*Aside.*] The man's a fool! Harkye, sir! The individual whom you are so inhumanly speculating upon, happens to be my very particular friend—of a day's acquaintance, to be sure—and you can be about calculating you're done for in a mighty unexpected manner.

Dr. P. I was under the impression that he was alone in the coach.

O'Fl. And that's a fact; while I was ruminating upon beautiful nature, from an exalted position beside an ignoramus of a driver, who could'nt concave at all of the illegant manner of handling the sthrip, sure I want advancement in practice and theory to be simultaneous, and being more than satiated with the unvarying scanery, I capsized the heavy ould coach going at the rate of a mile an hour, in my indivors to compass a celerity that would kape pace with the march of mind—whew!

Dr. P. Permit me to remark that you are gifted with the same infernal gab peculiar to all Irishmen; and as to your friend, and my intended demands which you would impudently interfere with, I act in nowise contrary to what the illustrious profession sanctions. And, sir, my treatment being scientific, I expect a scientific recipent to satisfactorily express his admiration of it. I leave you, sir, to attend to my duty.

O'Fl. Astounded and offended Æsculapius! But now I must be afther attending to *my* concarns. I will inquire the residence of the ould man and immadiately visit him. This affair assumes rather a black aspect; but I have kept the escutcheon of my Irish honor fray from stain, and it shall niver be tarnished with disgrace.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Room in the Mortimer House.*

Mortimer. [*Drinking.*] Ah! there's nothing like generous wine to drive away conscience and care!

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. A letter, sir. [*Exit.*

Mor. A letter—in Mary's hand! ever welcome epistle! Merciful heaven! [*Reads.*] "SIR:—Certain considerations render it imperative that we see each other no more. Your course of life is not unknown to me, and I am fully conscious of the misery into which an unrequited love would have plunged me; I do not reproach you—my earnest hope is that you may never experience the agony of a heart once wholly yours." There snaps the last tie that could bind me to happiness. Oh God! to make a wreck of existence thus! Twenty-one years have passed away since nature blessed me with birth; yet in what an unenviable situation, as regards the world or heaven has their termination left me? Philosophy would fain suggest that circumstances are usually realizations of divine providence—that fate is the regent of the soul. Divinity may shape man's ends, but man's agency furnishes the material; and if that possess such a moulding property we shall in time be like the original model. If my existence has been a mistake, being but a creature of chance, can vengeance be justly visited on a defenceless head? Guilty of sacrilege, too! Come, thou ruby soother to an anguished spirit, let me drown all thought in thee—could'st thou but give an eternal consolation! [*After reflection.*] Is there no hope of regaining my lost idol? That thought—there is—amendment! Yes, after years will prove what others have seemed to deny—that reformation can assert a victory over the victim of excess, and my efforts for a better life will be crowned with a sweet reward. Aye! I will break the chains profligacy has wound around me, and stand as man enfranchised before the world! Yes, the priceless jewel I have ruthlessly cast away, will again be mine!

Enter JOHN WILLIAMSON *and* LAWYER SHARPLESS.

Wil. Edward, I have business with you which requires your serious attention. Ah! I had forgotten. Permit me to introduce my friend, Lawyer Sharpless, of London, who has in his possession the deeds of the estate as well as your lamented father's last will.

Sharpless. Happy of your acquaintance, my dear sir, very happy, indeed.

Mor. You are very kind.

Wil. Some time since, as you would soon attain your majority, I deemed it expedient to have all your affairs settled, that your property might at once come into your hands, as I desired, on account of my old age, to unburden my mind of all solicitude.

Mor. I shall ever be deeply grateful, my dear sir, for the interest you have manifested toward me, and cannot but regret the responsibility that will devolve upon me. [*Aside.*] What's the necessity of this ceremony?

Wil. I hardly know how to communicate some unpleasant intelligence which cannot affect you more than it did your astounded guardian. It appears that your father, a few years previous to his marriage, was compelled by particular business, to repair to London—

Mor. So I have been informed; but—

Wil. Listen; on the road near London, a Colonel O'Flaney, by opportune assistance, secured his lasting gratitude in defending him from the murderous assault of a party of ruffians. Notwithstanding, your father received a severe and dangerous wound. O'Flaney was very assiduous in attentions, till he became convalescent. Very naturally, your father had conceived a warm friendship for the preserver of his life, and determined not to lose an opportunity of evincing it. While he lay in a very critical state, yet in full possession of all his faculties, he requested the Colonel to dispatch some one for a lawyer. The servant returned with my friend, Sharpless, to whom he dictated his last testament, bequeathing all his property to Colonel O'Flaney or heirs. This act of kindness quite overcame the Colonel, who placed the document already drawn up and signed, in the hands of Sharpless, entreating him to take it forever from his sight. The lawyer has retained the instrument, and on the supposition that I, as sole executor, was acquainted with all the facts, left the time of settlement of the estate to my discretion; and I, confident that your father had made a will in your favor, of course postponed it till you had completed your minority; mutual explanations were made, and I positively was confounded.

Sharp. Ah, sir! the reflection is very bitter.

Mor. But my father did not leave me utterly destitute.

Wil. I implore you to be calm. My grief—

Mor. Condolence can well be dispensed with. Heaven is my witness, that this is nought but a concerted scheme to rob me of my all. While immutable justice holds her sway o'er the actions of men, think not to enjoy the orphan's birthright. Revel in my fortune, if you

will, but beware the sure, the withering curse the friend of the unfornate will bring down upon you in dreadful retaliation. Oh! if there's a sight on earth to draw a tear from pity it is gray hairs repcsing round the brow of crime.

Wil. 'Tis well that experience can bear with the folly of youth. You have forfeited, sir, all claims to my friendship and esteem; grossly insulted an old man, who oft has borne you, when a child, with tender care in these arms, little imagining that you would repay years of kindness with such base ingratitude.

Mor. Such horrid suspicions flit across my mind, that it were better not to remain longer here; for revenge might tempt me to a deed that ages of repentance could not atone for. [*Exit.*

Wil. I certainly anticipated a very different reception of our story. However, our plans work well. The most disagreeable part is now over, though we are obliged to be rather cautious and circumspect, and try by obvious means to gain the favor of the people around here, who will hardly appreciate the reversion of the old Mortimer estate.

Sharp. I'm altogether out of my element in this business. To be sure, in legal practice we now and then indulged in a little questionable pettifogging, but which, from custom and precedents, was very indifferently viewed.

Wil. Two thousand pounds are yours if successful; besides, Cornelius O'Flaney, who is to be proven heir, you apprehend, is a smart fellow, and will afford all requisite aid.

Sharp. Two thousand pounds—well, that amount is undoubtedly a balm to the pain my susceptible conscience has suffered. You can rely upon me with confidence.

Wil. By the by, I understand Cheston intends leaving this locality. I have purchased several notes of his for quite large amounts, and as they are now due, I desire you to demand their immediate payment.

Sharp. That will be of no avail.

Wil. I know you'll receive no money. Threaten him with imprisonment till the notes are met. I hate the man, and my enmity shall be satisfied. Insolence shall never be given me with impunity.

[*Exit.*

Sharp. It is to be much regretted that the law had no attractions for Williamson; he'd have become an ornament to the profession.

SCENE II.—*Interior of the Golden Bull.*

Henry Cheston. Soon will I be at home. How sweet the sound of that magic name to the wearied traveler. My sudden return will be so delightful! Home! Though distance may separate us from the loved of our youth; though even alienation come like a dark cloud between the enshrinement of affection and our own loneliness, still will our fondest thoughts, like the loves of the ancients, cluster round the dear old hearthstones—and many a moment when some pure impulse kindles up the few smouldering reminiscences of the kindnesses, the sacred counsels imparted there—how heaven-born the tear—how truly unalloyed the gush of almost godly emotion that gives joy to

the troubled spirit! If the heart of man would wind its tendrils more closely round the dear associations of their old homesteads, a Paradise might exist on earth. [*Retires.*

Enter CORNELIUS O'FLANEY *and* NETTIE.

O'Fl. Don't be offended at a proper manifestation of my love for the beautiful.

Nettie. That is all very well; but I am not accustomed to being kissed by strangers.

O'Fl. That's because strangers niver patronize any dacent custom. But what harm is there in a pure, unadulterated kiss like mine—an honest, heart-felt salutation on the cherry lips of innocence?

Net. Thank you, sir. Your kiss, like your flatterry, is not poisonous. Yet I am very sad to-day, and indeed you could not be so full of merriment if you had heard the news. One of our oldest and most respected neighbors has, by bad investments, and—

Enter DR. CLASSICLORE.

—and through a false friend, lost everything. Poor, dear Miss Mary, who always treated me so kindly, how distressing is her fate.

Hen. Mary—my sister's name! Pray tell me, who is the unfortunate man?

Net. Why, Mr. Cheston.

Hen. My father—oh, heaven! [*Walking up and down nervously.*

Dr. C. My kindest friend! [*Also pacing the room nervously.*

Net. His father! He'd better know all now. To add disgrace to his ruin, several notes of Mr. Cheston's have been bought by a wicked person, who, because he has no money, will send—send him to prison. [*Crying.*

Hen. What! drag my good old father to a jail? The old man, who all his life was almost munificent in bounty to the poor—to see him intombed, as it were, in a stony sepulchre where vice alone should be hidden from the world? Can no sense of mercy restrain the man from such a fiendish act? To think of time spent in ceaseless enjoyment while a cloud of misery was gathering o'er my home!

Dr. C. [*Aside.*] Poor old Cheston! through me reduced to absolute poverty, suffering the tortures inflicted by a faithless friend. But I am guiltless of—

Hen. Name the man who would cast a gloom o'er declining years. I will go to him—I will plead the heavy calamity that has swept like a simoon o'er the dwelling of love and happiness—I will show him my old father, on whose brow time and care are chiselling their indelible lines, wasting away to a dishonored grave. His heart may be of steel, yet steel can be impressed. Tell me—tell me his name.

Net. Do compose yourself. His name is Williamson.

O'Fl. Howly St. Pathrick! Be aisy now. Is it John Williamson you mane?

Net. What other man could do such an act? [*Exit, crying.*

O'Fl. [*Also walking the room.*] By the blood of the O'Flaneys, the

pure ould blood that niver flowed contaminated through the citadel of honor, I now blush for the dignity of the family.

Dr. C. How galling must be his remembrance of a man who could commit the selfish crime he must needs ascribe to me.

Hen. Yes, the exertions of manhood shall repay his affectionate care of my youth.

O'Fl. He's but a relation by marriage, and not a redeeming drop courses his veins. Though reduced in fortune, the O'Flaneys ever possess unsullied principles. He's but a vulgar fraction of the family not yet reduced. There! even in a torrent of rage, bubbles of janius rise spontaneously to the surface.

Enter BOOTS.

Boots. Well, I be domned—

O'Fl. [*Stumbling against him.*] Out, ye divil!—will ye?

Hen. [*Meeting him violently.*] Away, hound! leave me to myself.

Boots. God ha' mercy! moi back is broke.

Dr. C. [*Stumbling against him.*] More aggravation! Clear out, or you'll feel this sinewy English arm.

Boots. Well, dang my buttons! I hoired mysel' as "boots" at the Golden Bull—not to tend bedlam. Dom if I stay anouther day batin' so unmercifully! [*Exit.*

Dr. C. Could he suspect that I would willingly betray his confidence? Horrid thought!

Hen. Entirely involved! And poor Mary! how will she bear up under this affliction?

O'Fl. I'll visit the ould thafe in a jiffy; and if he dare bring more sorrow to this worthy man, I'll jist exercise my power in preventing the consummation of that project.

[*At this juncture they meet with some force in the center of the stage, forming a kind of ridiculous tableau.*

Dr. C. Eh!

O'Fl. What the divil—

Hen. I do not comprehend this unusual action. I trust you do not ridicule my father's unhappy—

Dr. C. You mentioned before that Mr. Cheston was your father—but impossible; when last heard of, his son was in Italy.

Hen. Traveling is facilitated in these modern times.

Dr. C. I do recall your features. [*Removing a pair of false whiskers.*] Don't you recollect John Willoughby, one of your father's best friends?

Hen. Your hand, sir. Perfectly. But why this disguise?

O'Fl. Sure and he's been journeying *incog.* So you are not the celebrated Professor Classiclore you were afther telling?

Dr. C. No. Listen. I considered it necessary to disguise myself in this vicinity. I am the man who, unknowingly, assisted in your father's ruin. Pray hear me. About a twelvemonth since, headlong speculation had nearly wrecked a considerable fortune, and my means were not sufficient to meet my liabilities. I endeavored to borrow

the amount. After a great deal of trouble and anxiety, I came across a gentleman who offered to grant my wish, could I prevail on some responsible person to endorse my note. Shortly afterwards, I met Mr. Cheston, who consented to oblige me. Some two months ago, the note became due; at that time I was lying prostrate and unconscious with fever at Liverpool. As soon as my recovery would allow, I started direct for your father's house, knowing the cause of my apparent rascality, together with the amount he forfeited by his kindness, would redeem my character and his good opinion.

Hen. Oh, sir! you cannot conceive the weight you have removed from off my aching heart! Let us go together, and be assured the happiness from my return will be greatly enhanced by the presence of a true old friend. [*To* O'FLANEY.] Will you excuse me, sir?

O'Fl. Niver mind me; say, Docthor—Mr. Willoughby, I mane—weren't some of your ancistors Irishmen? You act so much like a bould-hearted son of Erin, that I have a brotherly affection for ye. I sincerely hope our friendship in the stage has not there found the first and last stage of it's continuance. Mr. Cheston, I also hope the future will see us as good friends.

Hen. That sentiment, believe me, is reciprocal.

SCENE III.—*Parlor in* MR. CHESTON'S *house.*

Mortimer. How can I meet Mary? This suspense is unbearable! Perhaps she will not see me; she may yet cherish a lingering affection and not refuse her presence.

Enter MARY CHESTON.

Mary. Why this visit, so distressing to both? I had presumed, sir, you would at least have respected my *command* that you see me no more.

Mor. Hear me, Mary, I beseech!

Mary. Mr. Mortimer, my offended feelings can allow—

Mor. If you but knew the pangs that have torn this heart—

Enter MR. CHESTON, *unperceived.*

if you knew how self-wounded honor—the harbinger of shame—arose in solemn censure of my actions, and made more poignant the grief for your lost love! Your reproaches have breathed into my manhood another life, whose highest aim will be along earth's dreary pilgrimage to strew flowers of untold happiness and joy; buds, that as we pass will rise and bloom in choicest fragrance.

Mary. Mortimer! Mortimer!

Mor. The future will prove the sincerity of my reformation. Do not avoid me! do not make my existence a blank!

Mary. I am wholly unprepared for this; do not tempt me—to be again deceived were death!

Mor. Heaven support me!

Ches. Aye!

Mary. My father!

Ches. And so it will my boy; the penitence of man has the chief claim to divine protection. Your words are words of truth: your appeal has convinced a doubting mind that principle can reign supreme o'er the most enticing inclinations. Take her, my boy, you are worthy of the treasure. Guard her as the most valued gift that can be bestowed on man. My blessing be with you.

Mary. Oh, Edward! I have awoke from a dream of woe to such a glorious reality!

Mor. Never shall this kindness be repented; and though we mutually suffer the change calamity has wrought, yet a brighter day will dawn upon our united efforts. We will apply our shoulders strenuously to the wheel of fortune, and roll it on and on till we compel the blind dame to favor us again.

Ches. You rouse new courage in me; yes, with you by my side, I can unflinchingly brave the difficulties that will beset us; but oh! I shudder when I think how this blow will affect Harry. [*Knocking without.*] Can Williamson still pursue his wicked designs? Open the door, Mary—we have no servants now, Edward; but away with melancholy reflection.

Enter MARY *and* HENRY CHESTON.

Mary. Oh, father, our Harry has returned!

Ches. Harry, my son!

Hen. After my long absence, how dear to be at the home of my childhood!

Ches. His childhood's home!

Hen. What, Ned Mortimer, my old college chum?

Mor. Ah! Harry, I am glad to see your old, familiar face again.

Ches. My son, this good old house—I cannot proceed.

Hen. I have heard all, and you will have more reason to be cheered at my return. I have a friend without, who will explain my meaning. [*Exit.*

Ches. I can't imagine—

Mary. He was accompanied by a gentleman whom he requested to remain at the door a moment.

Enter HENRY *and* WILLOUGHBY.

Hen. Do you recognize this countenance?

Ches. I certainly do not.

Willoughby. [*Removing his disguise.*] Your memory will not fail you now?

Ches. Willoughby! but how changed.

Willo. Yes; Willoughby, who has ever been faithful to your friendship. At the time you forfeited your indorsement, I was near the "gates of death," unconscious of everything. I recovered; I made instant arrangements to seek you. Your old friend has now come in wealth to fully repay the great benefit you conferred. I assumed a disguise, as the danger attending my appearance in a neighborhood incensed at my supposed villainy warranted it. Do you doubt me, Cheston?

Ches. Willoughby, I never mistrusted you. Howe'er strange your absence, in my opinion your character was unsullied even by a breath of suspicion; I trusted time to solve the mystery. I never felt so elated before. How could a man feel otherwise in the circle of affection? Thus heaven smiles upon honesty! The old home no stranger footsteps shall invade. Sing us a song, Mary dear, my heart is overflowing!

Mary. Certainly, father, to please you.

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet home,
There's no place like home.

An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain,
O give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
Give me that and the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There's no place like home.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Room in the Mortimer House.*

LAWYER SHARPLESS *and* CORNELIUS O'FLANEY, *drinking*.

O'Fl. The rale Simon Pure of rare Hibernia distillation! Och! whin conganial spirits crowd a groaning board, and frindly spirits like these extind the gineral joviality, the spiritual exhilaration, like morning's dawn, drives away the night of sowl, and casts a halo round enjoyment.

Sharp. My [*hic*] sentiments, precisely.

O'Fl. Such rafliction brings vividly up the good ould scenes at home: the ilegant poteen; the niver-casing laugh; the mirry tale; och! such splindid sociability. Times like those are oases in the desert of a man's life.

Sharp. An undoubtable fact.

O'Fl. Yet why should ragrit throw its somber hue o'er the happy reminiscences of the past? But sadness iver attinds the thoughts of my unhappy country. Come, a toast! May the tears shed for my native land so moisten her dear soil that the abundance of bounteous America be reflicted in her own waving fields.

Sharp. Her own waving fields! By the by, O'Flaney, [*hic,*] the way we illustrious three played our [*hic*] cards in this ticklish affair is worthy some commendation.

O'Fl. We illustrious three! Your optics decaive you; sure you are in a state of clairvoyance.

Sharp. Very good—ha! ha! Business should never interfere with pleasure. What a curious habit your countrymen have of [*hic*] investing a well-known fact in the appearance of [*hic*] profound ignorance.

O'Fl. Sarcasm is your amiable forte, eh? Some men had become great but for that unfortunate accompaniment of janius.

Sharp. However, I consider it well conducted. Do you know [*hic*] I should judge policy would dictate the propriety of leaving this place as soon as possession is [*hic*] obtained. I wouldn't suggest any risk otherwise; but these continued doubts and free-spoken suspicions might render a sojourn ment here anything but desirable.

O'Fl. [*Filling the* LAWYER'S *glass from a bottle and his own with water—aside.*] A new light breaks upon my mind. Yis, policy should be the great director of actions.

Sharp. Till that will be destroyed constituting [*his*] Mortimer legatee, I shall never experience a safe [*hic*] moment.

O'Fl. [*Aside.*] There vanish my bright anticipations of the future in this pleasant reality. Disappointment was niver felt like this. Those airy castles my imagination delighted to dote on now dissolve in the mist of nonintity. Och! 'Tis hard to have hopes raised to an eminence that deridingly winks at attainment.

Sharp. Attainment! [*Hic.*] Certainly, our object will be attained.

O'Fl. [*Aside.*] Yis, after expressing mesilf concerning poor persecuted Chiston, I remimber my delictable uncle endeavoring to disklver my proclivities to villainy, and finding me character fray from any adulteration, he chated me into the belafe that I was the rightful heir. He hasn't seen this respectable coadjutor of his since my visit, and couldn't have communicated the result to him. Now all my family consideration for the ould reprobate is gone; but I will foil his intentions, and vindicate my entire innocence of this disgraceful plot. [*To* SHARPLESS.] Sure ould Williamson will not retain that dangerous evidence of his crime?

Sharp. Don't [*hic*] impeach his sagacity. This room has a damned unpleasant tendency to be circumvol-volv[*hic*]ing. The will, deeds, et cetera, et cetera, pertaining to the estate, [*hic*] an iron safe—a professional Gibraltar—in the ante-chamber—conceals from all but interested parties. I am [*showing a bunch of keys*] the warden—the "open sesames" are confided [*hic*] to my discreet care; it is a trust I [*hic*] will never betray.

O'Fl. That's my confarmed opinion. [*Aside.*] I'll not disregard

this opportunity; I'll jist be practicing the dilicate art of the light fingered fraternity; all judgment would decide it lagitemate in this case. [SHARPLESS *gets up to retire.*] Suffer me to assist you, sir.

Sharp. Yes. Wil [*hic*] liamson said you'd give all required assistance.

O'Fl. Slape will be wilcome—mighty wilcome to those drowsy lids. Lane on me; [*Extracts the keys from* SHARPLESS' *pocket.*] allow me to relave you of all unnicessary weight. There—now inter into a variety of explorations and you'll find a lamp. [*Aside.*] But no light that will burn as intinsely as my unsullied honor.

Sharp. Good night, O'Flaney; may we see a propitious morn.

O'Fl. Cornalious O'Flaney, my boy, don't let chagrin and disappointment rankle so bitterly; all mankind are subject to crosses and vexations, and sure, being a mimber of that popular body, you should bear an average responsibility. How me heart burns with the ould ancistral virtue it has iver faithfully risponded to! Now to the ante-chamber and secure those proofs of guilt.

SCENE II.—*The Ante-chamber.*

Enter CORNELIUS O'FLANEY, *with a light.*

O'Fl. Though rason and justice both heartily commind this transaction, still committing it sames to degrade my very sowl! There's the "Professional Gibraltar," the attorney referred to; hum! [*Producing the keys.*] Even the greatest strongholds, like the firmest tenets of the profession, are not invincible by the proper manes. My hand is mighty unsteady; sure the comparison betwane this and downright burglary tickles my conscience viry unplisantly. 'Tis enough to excite the strongest narves. Hark! a noise! That's nothing but my mischevious imagination. Divil take the "open sesame!" This is the identical—[*Fitting a key*] Such a complicated piece of mechanism must have bothered its invintor. That devilish noise again! This box contains the papers; never a truer suppoposition. Will [*Opens it.*] last testament—bequeath—my son—Edward Mortimer! Here are the dades. Some might dame this specimin of honesty rather magnanimous, but duty is niver a magnanimity.

Enter WILLIAMSON.

Wil. Now to procure them—make the requisite investigation and —damnation! a robbery! You infernal housebreaker instantly surrender those. What! Cornelius O'Flaney!

O'Fl. Yis, Cornalius O'Flaney! true to the sowl of honor as the mariner's nadle to the pole! You would fain lure me into a circle of crime of which you are the acting center! You would burden my young existence with the weight of an iver-oppressing guilt—with pangs of remorse—the untiring censures of conscience—and make miserable death a yearned for boon!

Wil. Eloquent nonsense! Is this a return for my benevolence? I *demand* you to deliver up those documents!

O'Fl. Compliance with such a demand is not to be expicted.

Wil. Do you imagine I will condescend to entreaty? Experienced in the ways of the world, I commisserate your imprudence. You certainly do not inteud to expose—

O'Fl. I shall maintain the right, cost what it will. Your conduct has forever estranged me, and I, a responsible man, shall act independently.

Wil. Old age is coming on apace, but the vigor of youth is not entirely lost. Strength to strength to prove the mastery. [*Struggles with* O'FLANEY.] Those papers I will have!

O'Fl. Not while I am able to prevint. Unhand me, or your years are no protection.

Wil. I incapable of defense! [*Seizes a cane lying upon the safe and strikes* O'FLANEY—O'FLANEY *falls.*

O'Fl Oh! to fail at this extremity!

Wil. Ha! ha! ha! English might again victorious o'er Irish right! [*Going towards the papers.*] Now your sensitive honor doesn't interfere. This will must be destroyed.

Enter EDWARD MORTIMER, *attracted by the noise, springing through the window, and anticipating him in picking up the papers.*

Mor. Justice at last! sent by Providence to confront you in this retributive hour!

Wil. Confusion! [*Raises the cane*—MORTIMER *seizes it.*

Mor. Stand rooted there! My injuries have made me a thousand times a Mortimer, and these arms would fain raise and dash you headlong down. Here behold the witness of your infamy!

[*Showing the will.*

Enter SHARPLESS, *hurriedly.*

Sharp. O Lord! [*Exit.*

Mor. Let me be composed. How could you, with a human heart, enjoying the unalloyed friendship of an honorable man, who in confiding trust charged you with the care of his earthly solace, disregard his dying prayer and foully slander his memory to deprive the uncared-for orphan of his right? If avarice more urgently appeals to moral nature than incentives to virtue, temptation to crime may not be resisted; but when virtue, diamond-like, dazzlingly reflects the radiance of moral light, what should he deserve who would consciously abandon that inestimable jewel? The misery you have inflicted now terribly recoils, and will attend you to the grave.

Wil. Your noble spirit may have been bent under adversity, howe'er brought on; my heart has broken under this overwhelming shame. I did truly love your father, and I never dreamt of sacrificing that love to avarice till aware of the existence of another will—nor did I then at first; but the demon of desire determined me. Do with me as you may; a stony recess that will hide me from the eyes of men will be dearly, dearly welcome.

O'Fl. Agin does the illustrious scion of the O'Flaneys assume a perpendicular position; and though a variety of revolving stars and

curious jimcracks have been floating mighty promiscuously and more disagreeably through my disturbed cerebrum, I forgive—yes, uncle, I forgive and pity you from the bottom of my sowl.

Wil. Whatever my participation in the crime, this gentleman, Cornelius O'Flaney, cannot be impeached. By his just interposition, your fortune would eventually have been secured: the sin rests with me. [*Aside.*] Damn him! A silent appeal like this will deceive all parties as to my bleeding feelings, and probably get me out of the scrape. I suppose Sharpless by this time is out of the reach of the Philistines.

O'Fl. My character nades no recommindation—it has iver commanded respict. Good character with golden power passes through the crucible of public opinion in greater purity—agotism doesn't conceale its rale value; appreciation makes it precious.

Mor. [*To* O'Flaney.] Ever, sir, trust my hearty friendship and esteem. Your consideration in regard to an utter stranger shall be amply recompensed. [*To* Williamson.] Though, Mr. Williamson, the claims of justice should be recognized, mercy pleads for a repentant man. Go, sir; rumor will not follow, and may another land witness a life undarkened by any cloud of care or painful recollection.

Wil. How sincerely grateful for this kindness, I am unable to express. Pardon my emotions. [*feigning to weep.—aside.*] Another time may change this scene. Oh, sir, the severest retribution is your generosity; your kind reproaches make disgrace more keenly felt.

Mor. Your sincerity demands my sympathies. Let oblivion shadow the past; other days will prove how great the happiness accruing from a different life. Your name shall remain unstained, the cause of your sudden departure shall never be revealed.

O'Fl. Though honor compelled me to assist in this exposure, the necissity was attinded, for obvious rasons, with many ragrits. Still the cloud but rinders brighter the coming sunshine. Misery makes joy more dearly prized. [*Perceiving a sneer on* Williamson's *face.*] And I hope the renewal or rather the second edition of your life, arising Phœnix-like from the deplorable result of sixty years' very questionable manner of existence, will never, book-like, experience the urgency of another edition. I doubt the sincere repentance of the ould villain.

Mor. I leave you, sir, with my best wishes for your future welfare. Mr. O'Flaney, may I request your company?

O'Fl. Certainly; Farewell, uncle; in the course of my mundane peregrinations, I may have the pleasure of discovering your abode, when I will avail mesilf of the opportunity of making a dutiful visit of a dutiful lingth. May your shadow niver grow less, and niver lit crime, with shadowy power, so enlarge itself that you be lost in eternal darkness. [*Exeunt.*

Wil. Foiled! Foiled at last! Foiled when consummation hovered o'er my plans; foiled when prepared to announce, and the world—yes, the world prepared to receive the news of their successful accomplishment! Curses! foiled with fortune in my grasp—a life of luxury awaiting but to enjoyed, forever reft from me! Now sunk in

utter degradation—upstarts descanting upon repentance! Cornelius O'Flaney, beware! my atonement shall be in revenge. Aye, vengeance can only atone for the sufferings—the anguish of this hour. This hour! could I but strike it from the record of time!

Enter SERVANT.

The morning has far advanced. Inform Mr. Sharpless I am anxio to see him.

Servant. He departed very abrubtly in one of the early coaches. [*Exit.*

Wil. The lawyer's indiscretion may have ruined us; no, the inducement he could not relinquish; I cannot accuse him of such damnable folly. Cornelius O'Flaney, the lion will not seek its prey more eagerly—more untiringly than my vengeance its very glut! Many miles, ere night, will separate me from this hated place. The lion recedes ere he makes his sure and dreadful spring.

SCENE III.—*Parlor of* MR. CHESTON'S *house.*

MARY CHESTON, MR. CHESTON, MR. WILLOUGHBY, HENRY CHESTON.

Mary. My heart is so heavy; a day has passed and Edward not here. Could a mere wayward passion have been the incentive to his good resolution? Mistrust the truth of Edward's love! that is impossible; but then his singular absence, and gloomy meditation for some time past, conjures up my wildest fears. Thoughts of my happiness would restrain him from any violent extremity with the usurper of his inheritance. This anxiety cannot be endured; my agitation must be concealed.

Enter NETTIE.

Have you inquired for him?

Net. Yes, ma'am. Do not cry, Miss Mary. He has not been at his lodgings during the night. He will return soon—indeed he will, Miss Mary.

Ches. A considerable time has elapsed since Edward's visit. Perhaps a sudden illness—

Mary. Oh, father! this must be instantly seen to.

Ches. Do not alarm yourself unnecessarily. If he were unwell, the report would have reached us ere this.

Willo. Mortimer is an estimable young man, if he's "a chip of the old block." His father was a valued friend of mine, and rest assured your daughter's hand is not unworthily bestowed.

Hen. Ned is a whole-souled fellow. I predict that everything will be explained within an hour.

Mary. Heaven grant it! Edward is cruel to cause such uneasiness. At last, he has come.

Mortimer. [*Without.*] Quite a labyrinth, eh? Take care of the step—though you'll never be guilty of a bad step.

O'Flaney. [*Without.*] Sure the O'Flaneys iver maintained a direct course to any destined object; and perseverance in the right cannot fail to lade to satisfactory results. Yet the goal of my ambition defies all mortal power. The aigle soars high toward the sun; but its brilliant grandeur prevents a nare approach.

They enter.

Mor. I anticipate an upbraiding for my lengthy stay, but [*showing the will*] I hold a charm for speedy pardon. With the assistance of this gentleman I have retrieved what might have been the futile purpose of a lifetime—the recovery of my property. I have now a home to welcome my peerless bride. Allow me to introduce the friend to whom I am so greatly indebted—Mr. Cornelius O'Flaney.

Mary. You can rely upon my kindest friendship.

Ches. And mine. Were you a relative of Col. O'Flaney's?

O'Fl. My illustrious pradecessor.

Ches. I am truly glad to see the son of that good old man. His heart was too large for this world.

O'Fl. He cannot be sufficiently eulogized.

Willo. Do you remember Dr. Classiclore?

Net. [*Courtesying.*] And me?

Hen. Your desire as we parted will be indeed verified.

O'Fl. What, my old friends of the Golden Bull? This is a mating attinded with the greatest pleasure.

Mor. Unwilling to retire, I, to a late hour last night, wandered round the garden of my once dear home, with very sad reflections, as you may suppose, when I heard indistinct sounds—the noise of a struggle. A moment determined me: but a few seconds more, and the will would have been destroyed. I have examined these; [*the papers*] found them correct; the service of the law can be dispensed with. I have a favor to request: let the precious twain be forgotten; their names never be mentioned. My reasons pray excuse me from explaining.

Ches. It were better so. The hand of Providence can be discerned in this.

Mor. O'Flaney, five thousand pounds are yours. It is not a reward, but the present of a true friend, and I demand its acceptance.

O'Fl. Your kindness overcomes me. I am very grateful. In this sanctuary a base thought dare not enter. Do not injure my honor by supposing I expected any compensation; and, sir, though it be an Irishman's agotism that urges its utterance, "Virtue is its own reward."

Mary. My persuasions added to his? You cannot refuse.

O'Fl. The heart must be of adamant to withstand the appale of beauty's silvery voice. I now thankfully recaive your gift with an uncompromised honor. Gilded honor soon loses its glitter, and the moldering of avarice is seen beneath.

Hen. Yet honor purer than gold is never sullied by a passing *breath.*

Ches. Fortune's wheel, Edward, has been moved to some purpose. The genial warmth of a true and undisturbed happiness will again be shed through this home of love. The conviction that we have been the subjects of special care, like the emanation of some grand old organ, seems to thrill the soul. And let us remember that we poor mortals in a transitory scene, when affliction tests the spirit, should never in sacrilege raise a complaning or accusing voice, and innumerable blessings will crown our sacred trust.

MARY. MORTIMER. NETTIE. CHESTON. O'FLANEY.
HENRY CHESTON. JOHN WILLOUGHBY.

FINIS.

No. CLXXVI.

THE MINOR DRAMA.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

A TRAVESTIE

IN ONE ACT.

BY MORTIMER THOMSON.

AS PERFORMED AT NIBLO'S GARDEN,

June 21st, 1860.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by MORTIMER THOMSON, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

New York:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,

122 NASSAU STREET (UP STAIRS).

LADY OF THE LAKE TRAVESTIE.

CAST OF CHARACTERS, AS ORIGINALLY PRODUCED AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, N. Y., JUNE 21ST, 1860.

James Fitz James, Snowdon's Knight, benighted, besmeared, bothered and astray,.....Miss CARRY NELSON
Roderick Dhu, a low highland ducal robber in kilt, finally killed,.....Mr. W. DAVIDGE
Douglas, father of the Lady of the Lake—noisy, but Ill-i-nois-y.....Mr. G. H. DAVENPORT
Malcolm Graeme, a sentimental singing lover, whose size gives contradiction to his sighs,.....Miss POLLY MARSHALL
Brian, who "thinks he ought to slew him,".....Mr. C. PETERS
Allan Bane, a baneful and unprofitable prophet—a Second See-er,.....Mr. D. W. LEESON
Red Murdoch, who attempts to dock Fitz James, but himself gets docked,.....Mr. L. J. VINCENT
Malise, a malicious postman, cross and fiery,.....Mr. BRUCCIANI
First Ruffian, *Second Ruffian* } who handle Ellen *a la* Hanlon Brothers, ... { Mr. CONVERS, Mr. HAWK
Ellen Douglas, the Lady of the Lake, a Graemite, living on water, objects to Fitz and thinks Roderick wont Dhu,.....Miss SARA NELSON
Lady Margaret, mother of Roderick Dhu, ambitious, imperious, and in for a fight,.....Miss MARY WELLS
Blanche of Devon, a merry maiden, mournfully mourning a missing mate,.....Mr. MARK SMITH
Spirit of the Lake, the stereotyped stage Fairy.....Miss A. FRANCE

FORTY HIGHLAND ZOUAVES, FAIRIES, ROBBERS, ETC., BY THE COMPANY.

LADY OF THE LAKE.

SCENE I.—*A beautiful Highland view on Loch Katrine.—Practicable Towing Path along the shore of the Lake.*

Chorus of Fairies outside—Air, "Kinloch of Kinloch."

Spirit. Oh! mortals before us, pray list to the chorus,
It won't take a minute to sing it all through;
We're going to tell you, the things that befell to,
A chap named Fitz James, and one Roderick Dhu.
How by love they were caught,
How they quarreled and fought,
All about a fair maid, as the mortals all do;
How the maid, after all, wasn't married at all
To either Fitz James, or bold Roderick Dhu.

[*During this chorus Fairies rise from behind set pieces and dance forward in time to the last bars of the music, and form Tableaux—The* SPIRIT OF THE LAKE *sails on in a gilded shell, and comes down and addresses the group of Fairies.*

Spirit. No more of that, I tell you—all have done.
To-night, you go a journey, every one.
You know, *we* give the Romance to the Lake,
The cliff, the wood, the mountain and the brake—
Take *us* away, the keenest eye could trace
No Romance here—all would be common place.
Men don't believe in us, and my advice is—
Leave them for one night to their own devices.
When we are gone the people then will sea
All their heroics will rank nonsense be.
We'll try it now—my fairy word I'll risk
All they will speak and act will be burlesque.
From this fair scene all Poetry we doff,
And take ourselves and all the Romance off.

All take the time from me—*now*, every one—
Start, vamose, leave, clear out, away. *begone.*

[*At every word of the last line, each fairy takes a step backward toward the wing, and the* SPIRIT OF THE LAKE *reaches the trap* C. *in the same manner—They time it so that the word "begone" takes them all off exactly together, the* SPIRIT OF THE LAKE *sinking through the trap—Music for Fairies to go off, "Araby's Daughter," which changes imperceptibly to "Root Hog or Die" for Fitz James' entrance.*

Enter FITZ JAMES *wearily* R., *looking off—His boots and coat are splashed with mud—An empty flask in his hand—he speaks melodramatically with pompous gestures.*

Fitz. "So crossing yonder rugged dell,
My gallant steed, exhausted, fell."
[*Assumes a colloquial, every-day tone.*
That's what the author wrote for me to say,
But I shan't speak it, if *'tis* in the play.
Why, what are *dells* or gallant steeds to me;
I'll tell the facts without the poet*ry.*
[*Speaks, looking off*
Of all this wretched scrape, the fault is thine,
My *livery steed*—my *delivery's deed* is mine.
I had a *hired horse* to hunt the stag,
A *dire horsetility* that skinny nag
Displayed; in vain, to break *my* neck he tried,
Himself then lay down in a bog, and died.
In those deep swamps through which I've lately been,
The *land* lies *low* for such a *Highland* scene.
[*Looks about admiringly.*
To *Highland scenery* so much I take,
E'en that *low island seen* there in the Lake,
Or rather in this *Highland sea*, so fair,
Suits my nice fancy to a single hair;
Lo, I land see, to fancy, everywhere.
But I must strive, as I'm a hungry sinner
Some place to find, where I can get a dinner.
Oh! for Delmonico, or Crook & Duff!
Oh! for a chop or steak, however tough—
I'd even eat, so little now I cares,
A red, raw steak, from one of Adams' bears.

[*Throws up his hands in despair, when he catches the eye of the Leader of Orchestra, who strikes a few notes of* "Root Hog or Die"—*Comes back and says to the Leader.*

I think you're right—you're seldom in the wrong—
I'm in a hurry, [*going—returns,*] so we'll have a song.

SONG.—"ROOT HOG OR DIE."

I left home this morning, all for to hunt the stag,
But I got into a swamp, where I lost my hired nag;
I haven't had my dinner, so I'm hungry you may think,
And I'd give a half-a-dollar for a good square drink;
Old Bourbon whisky, lager beer or brandy—
Oh! I wish with all my heart that Delmonico's was handy,
For I can't jog along.

[*Fish horn heard outside—Music for entrance of* ELLEN DOUGLAS, "Bonny Boat."

A *mountain maid?* no! yes, 'tis true,
This *mountain maid* may have some *mountain dew.*

[*Enter a lean horse* L. 3 E. *driven by a ragged boy, and towing a scow-boat with a flag, on which is inscribed,* "Great Eastern"—ELLEN DOUGLAS *is in the boat—Expressive music—As she enters, she hails the driver as if he were a long way off, putting her hands to her mouth like a speaking trumpet.*

Ellen. Shipmate, ahoy!
Driver. [*In same manner.*] Hello—o—o!
Ellen. Take in all sail!
Driver. Ay! ay! yer Honor!
[*He stops the horse, leaving boat near* L. 2 E.
Fitz. Why, I declare, now that I look upon her,
She seems to be a female salieur boy.
I'll find her out at once—I say—ahoy! [*Hails her.*
Ellen. [*Having got out of boat.*] What's this, a man?
Fitz. I really am afraid, so——
It's not my fault, dear *maid,* for I was *made* so.
[ELLEN *bashfully retreats to* L. C., FITZ JAMES *following.*
A *maid* you are—and yet you *man* a ship—
A *man* am I, who's *made* a wretched slip,
I'm tired and hungry, friendless and alone—
[*Holds empty flask bottom upwards.*
And my last friend you see's entirely gone.
Ellen. I see and sympathize—but, then, what would my pa say?
I haven't got a *ma*—but I'll have *marcy.*
[*Aside.*] 'Tis plain that good society he's seen—
He wears a pretty color—Lincoln Green;
[*To* FITZ.] To take you to my humble home, I'll dare.
Fitz. Thank you, *fair belle,* what is your *bill of fare?*
[*Aside.*] Upon my word and honor, quite polite—
This is a clear case of love at sight.
Ellen. Now, hungry youth, I pray you come with me,
"My boat is on the shore, my *bark is* on the sea."
Fitz. And "*Bark is* willin'" quite to go, you see,
[FITZ JAMES *takes her hand, and pompously declaims.*

Stomach, refrain, and *heart*, keep up your *pluck;*
Luckless Fitz James, might still be *less in luck.*

Ellen. Douglass is my name—my bark the one you saw go;
My home is——

Fitz. You needn't say—I know of course—Chicago.

[*They go up to boat, hand in hand. Orchestra play a few notes of "My Love, she is a Lassie yet."* ELLEN *and* FITZ *instantly stop, turn round and come down center.*

[*To* LEADER.] Thank you, Mr. Cooke.
[*To* ELLEN.] That's twice I've done it—forgot the regular thing—
When folks are in the direst straits, you know.

Ellen. Exactly, they always stop to sing.
[*Song*—FITZ *and* ELLEN—"*My Love, she's but a Lassie yet.*

Fitz. Miss Douglas, we are strangers yet,
But I hope that neither may forget,
Our jolly roundelay, on this happy, happy day,
Or the very funny way in which we met,
I hope that we good friends may be,
Each other's merits quickly see.
But before we come to that, I shall cut it very fat,
And you'll see what I'll be at, when your dinner I see.

Ellen. My hungry lad, we live pretty well,
Though our bill of fare I cannot tell,
But I know we'd better go, or we'll never stand a show,
At that sound, so well we know, the dinner table bell.
You know I mentioned, once before,
My shallop lies there on the shore, [*Points to boat.*
Don't sing another note, but step into the boat,
And gaily we will float to my father's door.

[*They dance up to boat.* FITZ *hands* ELLEN *in. The driver attempts to start the horse, but the animal won't move.*

Fitz. [*In boat.*] We are *becalmed—be calm*, my love, the gale
With my own hands I'll raise to fill our sail.
I'll *raise the wind*, dear—rest here at your ease,
I think a *blow* or two, will *raise our breeze.*

[*Gets out of boat, takes whip and reins from driver, and drives off, towing boat* R. U. E., *alternately whipping the horse and turning back to blow kisses to* ELLEN. *He kicks the driver out. Music. After they are off, the music changes to "Hail to the Chief," to announce the coming of the procession.*

Enter RODERICK DHU, DOUGLAS *and* MALCOM GRAEME, L. *They are followed by a procession of about twenty rough looking brigands,* RODERICK'S *men—they bear a banner on which is painted a pine tree and the inscription* "RODERICK DHU"—*they form in an ir-*

regular line across the stage, they are armed with slung-shots, billies, clubs, handspikes, brickbats, etc.

Rod. [*To his men.*] Halt! you *rough ruffians*—ye *loose*-minded *crew*,
How came you all so *tight?* I wish *I knew*—
Are the reporters here? if so, I'll spite 'em,
I've got some news, and won't give them the item.
Yes! *merry men*, I've got some tidings that'll
Give cause for *merriment*—we'll have a battle
To-morrow morning early—now, do try, will ye,
Get sober enough to stand up while they kill ye.
Be off now, to your *bunks*, *rambunctious bunkers*
If you know how, get sober.

[*Exeunt roughs, irregularly.*

Doug. Of course, they'll all get drunker.
Rod. So, old man, King James has kicked you out
Of Court at last—but that's a curious start,
So fine a *Buck* should have a noble *Hart*.
Doug. Heartless he is to me, there is no doubt,
Of that *sad fact*, the *saddest fact* remains,
No *satisfactory pay* for all my *pains*
Was ever *paid*.
Malcolm. Why, that is curious, very,
For such a high "Old Public Functionary."
Doug. He gave me naught for all the years I've worked,
I'm not the only Douglas he has burked.
Rod. He says the Douglas is a heartless traitor.
Doug. [*Furiously.*] I denies the allegation, and I scorns the alligator,
A *tissue* all of lies, *'tis sure* my son,
A *fabrication* all—pray, such a *fabric shun*,
I and my daughter came at once to you,
To see what would the gallant *Roderick do*.
Rod. [*Pompously.*] Roderick Dhu will *do* all Roderick may,
You and your daughter here with me shall stay,
You're *welcome, sir—well, come, sir, let us go*,
And join the ladies, they're at home, you know.
Mal. [*Aside.*] I plainly see what that black scoundrel's after,
He wants to get my *Ellen*, *Douglas'* daughter.
Doug. Whene'er you please—I'm ready Captain Dhu.
Rod. Pass on, General.
Doug. No!
Rod. Really—
Doug. After you.

[*They exit* R., *each trying to make the other go first—they knock heads together, and caps fall off—they finally go off arm in arm.*

Mal. The brute! He's gone and ne'er invited me—
He's jealous, that's as plain as A. B. C.,

That to my flame for Ellen adds new fuel.
With *Roderick Dhu* I'll have a *Roderick duel.*
[*Exit*, R., *after others.*

SCENE II.—*Hall in* RODERICK DHU'S *Mountain Retreat—The walls hung with swords, boxing gloves, foils, dumb bells, bows, etc., etc.—marked melo-dramatic music.*

Enter ALLAN BANE, LADY MARGARET, *and* BRIAN, *hand in hand, in a line*—BRIAN *and* ALLAN *are communicating something to* LADY MARGARET—BRIAN *has his belt and dress full of swords, daggers, pistols, and a pair of boxing gloves slung over his shoulder.*

Brian. [*With an air of mystery and importance.*] I seen him squeedge her hand—
Allan. Her waist he pressed.
Lady M. I should have *guessed* our *guest* was *jest* in *jest.*
Allan. Jes' so; his treacherous chair was next her at the *table.*
He squeedged her hand, indeed—
Brian. A deed most *charitable.*
And then we saw him kiss her too, you know.
Lady M. [*Melo-dramatically.*] Ha! is it so? Then is he truly our most deadliest foe.
Brian. [*Drawing a very long sword.*] I think I'll *slew* him.
Lady M. No, ruffian, no, that would indeed be *rough.*
He's got the bottle; he'll be *slewed* enough.
[*Music heard off*—"Rogue's March."
But hark! this grand and solemn march proclaims
The coming of my *son.* Dismiss Fitz James
From all your thoughts—your *sunniest* smiles put on—
Give *sunny welcome* to my *welcome son.*

Enter RODERICK *and* DOUGLAS L. *to music*—LADY M. *rushes to* RODERICK *and embraces him theatrically.*

Lady M. My boy! my own brave boy!
Rod. My ma! my ancient ma!
Allan. [*To* DOUGLAS.] Let me embrace you, too, old man.
Doug. [*With dignity.*] No *sa!*
Brian. Be quiet, will you—his maternal mother
Has got bad news to tell, so stop your bother.
Rod. Bad news, my ancient mother? bad for who?
Lady M. For all; but most especially for you.
A man has come, attired in Lincoln green,
To smash your Douglas love—
Douglas. [*Falling into* ALLAN'S *arms.*] Ah!
Rod. That shall be seen,

I will not let my hopes be rudely dashed—
The Douglas machine is not so easy smashed.

Lady M. My son, I pities you. Fate, was not *one*, enough;
Was not *one* rival, then, a *quantum suff?*

Doug. [*Again collapsing into* ALLAN'S *arms.*] Ah!

Rod. I thought *one* rival in the field, but there
Oh! *appleless* lover, now I find a *pair.*

Doug. [*As before*] Ah!

Lady M. You could have quick disposed of Malcolm Graeme.

Rod. Now you remind me, what's the fellow's name?

Brian. His name's Fitz James!

Doug. [*As before.*] Ah!

Rod. What! how! *Fitz James?* O! Brian say
Shall I give this James *fits*, or nay?

Brian. My noble lord, I'll slew him if you say so.

Doug. [*As before.*] Ah!

Rod. No, no; *I've* been often slewed, but didn't stay so.

Lady M. But hark! they come, Now I've got an *idear*,
In fact, I think we'd better all *hide here*—
We'll find if she, to give him any hope meant,

Rod. And stop another Spingler Institute elopement.

[*They conceal themselves at the wing* R. 2 E.—*Music—They make melo-dramatic gestures, crying* "Hush! hush!" *and stepping on tip-toe—They watch* ELLEN *and* FITZ JAMES, *who enter* R. *to music.*

Fitz. Ah! sweetest *maid*, you've *made* me feel indeed,
How *jolly 'tis* in *jollity* to feed.

Ellen. Sweet sir, indeed, it pleases me to find
How much our *sole* was pleasing to your *mind.*

Fitz. Don't *mind* my *soul*, my *sole* wish ere we part,
Is but to tell you how you've touched my *heart.*

[*Here* BRIAN, *who has been shaking his fist at* FITZ, *throws a huge boxing glove at him, which hits him on the head.*

Fitz. [*Rubbing his head.*] Bless me, what's this? I say, young gal, what's broke?
A "rattler on the nob" from that's no joke.
[*Picks up the glove.*
"I never knew but one could wield
A glove like this in battle field."
Had he "fair play" you then would see,
He "Champion of the World" would be

Ellen. We needn't talk about what *might* have been.
It wasn't his—I well know who you mean.
This glove was wielded by the most defiant
Of all my Douglas blood—the *Little Giant.*
[FITZ *puts on glove.*

Fitz. [*Declaiming.*] Must James, who rules o'er this fair land,
A Douglas meet on every hand—
Can he no lovely maiden spy,
But she must wear the Douglas eye?
Can he not find a glove like this—
But it must match the Douglas fist?
Can he not frame a fevered dream—
But still the Douglas is the theme?
Nor even one postmaster make—
But he must straight for Douglas break?

[*In gesticulating he hits* ELLEN *with the glove—Resumes colloquially.*

Excuse *my glove, my love—my love, my glove* I throw away,
I thank you for your *kind*ness, *kind*est maid good-day.
Your kind *refreshment* which was to *refresh meant*,
Has quite *refreshed* the strength that was most spent.

Ellen. Don't mention it, else you my feelings hurt,
The *dinner* was no more than you're *dessert.*

Fitz. Ere I *desert* you, let me give this ring,
If any time you bring it to the King,
He'll give you what you ask, of power or pelf—
I know him well, [*aside,*] I ought to, it's myself.
[*Aloud.*] Allow me, Miss, [*Puts the ring on her finger.*
In these things I excel,
With this *belles' ring*, thus do I *ring the belle.*

Ellen. Farewell, sweet youth, if you must go, adieu.

Fitz. Farewell, "Douglas, Douglas, tender and true."
[*Exit*, FITZ, L. 1 E.

Ellen. Well, I declare, this ring is not so bad,
I may with it restore to Court my dad,
To make the trial, I will quickly run,
If Douglas *does* get into Court, look out for fun.
[*Exit*, R. 1 E.

[LADY M., ALLAN BANE, BRIAN *and* RODERICK *come down.*

Rod. He's gone!

Lady M. He's gone!

Allan. He's gone!

Brian. He's gone!

Rod. And what is more than that, he's gone alone,
No Spingler business here. Of course he can go faster
Without her.

Lady M. But then he never asked her.

Brian. [*Drawing a long sword and feeling the edge with his thumb.*]
I would have slew him if he had,
I would, indeed, I would have slew him bad.

Rod. But he loves her.

Lady M. He do!

Brian. He do!

Allan. *He do!*

Lady M. The *lass* loves him, I fear, *alas* is true.
Rod. I don't fear the *lass*, I fear the fellow.
Brian. And since he's gone, I move we all get mellow
Allan. Let's have a regular ripstaving spree.
Lady M. That's very well for you, but how for me?
Brian. Why you can *rip* a *stave* as well as we.
Rod. *Spree* me no *sprees*—*rip* me no *roaring staves*,
You *roaring* rascals. Why! you all behaves
As if your wits had gone—just look at me—
I am a model of propriety,
We'll have no *spree* here but *esprit de corps.*
Lady M. Put one more syllable—a *spree de chorus.*
Rod. No *chorus* now, ma'am, 'twould not be *decorous.*
But if we dance the audience *may encore us;*
And since the object of our most deadliest hate—
All. [*Savagely.*] Ah!
Rod. Our detestation—
All. Ah!
Rod. That never shall abate—
All. Ah!
Rod. Has gone and left us on the field the winners,
We'll have a *fling* and then we'll have our dinners.
All. [*Joyously.*] Ah!

[*Burlesque Highland Fling, by all four. At the end of dance* MALISE *rushes in with a letter for* RODERICK.

Malise. Here, read this quick, or else we'll all be took.
Rod. A *letter* for us? Quick, *letter* us have a look.
[*Reads letter at a glance, all crowd around him.*
Rod. King James' *spies*, *despise* them as we may,
Have surely been within our camp to-day.
All. Ah!

Enter DOUGLAS, R.

Doug. Hold! what's the row, and what have we to fear?
Rod. King James has found, old man, that you are here.
He swears the tallest kind of vengeance—that he'll
Attack us to-morrow in a general battle.
Lady M. The treacherous King! I know what he is after,
'Tis not so much the Douglas as his daughter.
Rod. [*Fiercely.*] Ha! say you so?
[ELLEN *rushes in and embraces* DOUGLAS.
Doug. My *Cheild!*
Ellen. My darling dad.
Rod. This is the *third* rival that to-day I've had;
Another *arrival* and a *rival* more,
Would drive me mad and I was that *before.*
Lady M. There would *be four*, you're right in your *addition*,
Till the *addition* comes, your supervision

Is limited unto the three you know.
Rod. The *Rule of Three* is too great a *ratio*.
[*To* DOUGLAS.] But now, old man, I'll tell you what I'll do,
King James don't care for *me* he's after *you*,
But I will *guarantee* there'll be no slaughter,
If you'll but *guarantee* me your fair daughter.

Enter MALCOLM, L. 2 E., *unseen by others.*

Doug. I never thought to give my child to you,
Upon my word and honor, Mister *Dhu*.
Ellen. Pray, Mister, *don't*—I beg you will excuse me.

[*Goes to* MALCOLM, *whom all now see, with astonishment, for the first time.*

I want this *little* husband to amuse me,
I do not want one half so big as you,
You see I'm spoken for, so *don't* now, *Dhu*.
Rod. Presumptible boy!
Doug. The truth is now just getting through him.
Brian. [*Aside and drawing a sword with each hand, getting away as far as possible.*] I really think the time has come to slew him.
Lady M. And who are you that claim this lady's hand?
Mal. I'm Malcolm Graeme, your *servant* to *command*.
Rod. [*To* LADY M.] *Command* your *servant* then to kick him out.

[BRIAN *and* ALLAN BANE *draw their swords and move towards* MALCOLM. ELLEN *throws herself betweeen them and* MALCOLM.

Ellen. No, don't, I pray—I think he'll go without.
[*To* MALCOLM.] Pray, Malcolm, go.
[*To* BRIAN.] Stand back you ugly porpus.
[*To* MALCOLM.] If you don't go, they'll leave me but your corpus.
Mal. [*Drawing his sword.*] Sooner than leave you with that hated man,
They shall make me into *six* corpses if they can.
Rod. One's quite enough—I thank you, so—
[*Is about to order* BRIAN *to kill him.*
Ellen [*To* MALCOLM.] Pray listen to me love—Malcolm, now *go*.
Lady M. [*To* RODERICK.] Don't let him *went*—the *venture* you'd regret.
He is as *went*erous a youth as e'er I met.
Mal. Pray, Lady M., dont *went* your spite on me,
For this ad*vent*ure will a lesson be
To stay at home, if home you'll let me go—
I only ask because *she* wants me to.
Doug. Yes, Roderick, let him go—it wouldn't be magnanimous
To show against a boy so bad an *animus*.

Rod. *An' I mus'* let him go to please you, must I ?
Well, be it so—but if he cuts up rusty
Why, out his head off then, or some such trifle.
[*Sentimentally, with hand on his heart.*
For Ellen's sake, my feelings thus I stifle.

[DOUGLAS, ELLEN, *and* MALCOLM, *get into corner of stage* R., *while* RODERICK, LADY M., ALLAN BANE, *and* BRIAN *converse apart.*]

Doug. [*Putting his handkerchief to his eyes.*] I'm sorry you must go—good by old fel.

Ellen. [*Weeping.*] And must you leave me whom I love so well ?

Mal. I go for aid—I'll take the nearest hack
And bribe the *menial*—

Ellen. You *mean you'll* soon come back.

Mal. To save my love, or die with harness on my back.
[*Exit* L.

Doug. What does he mean by *harness* in such cases ?
I see—upon your cheek the tears have left their *traces.*

Ellen. I cannot *bridle* all my love—alack !
How *sad'll* be the hours till he comes back.

Doug. Do not *stir up* your feelings, pretty dear,
His *hame's* not far awa—he'll soon be here.

Ellen. I cannot stop my tears for all your preachin',
For my poor heart there's too great a *breach in.*
[ELLEN *drops her comb from her hair.*

Doug. Honey, you've dropped your comb.

[*They wave their handkerchiefs after* MALCOLM. RODERICK *beckons* BRIAN *to* R. *corner*—LADY M. *and* ALLAN *consulting together and watching* ELLEN *jealously.*]

Rod. [*To* BRIAN.] I promised that young spark to let him go
I did'nt say how far

[*Lays finger on his nose and looks at* BRIAN, *who makes the same gesture.*]
You comprehend.

Brian. I know.

Rod. [*Giving sword*] Follow your man—be sure your blow don't miss,
Or if that fails, give him a dose of this. [*Gives bottle.*

Brian. Perhaps I can't get near.

Rod. It makes no sort of odds,
That stuff is sure to kill at forty rods.

[BRIAN *beckons* ALLAN *mysteriously—gives him the sword but keeps bottle, and both steal off* L. *Others come down* C.

Rod. [*To* DOUGLAS.] Well, sir, the morn on us the troops will bring.
Fight you with us or will you join the King ?

Doug. Though I the *din* of battle *dinna* fear,
I *dinna* what to do with Ellen here.
Lady M. Ellen *here*—that's it, exactly—*here* she'll stay,
I've mentioned that, I think, before to-day.
Rod. Yes, let that keep your anxious mind from wearing,
She'll keep her *safe*, as *safe* as one of *Herring's*.
Ellen. Must it be so? I'd really rather go—
I'm not quite comfortable here, you know.
Lady M. I'll be a mother to you, (*coaxingly,*) darling little linnet,
I've got to be, I might as well begin it.
Doug. She's going to *swoon!* Oh! no! she only [ELLEN *begins to faint,*] *faints,*
There's no other way, so I'll consent.

[RODERICK *instantly waves* LADY M. *off. She goes* R., *dragging* ELLEN, *who is unwilling to accompany her.*

But hark ye, Roderick, I never meant
To fight with you against my lawful King,
That wouldn't be, *great sir*, the *grateful* thing.
Rod. [*Fiercely.*] When I've protected you at every cost,
Mean you to take up arms against your *host?*
Doug. Am I a fool, that I a *host* would fight?
Not by no manner of means; no, sir! not quite,
I'll promise this, you needn't get incensed, you,
I'll not fight *for* you, but I'm not against you.
Rod. You won't *assist?* Your friendship I eschew, cur—
I'll *play the hand alone.* [*Exit, furiously,* R.
Doug. Then look out for a *Euchre.*
The *game* I'll play, though of my *trumps* bereft—
Malcolm, my *right bower*, say, why have you *left?*

Enter MALCOLM, *suddenly,* L.

Mal. I haven't, sir. Why do you thus *tray deuce me?*
I'm at your service, if you want to use me;
But tell me first, where is my *Queen of Hearts?*
Doug. [*Pointing off,* R.] She's taken by the *Knave.*
Mal. We'll beat his *Knavish arts,*
And show the rascal, e're we either sleep,
He's taken a trick there that he cannot keep.
Doug. I'll off to *Court* our *Queen of Hearts* to save.
Our noble *King* will surely trump this *Knave.*
Mal. I will remain though low in fighting fame,
But this *High Jack* shall never win the *game.*
[*Rushes off,* R.
Doug. Well, since alone they've left me here to stay—
I'll have a song, of course, the regular way.

SONG.—"TOMMY."

AIR—"Sweet Jenny Jones."

Of course, you've all heard of the Japenese princes;
And also of Tommy, the great ladies' man,
Who, of late, a praiseworthy ambition evinces,
To take a new wife with him back to Japan.
And Tommy's a prince when he's with his own nation;
So now to be a princess, all ye maidens can try.
To marry some one of you's his strict determination,
For he's bound to have a Yankee wife by jingo, or die.

So girls, now's the time for your best fascinations,
For Tommy's worth winning, so catch him who can:
And the one who's successful in his captivation,
A princess will be when she gets to Japan.
Don't believe what you hear, about his heart being broken;
No damsel he's seen yet, has quite filled his eye.
Then "go in" for Tommy, girls—he is *not* yet bespoken,
And he's bound to have a Yankee wife, by jingo, or die.

SCENE III.—*A Highland Dell.*

RODERICK'S *men grouped about* BRIAN, *who holds, in one hand, a burning cross—As the Scene opens, they sing in chorus—A large demijohn stands by the side of* BRIAN.

SONG.—AIR, "Rob Roy McGregor, O."

Hurrah! hurrah! we'll have a row.
Quick, pass the whisky, O!
We're going to find our foemen now.
Quick, pass the whisky, O!
Then let them fear the bold outlaws,
For with our billies, clubs and paws
We'll split their heads and smash their jaws,
Quick, pass the whisky, O!

[*During this chorus the demijohn has been passed from one to another, each taking a drink—During the last line,* BRIAN *waves cross over his head—Enter* RODERICK, L. U. E.

Rod. [*Loudly.*] Hold! stop! leave off! be still, I tell you now.
What riddle's this, and why is all this row?
Brian. Don't be so wrathy, Cap', so *cross* and caustic—
This is no riddle, it is an *a-cross-stick.* [*Points to cross.*

We're acting as our witch us commands.
Allan. Precisely so; we're gathering your *clans.*
Rod. A *clan*destine proceeding. Who is the witch, tell me where you caught her.
Allan. I am a seventh daughter of a seventh daughter.
Rod. What's in that jug?
Allan. Whisky, sir, and water.

[RODERICK *drinks from demijohn.*

Rod. [*To* BRIAN *and the others.*] Well, go ahead, don't stop; proceed, go through it,
If your *clamor*'ll raise the *clans,* let's see you do it.
Brian. [*Recitative—solemnly and impressively.*] Woe to the clansman that shall view
This symbol of sepulchral yew,
Forgetful that its branches grew,
Where weep the Heavens their holiest dew,
On Alpine's dwelling low.
Woe to the wretch who fails to rear,
At this dread sign, the ready spear.
[*Chorus—chaunted by all.*]
Woe to the traitor, woe.

[BRIAN, C. *tosses the cross to* ALLAN BANE, R., *who tosses it to* MALISE, L., *who is about to rush off, when he is stopped by* RODERICK.

Rod. Stop! no stale device like that'll catch 'em.
Brian. Your pardon, Cap, it never failed to fetch 'em.
Allan. That mystic symbol there of burning *yew*—
Rod. *You* hush, old boy—I'll show *you* what to do.

[*Seizes the demijohn, takes* C., *and recites pompously, in imitation of* BRIAN.

Give every rowdy that you see
A big drink of this old whis*kee*
And tell him, e'er you him dismiss
There's plenty more where you got this.

[*Chorus—chaunted.*]

That's so, by the hokey, so.
Rod. [*Continuing.*] Then every rough in all the land,
Will hither rush with club in hand.
Chorus: That's so, by the hokey, so.

[RODERICK, C., *pitches the demijohn to* ALLAN BANE, R., *who pitches it to* MALISE, L., *who rushes off,* L., *and is immediately seen crossing the stage high up, back among the rocks, with demijohn on his shoulder—all the men point their fingers after him, and appear to follow him with their eyes, keeping their fingers pointed, and turning on their heels to follow him, till he re-appears,* C.

Rod. There, now, be off, get each one what he needs,
And be prepared to do most desperate deeds,
Load your revolvers, sharpen all your stickers,
Fill all your flasks with every sort of liquors,
Put on brass knuckles, filed at every joint,
And meet me in an hour at Willett's Point.

[*Exeunt*, RODERICK, R. U. E., *the others*, L.

Enter FITZ JAMES, *cautiously*, L. 2 E. *Music.*

Fitz. Thus far into the bowels of the land have I marched on, but not without impediment,
Those men of Roderick Dhu's, the very *sediment*
Of all the land, I know were here to-night,
But as I never *said I meant* them all to fight,
Of course I sensibly kept out of sight,
But that fair maid, I just now clapped my eyes on,
If 'twere not rude, I'd like to know the size on,
Didn't she *leg it*, though, I s'pose to find her mamma,
Of course she would in this *leg-it-imate* drama.

[BLANCHE OF DEVON, *off* L. U. E., *cries* "*radishes.*"

Sis cries for me to *Help 'er*, I intend to,
That's an *impending crisis* I'll attend to.

[BLANCHE *cries* "*strawberries*," "*glass put in*," *off* L.

Hark! what sweet music is it now I hear,
She's coming now, her voice *informs* my ear,
I'll rush to clasp the fragile *form* I see.
[*Starts to go off hurriedly, but stops.*
That *form's* too *form*idable though for me.

[*Enter to music* BLANCHE L., *with a large jumping-jack in her hand and a blue cotton umbrella over her head.* FITZ-JAMES *approaches to speak to her but she waves him off, and after sobbing a minute and blowing her nose with a yellow silk handkerchief, she suddenly stops and sings the words of* "*Sweet Home*" *to the tune of the* "*Saileur Boy.*"]

SONG—"BLANCHE."

AIR—"The Saileur Boy."

Mid pleasures and palaces although we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seeems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Fitz. You don't say so, dear maid—so fragile, yet so fair,
What hapless fate has brought you to despair?

Your name I d know, pray tell me are you Sara
Gamp? or are you Miss Zoyara?

Blanche. [*Playing with jumping-jack, and singing, making the toy dance in time.*]
"I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and—"

Fitz. Why, who'd have thunk it—so *good* and yet so *bad.*
My dear *mad maiden,* what has *made* you *mad?*

[BLANCHE *walks sentimentally across the stage, then slowly to* C., *puts down the jumping-jack, raises the umbrella. sets it down over the jack, which she eyes with great anxiety, finally takes it up and hugs it to her breast as if it were a baby, and then sings to it.*]

SONG—BLANCHE.

AIR—"Roy's Wife."

Have you heard of Flora Temple?
Have you heard of Flora Temple?
Who can be,
So fast as she,
The gallant trotter Flora Temple?

Patchen, he henceforth will be
A match for her, and he defied her,
At first she won
In twenty-one,
Next time Patchen was beside her.

Darling, gallant Flora Temple,
Pretty beauty, Flora Temple;
Patchen he's
As fast as she,
The queen of trotters, Flora Temple.

[*She dances a little, then wipes her eyes with her handkerchief, holding the toy by one leg with the other hand.*

Fitz. Poor girl—how sad to see her in this costume,
She must have bet her wits on Patchen, and have lost 'em.

[BLANCHE *lays jumping-jack carefully down under the umbrella as if it were a sleeping babe, then withdrawing a step or two, sings again, taking a "nigger" attitude and patting her knees with both hands, as in "Juba" dance, sings, winking all the time at* FITZ JAMES.

SONG—BLANCHE.

AIR—"Down in Alabam."

There is an old fellow whose name is Roderick Dhu-erum,
Name is Roderick Dhu-erum,
Name is Roderick Dhu-erum,
And he's trying his best for to put an end to you-erum,
Down in Alabam.

Young man you'd better get right out the wilderness,
Right out the wilderness,
Right out the wilderness,
Young man you'd better get out of the wilderness,
Down in Alabam.

Fitz. She's talking sense at last, I plainly see,
There is some threatening danger——
Blanche. So there be.
Fitz. [*Seizing her by the arm.*] Then tell me, woman, who and what are you.
What do you know of me and Roderick Dhu?
Blanche. [*Putting her finger to her mouth and wiggling a timid curtesy.*]
I'm Blanche of Devon—though you see I'm lean, sir,
I'm pretty, ain't I—I'm sweet sixteen, sir.
They say I'm mad—that very melancholy 'tis
I'm full of *jollity*—*I* think that *jolly 'tis.*
Fitz. She *must* be mad if she thinks that's a joke.
Poor girl I'm sorry——
Blanche. [*Having picked up the jumping-jack, talks to it "baby talk"—nurse fashion.*]
Did the baby wake, and has it gots a roly poly noses?
And pretty, curly, squirly little toses?
Is it the nicest baby ever was, and is it good,
And does it want to see its pa—well, so it should.
[*Holds jack up to* FITZ JAMES.
It's papa want's to kiss it, mamma knew it.
Fitz. Not *a kiss* for me ma'am, I ain't *akistomed* to it.

[BLANCHE *takes* FITZ *by the end of his kilt, and leads him down to* C., *cautiously, and then commences the following duet:*

BLANCHE—*Air*, "*The* CAMPBELL'S *are Coming.*"

Roderick is coming, you'd better get out,
Roderick is coming, you'd better get out,
Though your hand may be heavy, your heart may be stout,
I tell you, once more, that you'd better get out

FITZ JAMES—*Air*, "*A Highland Lad my Love was born.*"

A Highland lad ma'am, I was born,
And Roderick Dhu I hold in scorn,
You need not whimper, and you need not pout,
I've got into a scrape, but I'm bound to see it out.

BLANCHE—*Air 2d, strain of* "*A Highland Lad my Love was born.*"

I pray you, sir, do not stay here,
Though Roderick *Dhu* you *do* not fear.

Air changes to, "*There's nae luck about the House.*"

Do not linger here, I pray,
I tell you it's no use,
For if you do stay here to-day, [*Crying*
You're an infernal goose.

FITZ JAMES—*Air*, "*Rosin the Bow.*"

O pray do not whimper, young woman,
And try for to coax me to go.

Air changes to "*Over the Water to Charlie.*"

You'd better give o'er, you'd better give o'er,
You'd better give o'er all your crying—
I'm sure I can *lick* the great Rode*rick*,
Or anyhow I can die trying.

BLANCHE—*Air*, "*Charlie is my darling.*"

I pray you now, my darling,
Although you have no fear.
Remember I'm a tender maid,
And do not leave me here.
Then you shall be my darling,
My darling, my darling,
Then you shall be my darling,
My gay cavalier.

FITZ-JAMES—*Air* "*Kelvin Grove.*"

Since you're a maiden in distress,
Bonny Lassie O!
I'll take you hence, though I confess,
Bonny Lassie O!
I'd rather stay and fight it out,
With this chap in one good bout,
But since you ask I'll go without,
Bonny Lassie O!

[*Both repeat chorus, then go up the stage—when near* L. U. E. BLANCHE *stops, drags* FITZ JAMES *slowly back to the umbrella and jumping-jack, takes off her plaid, ties one end of it to one of jack's legs, puts umbrella over her head, takes* FITZ JAMES' *arm, and they walk slowly up stage to marked melo-dramatic music, she dragging the toy along at the extreme end of plaid, when near entrance she drags up jack, takes him in her arms and soothes him, drawing a heavy sigh.*]

Fitz. The *tempus* is a *fugitive*, I mind,
A near *refuge attemp'us* now to find.

[BLANCHE *sighs deeply, then suddenly breaks out into a quick Highland reel, in which* FITZ JAMES *joins—they dance a minute and finally dance off* L. U. E.

[*Enter to music* RODERICK *and* ALLAN BANE, R. U. E. RODERICK *dragging* ALLAN *by the neck—they come down* C.]

Rod. Come, old seventh daughter, no resistance
If you're not *wearied*, now your *weird* assistance
We are waiting for—they say you lead the planets, sich is
Your gift, better than the dollar witches.
Don't stand a *star*ing, but read the *stars* to-night,
And *stripes* you'll get if you don't read them right.
Don't *flag*, I say, old Allan *Baneor*, you
Will have a little *row* with *Row*derick Dhu.

Allan. [*Tremblingly.*] I am "a old physician whose"——

Rod. We know that part.

Allan. "Sands of life have"——

Rod. Yes! yes! I say, we've got it all by heart,
Tell us about the battle of to-morrow,
Is victory ours, or shall we come to sorrow?

Allan. Well, Captain Dhu, I'll peep into the future,
And what I see I humbly trust will suit your
Highness to a dot—but then my tools I want,
Without them, do a decent job I can't.

Rod. Well, get 'em then, but mind you tell no fable,
An *able prophet* to be *profitable*.
Must be *reliable; able* you are to *lie*
And *rely* too; but don't you fool with I.

[ALLAN BANE *has beckoned off, and a man now enters with a wheelbarrow, bearing a huge double opera glass. Man goes off, leaving wheelbarrow.* ALLAN *sits down on stage to look through glass.*

Rod. [*After business.*] I like that glass, it's such a *handy size*,

Allan. I never *handles* it without I sighs.

Rod. Give us a sample of your *opera* glass,
Let's know a few things that *appear* to pass.
I don't judge by *appearances*. No!

But look into the future, now, a *year* or so.
Allan. *Year* goes. To-morrow's fight won't be a draw,
Or if it be, the fault will be your own.
This is the answer that the Fates have shown—
"WHO FIRST A FOEMAN'S HEAD SHALL BUST,
HIS CROWD SHALL LAM 'EM IN THE MUSS."
Rod. The rhyme is bad, the sentiment I like—
Before the clock *strikes ten*, I'll make a *ten strike*.
"Who first a foeman's head shall bust, [*Reflectively.*
His crowd shall lam 'em in the muss."
Send off your glass, I want no *second* sight.
[*Man comes in and wheels off the glass.*
Allan. I think you'll find the *first* was clearly right.
Rod. I've sent Red Murdoch on a search to find
And kill that chap that with the ladies *dined*,
To give him his *desert*—he's got the best of him,
No doubt, *we'll* finish up the rest of 'em.
Fortune, I thank thee—*Fate*, your most obedient—
A *fortunate fate* has taught me this expedient;
Before this time a foeman's head is busted,
The battle's ours, if fate is to be trusted;
Let's go and put our *men in spirits*, then
I think we'll put some *spirits in the men*.
Allan. "Who first a foeman's head shall bust."
Rod. "His crowd shall lam 'em in the muss.
Allan. That, to a *word's* the very way 'twas *worded*.
Rod. *Record* the fact and let it stand.
Allan. [*Very gruffly.*] *Recorded!* [*Exeunt, triumphantly*, R. U. E.

Enter FITZ JAMES *and* RED MURDOCH, L. 1 E.

Fitz. My colored friend, I'm very glad you've come,
And that you have agreed to guide me home.
M. My love of blood has cost me many a row.
I think I'll treat me to a murder now.

[*Raises his arm to strike* FITZ JAMES *with a dagger, when* FITZ JAMES *turns suddenly around and sees his upraised arm.*

Fitz. What's that? How now?
Red M. [*Pointing with upraised hand.*] See, sir, the balloon.
Lowe! the *Wise* man, just a coming down.
[BLANCHE *off, cries* "Glass put in."
Fitz. [*Looking off.*] That tender voice again; where can she be?
Red M. She wants a *beau*—I'll *harrow* up her feelin's—
[*He shoots an arrow at* BLANCHE, *with a bow.*
Ha! she *quivers!*
Fitz. I'm really shocked—that is not etiquette.
You've killed the girl—what's worse, you've torn her petticoat.

BRIAN *appears back, unseen by the others.*

Brian. Some one may be slewed here, who can tell—
[*Takes out pipe and begins to smoke—eyes his pipe critically.*
I'm happy now, my meershaum colors well.
Fitz. Now, Mr. M., I kill you here, you know.
Red M. I wish you wouldn't, it would hurt me so.
Fitz. [*Politely.*] I hate to trouble you, but we must fight.
Red M. Must we ? Now you mention it—I think you're right.

[*Comic melo-dramatic combat, in which* RED MURDOCH *is killed—*FITZ JAMES, *exhausted, leans against a tree.*

Brian. [*Putting up his pipe leisurely.*] I thought he'd slew him—
so object he won't
If I should take his sword.

[*Takes* RED MURDOCH'S *sword and sticks it in his belt—Then drags* RED MURDOCH *off—Instantly returns and cautiously tries to take* FITZ JAMES' *sword—*FITZ *cries* "No you don't," *and chases* BRIAN *off.*

Enter BLANCHE L., *transfixed by a very long arrow—She staggers melo-dramatically down to* C., *where she carefully arranges her skirts and begins to sing.*

SONG.—BLANCHE.

AIR.—"Blue Bells of Scotland."

Oh! where, tell me where, is poor Blanche of Devon hurt.
I cannot see the weapon here, although I feel the smart.
I feel that my young maiden life,
Is ebbing fast away;
But before I give the ghost up quite,
I've got a word to say.

Air changes to "Green Grow the Rushes, O!"

Green grow the rushes, O!
Green grow the rushes, O!
The smartest hours that e'er I spent,
I spent among *mo*lasses, O!

Well, let me see how long it is since I was shot.
[*Looks at large watch.*
I think it is time to die.

[*Dies with much difficulty, on account of the arrow—Music—Highland Fling.*

Blanche. [*Rising.*] Now, really, Mr. Cooke, that strain you played,
Is not quite proper for a dying maid.

A little slower, if you please—a dirge of some sort.
[*Slow music.*
Thank you. I can die to that now with some comfort.

Enter FITZ JAMES *hurriedly—Sees* BLANCHE.

Fitz. What, dead! my maid--are all my labors vain?
Hillo! by George! she's coming to again.

[BLANCHE *rises and unrolls a long tress of hair, which she gives to* FITZ JAMES, *who fastens it in his cap, from whence it trails to the ground.*

Blanche. Take this tress, and may it wave
Like plumage in thy helmet brave;
And should you e'er put on the mits
With Roderick Dhu, why give him fits. [*Dies again.*
Fitz. [*Dolefully.*] "That's the way the maiden goes."

[BLANCHE, *without rising, singing to the popular air,* "Pop Goes the Weasel," *dies for the last time.*

Fitz. [*Sheathing his sword.*] *Put up* the sword—I wish I could as well
Into the skies, *put up this large dumb bell.*
[*Pointing to* BLANCHE—*Exit.*

BRIAN *enters—Comes down and takes the arrow from* BLANCHE'S *body—Looks at body and says.*

Brian. She was a good gal—for many years I knew her,
A splendid gal—he did'nt ought to slew her.

SCENE IV.—*Hall as in Scene II.*

Enter LADY M. R.

Lady M. If good Red Murdoch did his work, that fool,
Fitz James, is now no longer in the pool.
If Brian did as much for Malcolm Graeme,
Most wonderfully that simplifies the game.
Malcolm can never have escaped the risk he
Ran, both of knife and fatal Jersey whisky.
Vainly they tried my hate to *reconcile*—
I *reckons I'll* show all these people that its no use
To try to dodge me——

Enter MALCOLM *and* ELLEN R., *who try to get past* LADY M. *but she observes them and says:*

Lady M. Hey, what is this? The *deuce!*
Mal. *Do so* much kindness ma'am as let us pass.

Ellen. It would con*duce* much to our happiness.
Lady M. [*Furiously.*] No sass! Never! you can't in*duce* me.
Mal. Pray, madam, be *pacified.*
Lady M. I'd never let you *pass if I'd* to tear her from your side
With my own hands.
Ellen. *His story* hear, ma'am—yes I say you shall.
Lady M. *His story girl*—I hate all things *historical.*
Ellen. I fear we are lost, forever lost, my tulip.
Mal. [*Aside.*] I wonder if she drinks. [*To* LADY M.] Ma'am take a "julep?"
Lady M. Shut up; the only drink I want is *mum.*

[*Beckons off for help. Four ruffians enter.* ELLEN *and* MALCOLM *embrace.*

1*st. R.* Please *mum,* we're here, and now that we have come,
What shall we do?
Lady M. Drag them *apart,* you senseless stupid you.
Ellen. O, *part*ner, will they *part* us?
1*st R.* Just a few.

[1*st* RUFFIAN *seizes* ELLEN *round the waist,* 2*d* RUFFIAN *seizes* 1*st* RUFFIAN *round the waist,* 3*d* RUFFIAN *carefully draws* MALCOLM'S *sword and drops it on the stage, then seizes him round the waist;* 4*th* RUFFIAN *seizes* 3*d* RUFFIAN *same manner.*

1*st R.* [*To* 2D RUFFIAN.] This looks a little like the *Hanlon* business.
2*d R.* So it does.
Ellen. Don't put your *Han-l-on* me or I'll smash your *toes.*
1*st R.* [*a la* GEORGE HANLON.] Now I want you to throw me right up on your *head.*
Lady M. I want you to go *ahead,* but not that way, you know.
Drag them apart when I say three—one, two, three—*go.*

[*The* RUFFIANS *drag* MALCOLM *off* L., *and* ELLEN R., *preserving the same relative positions—the* RUFFIANS *backing off and dragging the prisoners after them.* ELLEN *and* MALCOLM *throw kisses at each other as long as they are in sight.*—LADY M. *following* ELLEN *off says:*

Lady M. Before I put you in your nightly *bunk I'll*
Teach you that you cannot fool your uncle.
[*Slaps her hand in imitation of spanking. Exit* R.

Enter BRIAN L. *He picks up* MALCOLM'S *sword and sticks it in his belt.*

Brian. I would have interfered, but then I thought 'twas rude,
Besides, I hoped there would be some one slewed.
[*Exit.*

SONG—BRIAN.

AIR—"Barbara Allen."

When such a curious chap I see,
And o'er and o'er I view him,
One deadly thought then comes to me,
I think I ought to slew him.

That man I've often seen before,
Although I never knew him;
But now I hate him more and more,
And I think I ought to slew him.

I'd like to stretch him in his grave,
And in his gore bedew him;
Yes, I would like his head to cave,
And I think I ought to slew him.

Yes, I will belt him o'er the head,
And run my good sword through him;
My conscience unto me has said,
"Young man you ought to slew him."

True, he might fight and make a row,
But I can then subdue him;
I know I'm right, I'll try it now,
I think I ought to slew him.

And should we want to use him up,
Why, we might barbecue him;
Though on him *I* don't want to sup,
Yet, still, I think I'll slew him.

SCENE V.—*A mountain pass—set rocks and trees* R. L. *and* C.—*set pieces to sink, the flat to sink or go up—flipper wings for instantaneous change—watchfire burning* R. 2 E.

[RODERICK *discovered broiling a sausage at fire, his men asleep in various positions—they snore an accompaniment to the music as the scene opens—after music* RODERICK *comes down front melodramatically to music, with sausage on the end of a long fork.*]

Rod. Here do I take my stand, king Jim to fight,
And prove which is the wrong and which the right.
I will not move another single step for him,
I've *mustered* all my soldiers here to *pepper* him.
If once within this rocky pass he gets,

Salt shall not save him for *oil* give him fits.
[*To soldiers.*] *Catch up* your weapon, every man move faster,
We give him all the contents of the *castor*
If once he tries to force me from this passage;
I'll do him *brown*, as I have *fried* this *sassage.*
I'll *sassage-fry* (satisfy) him that it will not do
To try his little games with Roderick Dhu.
Be off, now, men, and *seek* where you can *hide,*
But if you've any *Heidsick*, now divide.
Rest while you may, you've got a fight before ye,
And, lads, come to me when I whistle for ye.

[*Men go off* R. *and* L. *Music—"Whistle and I'll come to ye my lad."*]

Rod. "Who first a foeman's head shall bust,
[*Solus.*] His crowd shall lam 'em in the muss."

[FITZ JAMES *heard off singing,* L. U. E., *"I'm within a mile of Edinboro town.*

Rod. Here comes one now, my courage I will muster,
And *bust* the *head* of this *head* fillibuster.
[*Conceals himself at wing.*

Enter FITZ JAMES *on an eminence* L. U. E.

Fitz. I've *found* I'm *lost*—I've clearly gone astray,
There's no *way* out, for I've tried every *way.*
Of mountain passes, here is every class,
Whichever way I look or turn, alas!
It always *happens* that *I come to pass.*
[*Gazes disconsolately about.*

Rod. [*Unperceived by* FITZ JAMES.] This is the fellow who made love to Ellen;
He has'nt seen me yet, so there's no tellin'
But he may tell me, if perchance he knows,
The news about King Jimmy's men—our foes.

Fitz. Upon the rocks, Roderick, the robber chief,
Hangs out. He is the very thief
I want to meet alone—his life will quick be ended,
He *hangs out* now, but soon will be *suspended.*
Though if *I* meet him, the programme will be changed.

[*Melo-dramatically drawing sword, takes stage across and back to* C., *where he meets* RODERICK.

For Blanche of Devon's death must be avenged.

Rod. [*Coming down.*] Fellow, thy name—Jones, Thompson, Smith, or Higgins?

Fitz. I am a stranger in these rocky diggins.

Rod. Are you a friend to Roderick Dhu?

Fitz. Not if this Court understands herself, and she think she do.
Rod. Thou darest not call thyself his foe, young man.
Fitz. I'll *bet* I dare—to his dead rabbit gang;
And him, and you sir, meaning no offence.
[*Takes off hat.*
Pray say so, with Mr. James' compliments.
Rod. Well, you're a plucky chap—I'll tell you news—
I am a particular friend of Roderick Dhu's.
Fitz. I could have sworn it long before you said it;
Well, my boy, your friendship does you credit.
Rod. You are King James' friend—of that I'm sure.
Fitz. You're really right for once—you ne'er spoke truer.
Rod. An augur's told us, that to-morrow's fight
We'll surely win, if we but work it right.
Fitz. An *augur* says you will beat *jim—let* me
Know the exact words of the augury.
Rod. "Who first a foeman's head shall bust,
His crowd shall lam 'em in the muss."
And now, I've got you here, my lively kid,
I'll— [*Raising his sword.*
Fitz. Don't trouble yourself, my boy, [*triumphantly,*] the deed is did.
Rod. Ha! what mean you, traitor—am I thus defied?
Fitz. I've killed the first man yet on either side.
My hand has been the first in the good work
ked Murdoch yonder lies as stiff as pork.
Rod. *Red Murderer!*
Fitz. *Indeed* it's true—the deed I did alone. [*Drawing sword.*
If *you'll* come on, I'll send you where *he's* gone,
Though there's one man I'd rather fight than you.
Rod. Heenan?
Fitz. No.
Rod. Morrissey?
Fitz. No.
Rod. Tom Sayers?
Fitz. No, no; 'tis Roderick Dhu.
Rod. Do you know him?
Fitz. No, I never saw,
The *feet* or *feat*ures of this bold outlaw.
I've seen his photograph as done by Brady—
But I've a message for him.
Rod. From a lady?
Fitz. Yes, and I'd give the last drop in my jug,
To clap my eyes upon his squint-eyed mug.
Rod. Have then thy wish.

[*Whistles, and from the set pieces on every side* RODERICK'S *men start up, they are armed with slung-shots, billies, whips, stockings with stones in the heels, brickbats, etc.*

Rod. These are Clan Alpine's warriors true,
And I'm the squint-eyed Roderick Dhu.

[FITZ JAMES *picks up a brickbat that has been dropped by one of* RODERICK'S *men, puts it deliberately down, sets his heel against it, and says, waving his sword—*

Fitz. "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly,
From its firm base, as soon as I."

[*A large thistle rises through trap at* FITZ JAMES' *feet, the thistle opens, and the* SPIRIT OF THE LAKE *appears, unseen by* RODERICK *and his men—the thistle immediately sinks—the* SPIRIT *speaks to* FITZ JAMES.

Spirit. Courage, my friend, I'll help you.

[*Gives* FITZ JAMES *a silver whistle.*

Try, if you
Can't whistle quite as well as Roderick Dhu.
Beneath these waters here before you sighing,
We always keep a *standing* army *lying*.
Let Roderick and his party now beware,
I'll lend you forty Zouaves from there.

[SPIRIT *puts her finger on her lips to enjoin silence, and runs off* L. 1 E. *During this time* RODERICK *has been encouraging his men in dumb show, and apparently getting them ready for a rush at* FITZ JAMES. *As the* SPIRIT *disappears* FITZ JAMES *says—*

Fitz. Eternal gratitude to thee, I vow
For this kind *gift*—I'll (give it) *gi'vt* a trial now.

[FITZ JAMES *blows the whistle, and the flats and set pieces sink, the wings change, discovering a Highland lake in the distance, along the shores of which are drawn up in order of battle, a troop of Highland Amazons, dressed in green plaid uniforms, and under the charge of four leaders.* RODERICK *and his men are struck with amazement, and remain immovable. The Amazons mark time with their feet, preparatory to an onward movement.*

Fitz. Benignant fairy, are all these for me?
What! *forty* Zouaves? how splendid *for to* see.
Rod. [*Furiously.*] What! *forty Zouaves*! your logic now I see.
The "*Zouave*-iter in mode, *forti*-ter in re."

[RODERICK *now eagerly goes to* FITZ JAMES, *sheathes his sword, and offers his hand.* FITZ JAMES *takes it, and they sit down together on a rock,* L *while the* AMAZONS *go through their evolutions—during this time the* AMAZONS *have formed in line and marched down to the front, driving before them* RODERICK'S *men, who rush off in confusion at the wings, crying,* "POLICE, POLICE"—*the Zouaves now perform their marches*

and groupings as arranged by the Ballet Master—at last they march off, leaving the stage clear. when RODERICK *and* FITZ JAMES *again take the scene.* RODERICK *takes stage.*

Rod. [*Furiously.*] Now that your kilted friends have made a clearance,
We'll have our quarrel with no *interference.*
Fitz. [*Touching his breast.*] No *fear* can *inter* here, but there's no occasion.
Rod. There is—I'll give in to *no moral suasion.*
Fitz. *No moral sways you,* I can well believe, I guess
We'll have no fight.
Rod. What is that tress
[*Striking the tress of hair in* FITZ JAMES' *cap.*
Of hair? can you your vengeance stifle?
You were to dip it in my brains, or some such trifle.
Fitz. I thank you, squint-eye, for that word—
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword,
I'll tell you what we'll do.
Rod. What is it, say?
Fitz. I *beat* Red Murdoch *dead* first in the day,
And so the battle's ours, according to your prophet,
But I don't want to make a *dead beat* of it.
Red Murdoch out of account we'll throw,
And let the prophecy start here and now.
Rod. Agreed—" Who first a foeman's head shall bust,
Fitz. His crowd shall lam 'em in the muss."

[*Music—They go up stage two or three times on opposite sides, eyeing each other—They then meet* C., *at the back of the stage, and are about to begin, when* FITZ JAMES *suddenly lowers his sword, seizes* RODERICK *by the plaid, and drags him down to* C., *when he puts the following conundrum in a loud whisper.*

Fitz. Why is this performance like a tragedy?
Rod. [*Musingly.*] I don't know.
Fitz. Because a large proportion of the audience are in *tiers.*
Rod. That's so, indeed; but still the sight is cheerful,
And may the house be more and more thus *tierfull.*
'Twas cowardly to smite me thus—you knew
A joke is an unlawful weapon—
Fitz True.
I'll cut no more such wretched linqual capers—
I am distracted by the funny papers.
[*Disconsolately.*] Forgive me, Rod.
Rod. Jimmy, I do.
[*Wipes* FITZ'S *eges with a pocket handkerchief.*

Cheer up, my boy, that's right.
Fitz. I'm sick at heart, [*cheerfully,*] however, now let's fight.

[*They go up stage and again prepare to fight, when* RODERICK *drags* FITZ JAMES *down to* C., *and asks in a loud whisper.*

Rod. Can you tell me why our office holders are like the honest man, Diogenes couldn't find?
Fitz. [*After cogitating.*] No.
Rod. [*After pause.*] Nor I.
Fitz. Ah! traitor!

[*Stabs him—They fight to melo-dramatic music till they get up stage, when they stop, and* FITZ JAMES *beckons off—Two men bring on a grindstone, set it down, and exit.*

Fitz. [*To* RODERICK.] Will you do me the favor?
[*Pointing to grindstone.*
Rod. Certainly, with pleasure.
[*Turns grindstone while* FITZ JAMES *sharpens sword.*
Fitz. [*Pointing to grindstone.*] Can I oblige you?
Rod. [*Feeling the edge of his sword.*] No, I thank you—
I think 'twill do.
[*They fight, and* RODERICK *is killed.*
Fitz. [*Surveying body.*] That's not so bad, now, for a young beginner.
[*Melo-dramatically.*] Now, Blanche, thou art avenged, [*looks at watch.*] And I'll go home to dinner. [*Exit.*

[*As the scene closes,* BRIAN *comes down, takes* RODERICK'S *sword, sticks it in his belt, and is closed in.*

SCENE VI.—*In 1st.—A Rocky Defile.*

Enter ELLEN *guarded by soldiers, and* LADY MARGARET, R. 1 E.—*Music.*

Lady M. As soon as Roderick comes here, you know,
He'll marry you, Miss Douglas, whether or no.
I'll watch you till he comes, no fear of that,
Closer than ever mouse was watched by cat.
Don't cry like that, you know you shouldn't orter
Ellen. My *spirits* are low, I'll keep 'em up by *water.*

Enter BRIAN, *whistling a lively air.*

Lady M. Well, Brian, what's the news?
Brian. We've slew him.
Ellen. Who? Malcolm?
Brian. Yes; I put my sword right through him.
This is the one I did it with—Oh! no, I beg your pardon,

This is the one that hasn't got a guard on,
He kicked out twice with his left leg behind,
Otherwise he died quite easy in his mind.

Ellen. My Malcolm dead! Ow, ow, ow, ow!
[*Looks about for some one to faint against.*

Brian. Don't *weep* on me, I've got too many *weapons* now.

Lady M. You're sure you've killed our dire and deadly foe?

Brian. [*Feeling his pockets.*] I had a little piece of him to show.

Ellen. [*Distractedly.*] His head?

Brian. No, ma'am, his toe.
It's gone, however—a *toe*tal loss,
And not insured a cent.

[*Sounds of battle heard outside.* MALISE *rushes on* L. 2 E.

Malise. Ma'am, I *mus'* tell you the *muss* has begun.
They is playin' clubs round our heads like fun.
They're pelting everybody without rhyme or reason—
With brickbats and sich delicacies of the *season.*

Lady M. *Cease-son*—was Roderick there, did'st mind him?

Malise. He was'nt there—we don't know where to find him.

Brian. In fact, they'se afraid he's slewed.

Lady M. No, no, no, no.
You are deceiving me—it can't be so.
My Roderick squelched, and laid upon the shelf—
Give me a sword, I'll head the men myself.
[*Rushes off* L. 2 E. *Sounds of battle grow louder.*

Ellen. O, wretched maid—my darling Malcolm dead?
What shall I do?

Brian. Why, punch somebody's head.

Ellen. When thus alone I'm *left*, would it be *right*?

Brian. Your *guard* is gone, why should you stop to-night.

Ellen. But are you able me away to send?

Brian. *Am I able*—I'm your *am-i-able* friend.
Take my advice young maid—I fancies you,
And though permiski's folks I sometimes slew,
Don't make this great *to do*, I'll tell you what *to do*
Your dad has gone to court to ask King Jim,
His former *partner* to *pardon* him.
You go there too, and then perhaps you'll find,
A *partner* suited to your gentle mind.
I'll tell no secrets, but——
[*Puts his finger on his nose.*

Ellen. To your kind treachery I'll trust my fate,
Though by your looks I see the *act you hate.*

Brian. I'm *actuated* by no motives bad.
But quick, be off——

Ellen. Or else I'll wish I had.
I go to offer to the King my prayer.

Mal. [*Taking out kandkerchief.*] I'll weep for you.
[BRIAN *pushes her toward the corner.*

Brian. When you've time to spare, if Roderick's dead and Malcolm does'nt turn up, [*Exit* ELLEN.
And this infernal hole the King should burn up,
And that young gal still feels inclined to spark it,
And wants a husband—well, I'm in the market. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*In 3d.—Throne Room of Stirling Castle—Throne* R. C. *up—Guards gathered about the throne.*

DOUGLAS *enters* R.—*is interrupted by the officer on guard, but finally passes him.*

Doug. With *aching* heart to find a King I come,
To *see a King*, *seeking* him here at home—
To *speak a King speaking* these woes of mine
With *shaking*, *aching*, *breaking* heart I pine.
I'll seek him here, despite that rancurous *cur* there,
And this *old fruit* become a *seek-no-further.*

Enter ELLEN, *hurriedly*, L.

Ellen. I came a promised *boon* to crave,
From this *boon*evolent King.

Enter LADY MARGARET, *hurriedly*, L., *shaking her fist at* ELLEN.

Lady M You'd better save
Your breath to cool your porridge—my advice *take*, Miss.

[ELLEN *has recognized her father—they rush to each others' arms, and embrace.* LADY M. *then changes tone.*

It was all a *mistake*, Miss—beg your pardon, sis.
[*Stands near throne*

Enter MALCOLM, R.

Mal. Where is his *Majesty*, he *may jest* come here—
No *jesting* with the undersigned.
Ellen. [*Crying out.*] My dear!
My sweet, my darling, my true-love, is't
You?
Mal. My dearest, sweetest, darlingest, true-lovest,
It is I indeed.
Ellen. What! not killed yet?
Mal. Not that I know of, my own killing pet.
Ellen. Hence, let not villains from each other warp us,
I'll hug you, if it *is* you, and not your *corpus.*

Enter FITZ JAMES, R., *clothed in kingly robes—everybody bows as he passes; he ascends the throne, and looks about.* ELLEN *and* LADY M. *seem bewildered with astonishment. As soon as* FITZ JAMES *recognizes* ELLEN, *he comes down, takes her hand, and says:*

Fitz. Yes! blushing Ellen, I'm indeed the King.
Ring in the favor for the little *ring.*
Ellen. [*Aside.*] He *knows* the ring, or else I'd *wring* his *nose.*
Some time since, you exiled my old dad,
What has *par done* that *pardon* can't be had?
Fitz. [*Crossing to* DOUGLAS *and shakes hands.*] Though he's tricked me, he is a regular brick.
So big a trump must always take a trick.
[DOUGLAS *bows and kisses his hand.*
[*To* LADY M.] My noble dame you gave me once a dinner,
So I forgive you all. [*Sees* MALCOLM.] As I'm a sinner
Here's another friend—well Malcolm what's the end on't,
King James the plaintiff, Malcolm Graeme defendant.
Mal. [*Kneeling.*] A traitor you have thought me—it's not true—
I have about my mind *a trait or two*
That you will like—forgive me now.
Ellen. [*Kneeling.*] And if you please, sir, let me be his vrow.
Fitz. All right my children, bless you both, et cetera,
Now go and ask a ditto of your pa.
[*They go to* DOUGLAS, *kneel and receive blessing.*
Fitz. Now I've forgiven all the folks I see,
Suppose we have a roaring jubilee?
If there are dancers let them come on,
While we sit quiet and enjoy the fun.

[FITZ *Goes up sits at throne—the others group about him—Grand Ballet—after Ballet* FITZ JAMES *says:*

Fitz. I suppose the fun is o'er, and the play
Stands now adjourned until some other day.

[*Large thistle rises* C., *which opens and discloses* SPIRIT OF THE LAKE—*thistle sinks.*

Spirit. Before you leave us *I've* a word to say.
We've had some people in the play to-night
Whom I don't see, and I don't think it right—
They're dead, I know, I now will resurrect 'em.
[*All nod assent.*
Come hither Murdoch, of the crimson name.

RED MURDOCH *enters* L.

Come hither, *Roderick*, with your outlaw fame.

RODERICK *enters* R.

Come hither now, thou young and lovely dame.

BLANCHE *enters* R.

Fitz. Why, spirits seem to come in perfect hosts.
Has the Astor Library given up all its ghosts?
Spirit. There's one more scene, and that, the prompter's whistle
Will soon disclose, of heather and of thistle.
He'll soon uphold that splendid scene before us.
But ere he does it, let us sing a chorus.
And as our music, heretofore, was Scotch,
Let's give them of our Yankee tunes a touch.

FINALE AND CHORUS—*By all the Characters.*

Air, "Dixie's Land."

I.

Our parts are played, the piece is over,
Henceforth all will live in clover. Aha, aha, aha. [*Repeat.*
We hope that it may please you. Aha, aha, aha.
We'll give this play some other day,
For we only live to please you. Aha, aha, aha.
For we hope that it may please you.

II.

Has it done aught to banish sorrow?
Come and bring your friends to-morrow. Aha, aha, aha.
[*Repeat.*
For we hope that it may please you. Aha, aha, aha.
We'll give this play some other day,
For we hope that it may please you. Aha, aha, aha.
For we hope that it may please you.

[*During this chorus, at the wave of the wand of the* SPIRIT OF THE LAKE, *the scene has changed to*

SCENE VIII.—*Hall of Heather and Golden Thistles.*

Tableau by Characters, Amazons, Fairies, etc.

CURTAIN.

No. 177.

MAD DOGS;

Or, THE TWO CÆSARS.

A Farce, in One Act.

BY JOHN MOORE, ESQ.

Author of "A Dose of Champaigne," "Alfred ye Great," "Pigeon Pie," Blown Up," "Amy Lawrence," "My Overcoat," &c. &c.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A Description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

Cast of Characters. [MAD DOGS.]

	Burton's, Chambers St.	Burton's, Broadway,
CÆSAR, a Village Musician,	Mr. John Dunn.	Mr. H. Jordan.
Mr. BOREAS KWACKANBOAST, Dentist and Chiropodist,	Mr. H. Russell.	Mr. H. Russell.
Mr. CHITLING, a Pork Butcher,	Mr. Hamilton.	Mr. Martin.
Mr. WREDDINK, a Notary,	Mr. Holman.	Mr. T. Baker.
Mr. SLOWLEAF, a Grocer	Mr. Henry.	Mr. J. M. Ward.
ACHILLES THUNDERBOLT, Postboy	Mr. C. Parsloe	Mr. Lawson.
ANDREW, a Villager,	Mr. Gourley.	Mr. Hamlin.
ANNETTE, Daughter of Chitling.	Mrs. Skerrett	Miss M. Corrie.
Therese, Niece of Chitling,	Miss Barber.	Miss A. White.

VILLAGERS, GUESTS, &c. &c.

MAD DOGS.

SCENE.—*The entrance to a village. A house,* R. H., *with sign:* "MR. WREDDINK, *Notary.*" *A tree before the door with a bank at the foot of it. A butcher's shop,* L. H., *with shutters half closed. Name over door:* "CHITTLING, *Pork Butcher.*" *In front of the shop a small stable with door opening on to the stage.*

ACHILLES, *the post-boy, enters,* L. U. E., *and knocks at* WREDDINK'S *door.*

Wred. [*Inside.*] Wait a moment, I'm coming. [*Opens door.*] Ah, my little friend—good morning. What do you want with me?

Ach. Here's a letter, Mr. Notary.

Wred. Ah! indeed. How much?

Ach. Six sous, Mr. Notary.

Wred. What! six sous from Lonjumean to Marcoussis?

Ach. Yes; I came all the way on foot, and the foot post is always dear.

Wred. Oh! then you are a post are you?

Ach. Yes; I'm the little post, but father is a big post.

Wred. Well, there is your money, my little traveler.

Ach. Well, I shall be a great traveler some day; and if I live to your age, I shall be an old traveler. Good morning, sir.

[*Exit,* L. H. E.

Wred. A smart little fellow that. Let us see what is inside. Ah! I see; 'tis from Mr. Peter Rosin, the violinist, one of the first musicians of the age; and that is the reason my friend Chittling, the pork butcher, has engaged him to superintend the dances at his daughter's wedding, which is about to take place immediately. But as friend Chittling is more expert at cutting and carving than at reading and writing, I am charged with the correspondence. Now let us see the answer. [*Reads.*] "Sir: It will be impossible for me to accept the

honor of your engagement, seeing that yesterday at the fair of Lonjumean I was obliged to play the violin in person, notwithstanding the melancholy which consumed me." A melancholy fiddler—what a picturesque idea! "I have lost Cæsar—that good Cæsar—my friend—my pupil—who has given me so many proofs of his attachment. He has left me these two days; but what grieves me most is that they tell me he is mad." Mad? that's bad. "I am in the utmost despair, and remain yours. Peter Rosin." Well, I suppose this Cæsar that he regrets so much was a fiddler like himself. However, if a horror of water be a symptom of madness, half the musical profession must be subject to hydrophobia. [*Reads the letter again to himself.*

Enter THERESE *from the stable*, L. H.

The. [*Speaking off.*] Lie still now; lie still and don't move. Poor fellow, he has been there since last night; fortunately, no one has seen him. [*Coming forward, not seeing* WREDDINK.] I am glad of that, for Mr. Cæsar cautioned me to conceal him carefully, and I hope he will be satisfied.

Wred. Ah, Miss Therese, and so your cousin is going to be married, eh?

The. Yes, and it's a great shame so it is, that Mr. Chittling should want to have his daughter married before he provides for his niece.

Wred. Well, don't sigh—you will dance at her wedding.

The. A pretty satisfaction, truly, to dance at *her* wedding.

Wred. I see your uncle coming, and with him Mr. Kwackanboast, dentist and corn-cutter to the village.

The. Yes, a great friend in *extreme* cases, attends you from head to foot.

Wred. He is just in time—I have news for him.

Enter MR. CHITTLING, *walking lame, led by* ANNETTE, *and followed by* KWACKANBOAST, *from house*, L.

Kwack. My dear Mr. Chittling, never despair because you have corns—all the world has corns—one couldn't live without corns—it's bred in us. But I will cure you—I, Christopher Cuthbert Kwackanboast, say that I will cure you. Ah, charming Miss Therese, good morning; and to you too, Mr. Wreddink; still quite well, eh? I am sorry for that—should have been happy to have given you a proof of my professional skill.

Wred. I know you have skill—

Kwack. And experience, sir. I have cured the yellow fever on the gold coast, shaken fits out of the ague at Minnesota, cured the bile of Miss-Ourri, cut corns at the foot of the Pyrenees, and drawn teeth at the mouth of the Rhone.

Wred. I should scarcely have supposed so, sir. But, Mr. Chittling, here is a letter from our friend Rosin. He can't come.

Chit. The devil he can't—what's to be done.

Kwack. I can assist you. My servant plays the trumpet—he studied at Paris.

Chit. At the conservatory?

Kwack. No, behind an omnibus. He was a dab at the French horn; but he practiced so long that he blew his horn straight, and then gave up.

Chit. Annette, perhaps your intended knows some one; he was himself an apprentice to Old Rosin. But he'll have too much to do on his wedding-day to think of fiddling. But, dear me, he is very late in coming.

Kwack. Possibly he has gone to quench his thirst at some tavern, for you know he—

The. [*To* KWACKANBOAST.] No, he doesn't know anything of the kind; and I am sure it's very wicked in you to abuse him in his absence. I know what detains him: he promised that he would bring each of us a present from the fair at Lonjumeau.

Kwack. You always take his part, Therese. If I were Annette I should be jealous.

Annette. Me, oh never mind. [CÆSAR *sings outside.*

Chit. Here he comes—here he comes.

Wred. Then I'll step inside and see after the contract.

[*Exit into house*, R.

Enter CÆSAR *from the back, loaded with small parcels, and singing.*

Cæsar. Do you want any tape,
Any lace for your cape,
Of the newest and finest ware, ah!
Any pins, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
My dainty duck, my dear, ah!
Come to the peddler,
Money 's a meddler,
That doth utter all men's ware, ah!

Well, here I am at last, and nearly dead with fatigue; but as I'm about to be married it's as well to get accustomed to toil of every sort.

When a man weds
He must make up his mind
To good and bad luck,
And mishaps of every kind;
And mishaps of every kind.

What I bring you, friends, is not of the most superb, but such as it is

I give thee all, I can no more,
Tho' poor the offering be.

First, to you, sweet pearl of the village, I present this wreath, [*presenting a white wreath to* ANNETTE] emblem of thine own innocence and purity.

"She wore a wreath of roses that night when first we met."

To you, Therese, this small golden heart. 'Tis a trifle much less than you merit, for a heart of gold is poor compared to your own.

"Oh, say not woman's heart is bought
By vain and empty treasure;
Oh, say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.

[*To* CHITTLING.] To father-in-law I give this portrait of St. Anthony, a worthy patron of the gentle pork-butchers.

Saint Anthony sat in a lowly chair—
A large black book he held in his hand.

The. I am much obliged to you, Mr. Cæsar.

Kwack. Then you have brought nothing for me?

Cæsar. Oh, I have not forgotten you. And I thought as you are obliged to travel very much a pair of pistols would not be unacceptable.

Or by the spur of valor goaded,
Pistols primed and carbines loaded,
To the onset, to the onset—
Let's away.

Kwack. A pair of pistols—well, that is kind. My dear fellow, have the teethache whenever you please, only come to me and I'll pull out every tooth in your head with the greatest pleasure in life. My services and my talent are forever at your service.

Chit. But, son-in-law, you must have spent and laid out a great deal of money.

Cæsar. No, I didn't—only an old cowskin—nothing more.

Kwack. A cowskin?

Chit. What do you mean?

Cæsar. Well, Mr. Sloeleaf, a grocer at Lonjumean, having owed me a small sum of money—

Kwack. I know the man—I extracted two of his double teeth on Monday last.

Cæsar. Well, he had a cow—a very pretty cow—a love of a cow; I wanted my money, because the day before one is married, a fellow has many little debts to clear off, you understand. Well, I called on Sloeleaf; he was not at home, but I found his wife, a pretty, good-natured little woman, so I took her in payment.

All. His wife?

Cæsar. No! his cow!

The. Well, Cæsar, Mr. Wreddink has gone to fetch the contract, and the guests will soon be here. [*Gets round to* L. *corner.*

Chit. But you must know, Cæsar, that Mr. Rosin has sent word that he cannot come.

Cæsar. Why! the devil, you haven't invited Old Rosin.

Chit. Why not?

Cæsar. Well, we have had words. He swore that I was no musician; that I knew nothing of *concord;* this produced *discord;* I applied *whipcord,* then left him in the greatest embarrassment.

Kwack. Aye, you were sharp enough to lay him flat.

Cæsar. 'Twas natural. I then set off with a presto movement, and brought away with me— But that is a mystery.

The. [*Aside.*] Yes, I am an accomplice in that mystery; and this stable conceals the crime.

Kwack. Well, friend Chittling, I must away; I have two or three patients to attend to—the wife of the mayor.

The. Has she got the teethache.

Kwack. No, only a soft corn. Ah! the life of a physician is no sinecure, especially when one is dentist to the men and chiropœdist to the women. But, fame! fame! I am always in the mouth of the men, and at the feet of the women. [*Exit.*

Cæsar. [*Aside to* THERESE] Where have you concealed him?

The. In my uncle's stable. He is quite safe.

Chit. Come, Therese.

The. I am ready, uncle.

Chit. We will go and see if our friends approach. Annette, do you entertain your lover until we return. Egad, we'll all be so happy.

The. Yes, uncle. [*Looks back as she goes.*] Oh! dear, this happiness is very annoying to third parties.

[*Exunt* THERESE *and* CHITTLING, L.

Cæsar. Well, we're alone, Miss Annette.

Ann. Yes, Mr. Cæsar. [*Sighs.*

Cæsar. Do you know that whenever I am alone with you—I mean when you are alone with me—that is when we are alone together—or I should rather say, together alone, I—I'm rather afraid of you.

Ann. Afraid of me?

Cæsar. Yes; afraid you may take some liberty with me, because my master, Old Rosin, used to say,

"Drink deep you may dare,
But of women beware."

So I did drink; I drank deep and pretty often too. But I shan't drink any more now—the women have got into my head.

Ann. Indeed!

Cæsar. Yes; and when I think of our marriage, I am more frightened than ever. Why are you so beautiful—such eyes—such feet—such hands—a hand so small, so delicate, so tapering—let me kiss it, let me devour it—let me devour your hand—let me, let me!

Ann. [*Endeavoring to release her hand.*] No, no, no!—you frighten me—let go my hand.

Cæsar. Never till I have devoured it with kisses; never till I have devoured it without kisses. I must—I will—I shall devour your hand.

Chit. [*Outside.*] Come along, neighbors.

Cæsar. Oh! the devil; here they are back again. All the girls of the village. I shall have to kiss them, every one, and I havn't shaved these two days. What shall I do for a razor—a razor—a razor—one stroke of a razor, and all my troubles will end.

[*Runs into house,* L.

Re-enter CHITTLING, THERESE *and villagers*, L.; *and* MR. WREDDINK *from house*, R.

Chit. Come friends, come neighbors, here is the happy couple. Here is— Why, where is you intended, Annette?

Ann. He'll be here in a moment, father.

Chit Have you brought the contract, Mr. Wreddink?

Wred. My clerk is now engaged on it. But I don't know the name of the future husband. Where is he?

Chit. He will be here directly. His name is Cæsar.

Wred. Cæsar?

Chit. You don't know him. But he is well know at Lonjumeau. He was brought up by Mr. Rosin, the celebrated musician—became his companion, his friend.

Wred. His companion—his friend—his name Cæsar. Merciful powers, what a frightful discovery!

Chit. What's the matter? You alarm me.

Wred. And not without reason. My friend, Mr. Rosin, tells me in this letter that Cæsar, his companion—his friend, whom he reared from infancy, has not been seen in Lonjumeau for several days.

The. Well, he told us that himself.

Wred. But perhaps he did not tell you that a few days since he was attacked by—

All. What?

Wred. Hydrophobia.

All. [*Eagerly surrounding him in front, and bending forward to listen.*] Hydrophobia?

Wred. Yes; he was bitten by a mad dog, and is now raging, ready to devour anyone who comes near him.

Ann. Oh, dear uncle, that's why, just now, when he kissed my hand—

[*Everyone utters a loud exclamation of fright, and starts away, all forming a half circle at some distance round her, in threatening attitudes with sticks, chairs, &c., raised against her.*

Chit. Did he—did he bite.

Wred. [*Looking at her hand.*] No, there is no danger; there is scarcely a mark; it was only an attempt; the unhappy wretch has evidently endeavored though. Tell me, did you see his face; were his eyes very ardent—very fiery?

Ann. Oh, yes; they were quite brilliant.

Wred. And you, Mr. Chitting, did you observe if he drank much?

Chit. Why?

Ann. He told me that he shouldn't drink any more, and that one stroke of a razor would end all his miseries.

Wred. Oh, that confirms everything.

Ann. Father, you won't want me to marry him now?

The. What! do you renounce him in his distress? It is not yet certain.

Ann. It's certain I won't marry him.

Chit. What's to be done?

Wred. First of all, we must provide for the general safety; then we must take measures for the public security. Mr. Chittling, as pork-butcher and sausage merchant, you are naturally supposed to have more experience amongst mad dogs than most people; I therefore propose that you shall poison him with a small german.

Chit. Not at all, not at all. But I have an idea. He is now in my house; let us make a prisoner of him, and then shoot him through the window.

Wred. Well, that may be the most humane, but let us be quick, for if a fit should come on him it would be frightful. They bite and tear everything, and foam at the mouth.

Chit. Foam at the mouth?

Wred. 'Tis the most dangerous symptom.

Chit. Well, then do you go and lock him in whilst I fetch a gun.

Wred. No; suppose as you are used to the lock, that you fasten him in whilst I go for the Volunteer Rifles and some artillery?

Chit. Eh! well.

[*As they cautiously approach the door* CÆSAR *appears, his face covered with soap lather. All scream and run off except* THERESE, *exclaiming* "He's foaming, he's foaming." THERESE *hides behind the tree.*

Cæsar. What's the matter—what's the matter. Oh! I see; it is a trick they are playing me before the marrow bones and cleavers come. But I'll be after them and play them trick for trick. I'll kiss every girl I meet. Egad, I'll have some fun.

[*Runs off, upsetting* ACHILLE, *the post-boy, who enters* R. H. E.

Achille. [*On the ground.*] What's that for, eh! stupid. Here, come back.

The. [*Coming forward.*] Good heavens! has he bitten you?

Achille. No, Mam'selle, he hasn't bit me. He's only sprained my shoulder and broken my leg. I wanted some one to tell me where the town-crier lived; but everybody seems running away as if they were mad.

The. The town-crier—what do you want with the cryer; can't you cry for yourself?

Achille. Yes; but I want him to cry for Mr. Rosin, and he will pay him well for it. [*Shows paper.*

The. Mr. Rosin? let me see. [*Reads.*] "Lost, stolen or strayed, a black-and-white Newfoundland dog, belonging to Mr. Rosin, of Lonjumeau. He answers to the name of Cæsar; and it is feared he has gone mad." [*Aside.*] Cæsar—ah! I see now; it is not our Cæsar; it is all a mistake of Mr. Wreddink's. My little friend, I will undertake this business for you. Come back this evening and you shall have news of the dog.

Achille. Ah! then perhaps you know where it is. Well, it will

save me a long walk, and oblige a lady too. But I didn't think you would interest yourself about Old Rosin's puppy. Adieu, Mam'selle.
[*Exit* R. H.

The. Oh, what happiness. Quick, let me tell them all about it. But stop a bit; if they knew the truth my cousin will return to Cæsar, and I— Well, who knows; I am sure he loves me as much as he does her. Oh, dear! oh, dear! what a deal of trouble and skill it takes to catch a husband now-a-days.

Enter CHITTLING, U. R. E., KWACKANBOAST *and* ANNETTE, *with villagers armed, and* WREDDINK.

Chit. Are you there, Therese? Where's Cæsar?

The He ran after you in pursuit.

Chit. My friends, we must hold a council. Here, Andrew, place yourself as sentinel, and if you see him coming be sure you give us instant notice.

The. If I can only keep from laughing.

Chit. Now, my friends, it having been proved that our friend Cæsar is laboring under an attack of Hydrophobia,—

Wred. It is possible we may be deceived. Suppose we try to make him drink.

Kwack. There are authorities in favor of such a course, and there are authorities against it. I could cite, for instance, the opinion of Hypocretes; but it is in Latin, and some of you may not understand me.

Chit. Do you know Latin?

Kwack. My friend, a dentist is familiar with most tongues. How long is it since he was first attacked?

Chit. It will be very easy to ask him.

Kwack. So it will; therefore, my good Mr. Chittling,—

Chit. Me—oh, no. I thought that you—

Kwack. You would rather not. Well, never mind, here is our good notary, anxious to—

Wred. No, no; you are the proper man—it is more in you way.

Kwack. Is it possible that not one among you has courage enough to sacrifice himself for the good of his country. For shame, I blush for you, cowards.

Chit. Cowards!—not at all. I'll await him here—and I'll ask him.

Wred. So will I. I'll ask him. I don't mind his fury.

Andrew. Here he comes.

[*All run off.* CHITTLING *shuts his door in the Doctor's face, who then runs to* WREDDINK *who serves him in the same way, trying to escape by the back. He encounters* CÆSAR, *who seizes his arm.*

Cæsar. At last I have caught one. What is the meaning of this—eh? Why does every one shun me—eh? Why do they barricade their doors against me—eh? What does it mean. [*Shakes him.*

Kwack. [*Pulling pistols from his pocket.*] Let me go or I'll blow your brains out.

Cæsar. [*Starting away.*] Don't be a fool. Don't play with fire-arms. Put away those bull-dogs.

Kwack. Poor fellow, how his mind runs on dogs.

Cæsar. [*Snatching up a long sword.*] Put down those pistols or I'll run you through.

Kwack. Put down that sword or I'll shoot you.

Cæsar. Give me those pistols.

Kwack. Give me that sword.

Cæsar. Give me those pistols.

Kwack. [*Presents handles of pistols.*] Lay down that sword and I will.

[CÆSAR *throws down sword and takes pistols.* KWACKANBOAST *seizes the sword.*

Kwack. Now come along with me. [CÆSAR *presents pistols.*] Oh, fire away; they're not loaded.

[CÆSAR *throws them away in a rage.*

Kwack. Now be quiet or I'll cut you down. My dear friend, I am in earnest. Your condition seperates you from the rest of mankind. You are beyond the pale of humanity. You are a dangerous animal —a ferocious beast.

Cæsar. That's a strong dose of bitters, Master Doctor.

Kwack. Twill be of no use to deny it. You are mad, raging mad, so to relieve your friends' minds, confess your madness at once like a reasonable man.

Cæsar. What do you mean by mad; I'm no more mad than you are.

Kwack. You are mad, and you're a fool not to know it.

Cæsar. You'll make me mad. You'll put me in a fury.

[*Advancing.*

Kwack. [*Flourishes sword and* CÆSAR *retreats.*] Come now, be calm; come along with me, and I'll do something for you.

Cæsar. The wretch wants to put me between two feather beds and make a sandwich of me.

Kwack. But don't be angry with me, it was not my fault that you were bitten.

Cæsar. Is it possible—can I really be. Now I see why they all ran away from me. But when I tell you that I never have been bitten—

Kwack. What's that upon your neck—there's a scar.

Cæsar. This, oh, this is nothing. But I'll tell you all about it. Last Tuesday I happened to quarrel with old Wolf, the grocer; he got angry and gave me this claw in the neck, tore the skin a little and worried me a good deal

Kwack. [*Whose fear has prevented his hearing distinctly.*] Torn in the neck by an angry old wolf at the grocers! You confess then that you have been worried and torn by a wolf.

Cæsar. No, d——n it, by a man.

Kwack. You're sure it was a man?

Cæsar. To be sure I am; the stupid old jackass.

Kwack. Ah! ah! You contradict yourself my friend. First you said it was a wolf, then it was a man, now it's a jackass.

Enter SLOELEAF. R. U. E.

Sloe. What, have I found you, you villain, have I? What have you done with my cow.

Cæsar. Your cow, my cow; your wife gave it to me in payment; you'll never see it again.

Sloe. Make yourself easy, I don't want to see it again.

Cæsar. What the devil do you want?

Sloe. I want to know what has become of it, because I am a responsible man, and if anything should happen—

Cæsar. What do you mean?

Sloe. I mean that the day before you took away my cow she was bitten by a dog who has since gone—

Cæsar. Mad? A mad dog. Ow! ow! a mad dog!

Sloe. Who has since gone from his master's house, and is supposed to be mad.

Cæsar. A mad dog—and I ate so heartily of it!

Both. Of the dog?

Cæsar. No—the cow.

Kwack. Worried by a wolf, bitten by an ass, and eaten a mad cow!

Cæsar. What a light breaks in upon me. I begin to feel something. It's coming—I'm going—mad—mad—mad! [*Lays a hand on each of them; seizing them by the hair; he knocks their heads together, and then throws them asunder; and takes stage* R.] Doctor Kwackanboast!

Kwack. [*Seizing the sword.*] Keep off! keep off!

Cæsar. Good doctor—kind doctor—pretty doctor—is there no hope?

Kwack. I don't know—it's rather a complicated case; but don't despair. What color was the cow?

Cæsar. Black! black!

Kwack. That's bad. It's age?

Cæsar. Three years next Sunday afternoon, at ten minutes past three.

Kwack. That will do; I have an idea—a splendid idea—a ray of the divine fire of Esculapius. Come with me grocer. You wait there, poor devil, until I return. [*Exit with* SLOELEAF, R. U. E.

Cæsar. What is he going to do?—what shall I do? I'm going mad—I feel myself getting worse every instant—I'm getting excited. [*Sings.*] Fol lol de riddy iddy, bow, wow, wow!—bow, wow, wow! If they physic me, I can find my own bark. What will they do with me? I wonder. What have I done to deserve such a misfortune? It must be my ingratitude to old Rosin, the man who brought me up—the man who acted a father to me. Dear, kind old Rosin, who used to beat me so cruelly to make me learn the rheumatic, I mean the

*chro*matic scale. It must be that. What a black-hearted monster I have been. I have robbed him of his best friend—his only friend—his dog—which he named Cæsar, out of compliment to me. When he called Cæsar how we both used to run. Poor Cæsar, he quitted his master for me; a leg of a chicken was sufficient to lead him astray—but then that d——d cow—curse the cow—I wish the devil had—[*seeing* THERESE] Therese!

The. [*Half aside.*] My uncle and my cousin are both engaged; let me profit by this opportunity.

Cæsar. Well, Therese.

The. Well, Mr. Cæsar, I wish to consult you respecting the prisoner you confided to me. They have been here to ask about him.

Cæsar. Send him back, Therese, for I am sure he has been the cause of my misfortune.

The [*Advancing to him.*] Do you think so?

Cæsar. Don't come too near, Therese; don't come too near.

The. Why not, Cæsar?

Cæsar. Why not! Ain't you afraid I shall bite you?

The. I am not afraid. I saw you repulsed by every one—even by your friends; and I said, I will succour him, I will console him, commiseration and kindness may cure him; who knows, they have not tried these means.

Cæsar. [*Aside.*] What a kind little creature. And notwithstanding the danger you will remain near me?

The. I will never quit you while you are in trouble unless you *send* me away.

Cæsar. I send you away? you, the only one who comes near me in my distresss; and your cousin whom I thought so fond—if ever I do change this state of hydrophobia for the state hymeneal—it won't trouble her much.

The. What do you mean?

Cæsar. I mean, if you were free I would snap at you.

The. Oh, no, no; you mustn't snap at any one. Remember the whole village is in arms for your destruction. The mayor has offered half a dollar for your head—dead or alive.

Cæsar. Let him take my head, so you will accept my heart and hand. I adore you; your goodness, your beauty, makes me love you outrageously—madly. [*Seizing her hand.*

The. Not too near—'tis dangerous.

Cæsar. 'Tis true. My legs whirl round, my brain sinks under me. I'm getting furious—let me break something—the least thing, so I break it—perhaps *you've* nothing to break. Oh, my nerves—my legs—my legs. Where is the infernal cow—the cow—oh! to glut my vengeance on a cow.

The. Oh, dear, he is really very ill; fear has turned his brain; let me fetch something to relieve him. [*Runs into house,* L.

Cæsar. Oh, that infernal cow! She has gone to get something to console me. If she can but find the old woman's brandy bottle—I think a smasher would set me right.

Re-enter THERESE *with a glass of water.* KWACKANBOAST *and others from the back.*

The. Here, Mr. Cæsar, take this—'twill cool you.

Cæsar. [*Takes cup, then throws it away.*] Water—no, I can't drink water.

[*All rush upon him and catch him in a straight jacket, and throw a sheet over his head, exclaiming,* Hold him tight—knock him down, *&c., &c. He breaks away; seizes a stuffed stick from one of them and belabors them; but his leg being caught in a slip knot, he is thrown down; kicking violently as they are rushing upon him again.*

Enter WREDDINK.

Wred. What is the meaning of this disturbance? Has Bedlam broken loose?

Kwack. Come on, Mr. Wreddink, there is nothing to fear. My friends, it has hitherto been considered that hydrophobia was an incurable malady, but be not alarmed. I am here prepared to show you the most important discovery of the age: a discovery destined in the race for fame to outstrip the electric telegraph and to cast the water gas in the shade!

Wred. What do you mean?

Kwack. Allow me one simple question. When a man is attacked by hydrophobia, what is his greatest desire? Why, to bite—to bite. But why this desire to bite; and why this power to bite? Beyond a doubt, 'tis because he has teeth. Now, I propose to draw every tooth in his head, and thus deprive him of the power to bite.

Wred. There is reason in what you say.

Kwack. You know the remedy—let us now apply it. Let us draw every tooth from the head of this poor Cæsar, and so restore him to society.

Cæsar. Draw my teeth—no! I'm d——d if you do.

Kwack. Cæsar, my friend, be reasonable; depend on't, 'tis for your own comfort, so be quiet, for we shall proceed in spite of your teeth.

Cæsar. Keep off, you abominable old quack. If you dare to come near me—

Wred. Don't mind his fury, my friends, but proceed at once with the remedy.

[*They rush upon him,* KWACKANBOAST *with a large pair of pinchers.* CÆSAR *kicks and struggles.* THERESE *enters, runs to him and throws her arms around his neck.*

Kwack. Imprudent beauty, what are you about? He has got every tooth!

The. There is no danger, and, as a proof, I am ready to marry him directly.

All. To marry him?

The. Yes, if my uncle will consent. [*A dog is heard barking.*

Wred. What is that?

Chit. It sounds like a dog in my stable. Who has the key?

Achille. [*Looking through the key-hole.*] Why, it's old Rosin's dog.

Slot. The dog that bit my cow—he's mad!

Kwack. [*Running hastily across.*] I won't draw his teeth.

The. There is no occasion, nothing ails the dog. Cæsar quarreled with his master, and out of revenge brought the animal away and confided it to my care, and I have concealed it for several days in that stable.

Chit. Is this true?

Cæsar. Quite true. It was done out of spite, which spite, as it generally does, has recoiled on myself. But if her uncle will consent, I will henceforward devote to Therese the life she has saved from popular fury, and from the remedies of old Kwackanboast.

Chit. But my daughter Annette?

Kwack. If I might presume, Miss Annette, may I presume?

Annette. You may, until we are married, and then—

Cæsar. And then if he gets mad, you can try his remedy on himself, and if our friends will but join in the general forgiveness, we should be happy to think that our *fear* would *cheer*, and our *fright delight*, the patrons of MAD DOGS.

THE END.

No. 178.

BARNEY THE BARON.

A Farce, in One Act.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED
A description of the Costume—Cast of the Characters—Entrances and Exits—Relative Positions of the Performers on the Stage, and the whole of the Stage Business.

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS,

AS PERFORMED AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, APRIL 4, 1860.

Barney O'Toole, an itinerant tinker from the Emerald Isle, seeking his fortune.....	Mr. BARNEY WILLIAMS
Augustus	" RUSSELL
Bluffenberg	" FARREN
Karl	" J. O. SEFTON
Butcher	" LEIGH
Baker	" WILLIAMS
Tailor	" EVANS
Lady Margaret	Miss O. MARSHALL.
Edith	" IDA VERNON
Emma	" McCORMICK.

SCENE, GERMANY. TIME, ONE DAY.

COSTUMES.

BARNEY.—Drab breeches, red vest, ragged frieze coat, gray stockings, brogans, hat without a crown.

AUGUSTUS.—Blue Hussar jacket, white trowsers with stripe down sides, foraging cap.

BLUFFENBERG.—Black coat, small clothes, stockings, scarlet and black waist coat, cocked hat.

KARL.—White waistcoat trimmed with blue, scarlet braces, plum-colored plaited small clothes to the knee, the knee bare, striped blue stockings fastened below the knees with black garters, black shoes, buckles, drab hat.

LADY MARGARET.—Mourning dress.

EDITH.—Blue, yeilow, and scarlet petticoat, white apron, black velvet bodice, black and scarlet striped stockings.

EMMA.—Red and white striped petticoat and bodice, blue and white apron, stomacher, black neckerchief, straw hat and cap.

BARNEY THE BARON.

SCENE I.

A landscape. (*grove* 5.) *Wall across the stage. Gate* C. *Set castle on steps,* R. 8 E.

Enter AUGUSTUS *and* SERVANT, L. U. E.

Servant. What shall I do with the horses, sir?

Augustus. Take them to the next inn, there wait my orders. [*Exit* SERVANT, L. U. E.] How could I think of passing the home of my childhood? Ah! 'tis there; once happiness reigned within its walls. Far different now, possessed by a rapacious relative, enriched by my father's kindness, that parent, now no more, died while duty called me far from home. I would hear something of his dying hour, but how? Some one approaches.

Enter KARL *from Castle gate.*

Karl. Who is this I wonder? what can he want? Sir, may I—eh! no yes it is, my honored Captain.

Aug. What! Karl, is it you?

Karl. It is, my brave and generous commander, and happy am I to see you looking so well. Ah! sir, you recall happy times when I had the honor of fighting by your side, well do I remember when you mounted your warlike costume, when your lovely relation——

Aug. Peace, I pray you, Karl.

Karl. I understand you, times are altered, your cousin married to another against her will, your father dead, and the residence of your ancestors, the ancient castle of Blumenthal, possessed by a false friend, the Baron Amberg. But, sir, you look melancholy.

Aug. 'Tis no wonder, Karl. But tell me, how has fortune behaved to you?

Karl. Why, sir, as she does to most people, sometimes well, sometimes very ill. After many hard kicks I have at last beome a porter to this castle, which berth I jumped into only three weeks ago.

Aug. What, employed by the Baron Amberg? that false——

Karl. Make yourself easy on that score, sir. The law laid its clutches on him several weeks ago, he is accused of many crimes,

and the sooner they hang him the better, if that job isn't already finished.

Aug. I am astonished! but the castle and——

Karl. Ah! that's the cream of the joke. When the Baron Amberg was imprisoned, his creditors seized the castle and all belonging to it, and put it into a public lottery, about three weeks ago, and it fell a prize into—what do you think?

Aug. I can't guess.

Karl. Into the budget of an itinerant tinker, an Irishman, who was resolved, as he said, to try his luck with all he had scraped together, and a lucky attempt it has been for him.

Aug. Can it be possible! This venerable castle, this wide domain, so long the residence of nobles and heroes, has fallen into such hands?

Karl. Strange as it may seem, it is true. But if he is not a better man than its former possessor, it is very hard. However, my brave commander, since fortune has not given it to you it might as well be his as any other's.

Aug. But your predecessor in office, Peter, the old porter, what has become of him?

Karl. Defunct, sir; he has changed his quarters, and I hope he is well billetted by this time. He was as deaf as a beetle, and I think the sound of a cannon at his ear would not cause him to wink.

Aug. If I mistake not I think he has some female relative.

Karl. You are right, sir. A neice, fresh as a rose, with a pair of eyes that would pierce the heart of any man, though it were made of iron.

Aug. Indeed! Then I suppose those sparklers, as you call them, have lighted up a flame in you that——

Karl. Yes, sir; but the worst of it is there is nothing to make the pot boil.

Aug. Didn't her uncle leave her anything to live on but love?

Karl. Nothing, sir, only something that would be a little harder to masticate.

Aug. And what may that be?

Karl. A large, old-fashioned key.

Aug. And what does it belong to?

Karl. That's a great mystery, for it won't fit a lock in the house. But here comes the merry Edith, what a pretty wife she'll make, quite a treasure.

Enter EDITH *from Castle.*

Edith. [c.] Well, Karl, I must say you are a lazy fellow. What in the name of fortune are you doing, when you know the new lord of the castle is expected every minute. If you don't get ready to welcome the new master in, whoever he may be, perhaps he may get ready to turn you out. But I should like to know who that fine gentleman is, Karl.

Karl. Why, do you forget, eh? that's the eldest son of your *former master,* the dear Baron, Captain Augustus Blumenthal.

Edith. No! is it possible! Well, for true and certain, so it is. How do you do sir? I hope you are not offended at my not remembering you? Goodness me, I now think of the day when you went to the wars, I expected you would come home quite a fright, covered with scars, and bumps, and patches, but now I look at you I am really quite agreeably disappointed; you look very nice, indeed you do, sir.

Karl. How can you talk that way to the gentleman? You never say such things to me.

Edith. Be quiet, Karl. What a nice black mustache he has got.

Karl. What's that to you? what have you got to do with mustaches? for shame!

Aug. I am anxious to ask you some questions relative to what has passed since I left this, my native home.

Edith. Yes, sir, well you know when your father was pressed to pay his debts, the Baron Amberg said he would pay them for him.

Aug. Yes, provided the castle became his after my father's death.

Edith. That's true, sir, only one day your good father, the Baron, was going to pay him back his money, and reclaim the castle and estate for his son.

Karl. Yes, sir, and you know you are your father's son.

Aug. But where did he get the money, that's the question.

Edith. That I can't tell, sir. However, he didn't pay it, and then they quarreled, and your father died soon after, and the Baron Amberg was seen no more, and my old uncle kept moving about growling like a bear.

Karl. Yes, and as deaf as a post.

Edith. A few weeks since he beckoned me to his bedside; the tears were in the old man's eyes, he pressed me to him and said: 'Edith, this is your dowry," at the same time putting into my hand this old-fashioned, rusty key. He then gave a sigh, and then a moan, and never spoke another word.

Aug. There is some mystery connected with that key. The dying words of the old man, and my father's intention to gain back the castle and domains. It is strange! [*shouts* L.] What does that mean?

Karl. The tenantry and tradesmen are approaching to welcome the new lord.

Aug. I wish to remain unknown to any of my father's former vassals. Karl, is it consistent with your duty to allow me to enter the residence of my ancestors?

Karl. With pleasure, honored sir, you will find plenty of room to roam about in, but you will excuse me if I stay and welcome the new lord with the budget. It is a strange world and a man must bend to fortune.

Aug. You are right, my friend, and reason like a philosopher.

Karl. But stay, sir, while you are roving about through the castle suppose you take this old key with you, perhaps you may—

Aug. Well thought of, with all my heart, it may serve to kill an hour.

Edith. There, valiant captain, and remember, I consign my only fortune to your keeping.

Aug. I swear it is safe; farewell, they are here.

[*Exit into Castle.*

Enter BLUFFENBERG *and* VILLAGERS, *shouting*, U. E. L.

Bluffenberg. [R.] That will do. I am glad to see you manifest such joy and gratification on the approach of our new lord, for I say, though he is, what is vulgarly called a tinker, yet I say, he is our master, and as such, whether tinker or tailor, or even a rat-catcher, we are bound to receive him with all due honor. Master Karl, where are the keys of the castle?

Edith. I have them, Mr. Baillie Bluffenberg.

Blu. That's a good girl, now then all is right. Karl you may have the honor of joining our procession. I want to exercise our friends a little, before the new Baron arrives. Edith, you must remain to look after the castle; let no one enter till I return. I have the keys.

Edith. But the doors are all open, Mr. Baillie.

Blu. Silence, girl, you know nothing of such matters; they are supposed to be shut till I return and present the keys. Forward friends. [*Exeunt* R. U. E. *shouting.*

Edith. So then, they have left me all alone. I have a great mind to go and have a little bit of gossip with the Captain, he is so much handsomer than Karl. To be sure, Karl is very decent, but the Captain, he—[BARNEY O'TOOLE *sings outside.*] Who is this, I wonder? an odd sort of figure, to be sure, however I had better go in.

Enter BARNEY O'TOOLE, L. 2 E., *carrying budget.*

Barney. Well, here I am at last, and the divil a soul do I see about the place. Och, long life to St. Patrick. Here's a bit of luck, Barney O'Toole, tinker, from the beautiful town of Clatterduffy, in ould Ireland, transmogrified into a lord, all through a bit of frolic when I was muhashered, that's English for drunk. I put all my hard earnings into a lottery for a castle, faith it was a lucky job, for when I got drunk, I was only a poor Irish tinker on his perigrinations, and when I got sober, I was a German Baron, and owner of this pile of stones, they call it a castle. Och, it's illigant. I'll have fun. I wonder if the maid servants are purty? It will sound mighty fine to be called a lord—Lord Barney from Clatterduffy. Considering that I'm a lord, I'm a mighty poor one at present, I'll sell a pig and a cow or two in the morning to raise the wind, for I might dance a jig on my pockets without knocking my shins against a penny. So this is my castle and illigant lands.

Enter EDITH *from Castle.*

Edith. This castle! Why, who can that creature be?

Barney. This is one of the maids; faith she's purty enough to be

Mrs. O'Toole. Are you one of my sarvints, my darlint? Come here, I want to ax you if I'm at home.

Edith. At home. Oh, dear! I—I—

Barney. She stares like a stuck pig.

Edith. I mean sir, are you the new Baron, sir?

Barney. The what, honey?

Edith. The new lord.

Barney. Say that again, it tickles me

Edith. Then you really are a lord?

Barney. Faith, I am, if the man at the lottery office hasn't tould me a lie; not you see that I'm a bit consised of the title, for to be a lord now-a-days is no great shakes. They say there are so many rotten sheep among them; but though I am a German Baron, I'm a native of ould Ireland, and that is as proud a title as they can give me.

Edith. I crave your lordship's pardon, but the vassals, with the baillie, have just gone out to meet you on the great road. I wonder you didn't see them.

Barney. Faith, I don't wonder at it, for myself came across the fields for the sake of a short cut, and it's mighty dry I am after walking. Maybe you have a drop of buttermilk in the big house.

Edith. My lord, the baillie will be here presently to present you with whatever you choose to order.

Barney. That's my darling. In what capacity do you serve my house?

Edith. I'm a niece to the late porter, and Karl, the new porter, is my sweetheart, if you please, sir.

Barney. The divil an objection do I make to it, my colleen. Plenty of catterwauling, I'll engage, going on in the ould castle. I wish you would show me the way to the larder; let me wash my face at the pump, before any of the boys see me, then escort me to the cellar, for I am both dry and hungry.

Edith. Oh, my lord! have you had nothing to eat to-day?

Barney. The divil a rap; all my appetite went for the little drink, and poor stuff it is, too. Auger beer; a man might swill a tun of it, and not get drunk or fat.

Edith. Lager beer I suppose you mean, my lord?

Barney. I suppose it's Auger or Leather Beer, for it tasted like tan wather.

Edith. But you can't enter the castle, my lord, until the baillie arrives to present you with the keys.

Barney. And isn't the gates wide open?

Edith. But it's the custom, my lord.

Barney. To the divil with such customs. I wait for an ould bailiff? Faith, I never waited for one in my life. I always made great haste to get out of their way. Just help me to carry my budget into the castle, and then show me the pantry. [*Takes up budget.*

Edith. Well, as you order, I must obey; but the baillie will be vexed. However, the ceremony is sometimes performed in the haunted chamber.

Barney. The what!

Edith. A part of the castle, my lord, where a spirit all dressed in white is seen every night.

Barney. What, a ghost?

Edith. Yes, my lord. At midnight he walks about with a great chain dragging after him, nearly a quarter of a mile long.

Barney. Arrah, don't be humbugging us.

Edith. It is too true, my lord. They say he will never cease to haunt the castle till some one is bold enough to speak to him; so perhaps your lordship—

Barney. Thank you for the loan of your story, honey. Is it me speak to a ghost? No, I'm not curious that way. I haven't the least objection to encounter spirits, but as to a ghost—oh, be aisy.

[*Shouts* L. H.

Edith. Oh, my lord, yonder I see the villagers, headed by Mr. Baillie Bluffenberg.

Barney. Mr. who?

Edith. Baillie Bluffenberg.

Barney. Bluff—Bluff—that's a bothering name, but if I don't knock down his name I must try to stagger it.

Edith. If your lordship will have the goodness to remain here, I'll announce your arrival. [*Exit* R. U. E.

Barney. My lordship. By St. Patrick, I believe it's dreaming I am: but as long as it's pleasant I don't care if I never wake. Och, murther, here comes two illegant ladies coming this way, getting out of a coach. Some of the lord's daughters hereabouts, I suppose, coming to ax me to take a snack wid them. Och, but they're beautiful; Barney, you divil, you were born under a lucky star, to have the darling women running after you, notwithstanding your disappointment wid ould Molly Mahony. There's no danger of my dying an old maid after all.

Enter LADY MARGARET *and* EMMA, L. H.

Lady Margaret. You have told the post-boy to wait, as I ordered?

Emma. I have, my lady.

Lady M. This, Emma, is the castle I have journeyed to purchase.

Emma. Surely, my lady, you do not intend to throw away your money in purchasing such a horrible old place as this?

Barney. [*Aside.*] They don't seem to think much of my bargain.

Emma. I tell you what, my lady, if I was in your place, and I was a fine, dashing young widow, I'd lay out my money in a fine, handsome castle, and not such an old rat-trap as this.

Barney. [*Aside.*] I wish you was in it—call my castle an old rat-trap.

Lady M. No, Emma, as it is my intention to remain single, I would rather be the owner of that castle.

Barney. [R.] Savin' your presence, ma'am, but this castle is not to be sould. I wouldn't be after parting wid it for the biggest sum of money you could offer.

Lady M. Are you the new owner?

Barney. Faith, I am, my honey. [*Aside.*] Och, but she's an illigant cratur, intirely. She'd make a nice lump of a wife for my lordship. Maybe you'd step in ladies, and take a rasher of bacon, and a pot of—of—bother that name—oh, leather beer.

Lady M. Sir, I accept your proffered kindness. I own it will afford me satisfaction to enter yonder mansion.

Edith. [*outside* R. U. E.] This way, this way!

Barney. Here comes all my sarvints, tinants, and the old Baillie Bluff—Bluffenberg, or whatever his name is. [*Shouts, music.*

Enter BAILLIE, EDITH, TENANTS, *&c.*, *&c.*, R. U. E.—BARBER *with a wig on a pole.* TAILOR *with a coat on a pole,* SHOEMAKER *with boots on a pole,* BUTCHER *with a leg of mutton on a pole, and* COOK *with a ladle. All march around shouting.*

Barney. Stop your noise! do you want to break the drums of my ears? all I can say is this, that you're as welcome as flowers in May. [*Shouts.*] And we will be as thick as thieves in a little time. [*Shouts*] You are a fine set of chaps, so you are, and you will find my lordship as dacent a fellow as you would meet with from Bantry to the Bay of Biscay, and farther too. [*Shouts.*

Blu. [L. *Kneeling.*] My lord, with all respect, I, Baillie Bluffenbery, in accordance with the usage of the days of yore——

Barney. What days?

Blu. Days of yore.

Barney. What kind of days was them days?

Blu. Days of yore means days of old.

Barney. Well, why didn't you say so at first. Go on with the rest of your talk.

Blu. I here present your highness with the keys of your principality.

Barney. [*Aside.*] I'm bothered what to do here, but I suppose I must go down upon my marrow-bones too. [*Kneels and takes keys.*] Hark you, Mr. Bluffenberg, which is the key of the wine cellar? No matter, I'll find it out myself. But what are these things on the top of poles, eh, boys?

Blu. A small tribute of respect from the tradesmen in the village, specimens of their art, which they humbly beg your lordship to accept.

Barney. Faith! I've no objection in life, and I'll do as much for them when I raise the money.

Blu. [*Taking wig from pole.*] A wig, as a present to your highness.

Barney. What, must I have that stuck on the top of my pate? Faith, I have a good head of hair of my own, but since I am a lord I suppose I must, so here goes. [*Puts it on—all shout.*] But the divil a word can I hear, it covers my ears, old Blue-bag.

Blu. [*Taking coat.*] A specimen of the tailoring department for your lordship's inspection.

Barney. What the divil's this? A coat, faith it's a quare one, but

tho' its not much in my way, as my own is a little the worse for wear, I don't care if I do try it on. [*Puts on coat—all shout.*] There, I'll give you this as a keepsake. [*Throws old coat to* TAILOR.] Is there anything else? [BLUFFENBERG *points to boots on pole.*] I'll put them on when I get something to eat, for I'm half starved. [BUTCHER *comes forward with mutton,* BARNEY *snatches it from pole and throws it to servant, who exits* R.] There, go put that into the pot to boil for supper. But I forgot to ax if there is any tinkers among ye boys, eh?

Blu. No, my lord, they have all gone to a fair, some ten miles distant, and will not return to the village till to-morrow.

Barney. When they come back tell every mother's son of them to come up here and have an illigant blow out for the honor of the trade. And now, my lady, may I ax the honor of your lily-white hand, to show you my old castle. As for you, all of you may go into the kitchen and ate and drink till you're black in the face. Come, my lady.

Exeunt into Castle. Shouts and music. People divide R. *and* L. *of Castle entrance by order of the* BAILLIE. *They bow* BARNEY *and* LADY MARGABET *in,* EMMA, EDITH, *and* KARL *follow. All shout.*

SCENE II.—*An old-fashioned Room,* (*groove* 2.)

Enter AUGUSTUS *and* KARL, L. H.

Aug. Yes, Karl, it was Providence that directed me to the dwelling of my ancestors. After trying this key in vain in the lock of every door, I remembered a secret panel, which hid from view an iron safe, and was fortunate enough to discover that this was the key of it—with anxiety I opened it——

Karl. I hope you found something good, sir?

Aug. I did, my friend. It contained a box filled with gold, together with this packet, the writing, the hand of my deceased father.

Karl. And what was the paper all about, sir?

Aug. You shall hear. [*Reads.*] "I regret my only child is not here to receive my latest blessing. My steward, the faithful uncle of Edith, will place in his hands this box, containing 400 florins, lately left me by will. It will enable him to buy the domains and castle of his ancestors, and may he be as happy as a fond father can wish."

Karl. Sir, I'm petrified with joy, and congratulate my commander on his lucky discovery.

Aug. Hear the rest. [*Reads.*] "I know my son will act with liberality to my servant Peter."

Karl. Oh, bless him! he must have been a good old gentleman. But as Peter happens to be dead, and nobody left, you know, sir, but his niece, my little sweet Edith, why—

Aug. I understand you, Karl, fear me not. You shall have such a marriage portion as shall make you happy for life.

Karl. Ten thousand thanks, my honored sir, and in return I can only say that while life is mine, you may command its services.

Aug. One thing makes me uneasy, Karl, that is the uncertainty of being able to repurchase this, the home of my ancestors, from its new owner.

Karl. No fear in life, sir, leave that to me. I'll frighten him out of it, He seems a good natured, honest sort of a fellow, for one of such low life, and like most natives of his country, brave, but fearfully superstitious. The idea of a haunted chamber being in the castle has made him half repent gaining such a prize, and if you only leave the matter to me, sir, in one week, or less, you'll find yourself the lord and master of the Castle of Blumenthal.

Aug. This is gratifying indeed, but how to accomplish it?

Karl. Hereafter you shall know all. But yonder comes Edith. Mum's the word, sir. Wait for me in the orchard, and I'll soon join you.

Aug. I rely on you with hope, my honest Karl. [*Exit* R. H.

Enter EDITH, L. *speaking.*

Edith. If I can do anything more, my lady, you may command me. Well I declare, Karl, she is a very nice lady, that's certain. But how do you like our new lord? isn't he a queer looking witch? Not but he is very good natured after all, but he is so unlike a baron. However, I suppose it's the custom of his country. I just left him this moment, looking at the swine feeding, and he says it's fine fun, and put his arm around my neck and gave me half a dozen kisses.

Karl. The devil he did! And how dare you tell me such a thing?

Edith. Oh, dear! Well next time he does it I won't tell you; now are you pleased?

Karl. Pleased? No, I'm not pleased. [*Aside.*] But no matter, I'll be even with him. I'll frighten him out of the castle this very night, if any man can do it. Curse such fellows, kissing all the girls before him. But I'll be even with him.

Edith. Oh, here he comes with Mr. Baillie Bluffenberg. Let's get out of the way. [*Exeunt* R. H.

Enter BLUFFENBERG, L., *bowing in* BARNEY.

Barney. Stop your bobbing. Arrah, man, don't be bowing to the likes of me. Faith, its an illigant place, that's what it is. Myself is tired of looking at all the fine sights about the place. But Mr. Bluffenberg, you have not given me any cash yet. I haven't as much as would pay turnpike for a jackass.

Blu. Money, my lord! I have none, your highness.

Barney. You havn't? A purty tenant you are! Well then, you must get me some.

Blu. If your lordship will inform me how.

Barney. Make the tinants fork out the rint before hand, as the land agents do in Ireland, when the landlords, who live in England, are short of cash.

Blu. Rents, your highness, there are no rents attached to this domain.

Barney. The divil there isn't.

Blu. No, my lord, you have only the castle grounds, and title in an honorary way.

Barney. It's what I call a mighty humbugging way. It seems, after all, my prize was nothing but a swindle. I'll tell you what, Mr. Baillie thing-amy, money I must have. I counted about twenty illigant beds and boulsters up stairs. You know the one-half of them is more than enough, so just tumble out half a dozen of them and sell them, then let seven or eight of them fat pigs be sent to the fair to-morrow. I don't like pork, unless it's bacon hung up the chimney over the smoke of a good turf fire, when a body can cut off a rasher and clap it in the pan, then it eats Christian like, with some good mealy potatoes. Is supper a'most ready, boys, eh?

Enter KARL, L. H.

Karl. It is, your highness.

Barney. Well, then, let there be something nice, plenty of tripe and onions, and liver and bacon, and cabbage, and a big bowl of praties.

Karl. While supper is getting ready, my lord, perhaps you would like to explore the haunted gallery?

Barney. Bad luck to you and the haunted gallery; don't speak of it any more; I'm sick of the whole place already; I wish somebody would buy it off my hands, and I'd open all the tinkers a shop with the money.

Karl. [*Aside.*] I'll soon accomplish that for you, on much lower terms than you expect.

Blu. It may be necessary to inform your highness of the facts connected with the fated haunted gallery. Every night dismal noises are heard, and it is supposed to be the guilty Baron Amberg, who walks about, in hopes of being spoken to.

Barney. By my soul, thin, he may walk till his brogues wear out, before he'll get me to talk to him a question. Divil take the day I came into this. Is the eating and drinking ready?

Karl. It is all ready, my lord.

EDITH, KARL, *and* SERVANTS *bring in Supper. Table* R.

Barney. That will do, my jewels. I hope it is good stuff. Wait till I have a taste. [*Lifts covers from dishes—tastes everything.*] This is beautiful, but where is the praties? Why the divil don't you bring in the praties? [*All run off* R. *and bring in a dish af potatoes.*] Bad luck to ye all, is this the way you murder the craturs, by peeling off the skins before their time? bad luck to you; take that, and that. [*Throws potatoes at them.*] Run, you divils, and send the beautiful lady here. Here, ould Bluffenbag, would you like a taste? Here, man alive, gobble that down, and this; never mind, fingers were made before forks, as the saying is.

Blu. Your lordship is kind. Was there ever such a host? But for fear of losing my place I must humor him.

Barney. Now, that you are sarved, you may be off. [BLUFFENBERG *going.*] Here, stop! what do you call this?

Blu. That is a beautiful dish of sourkrout.

Barney. Oh, big misfortune to me, you have poisoned me.

Blu. That is not poison, my lord, that is sourkrout.

Barney. Faith, it's sour enough. It looks like an ould blanket cut up into smithereens, and boiled in meal and water. Now, away wid you, and tell the cook to keep out of my way or I'll stuff your ould wig down her throat, and see how she'll like that for sourkrout —begone, ould cabbage head.

Blu. Yes, your highness. What a brute he is. [*Exit* R.

Barney. And mind about the pigs and feather beds. I won't get the last of them blankets out of my mouth for a month.

Enter KARL R.

Karl. My lord, a strange young man has just stopped at the gate and begs admittance for the night.

Barney. Tell him to walk his bones in.

Karl. Yes, my lord. So far, so good. [*Exit* R.

Barney. I'll make that chap sleep in the next room to myself, and if the ould Baron should take it into his head to walk I'll bring my bed into his room.

Enter AUGUSTUS, R.

Aug. I trust, sir, you will excuse this visit from a stranger, who merely requests the favor of an accommodation for the night.

Barney. Don't say another word about it, honey. Sit down here and eat your fill. Do you like tripe and onions? or mutton, or liver, or bacon, or—no, I won't ask you to eat sourkrout because I don't particularly fancy it myself.

Aug. Sir, I—I—I—

Barney. Arrah, man alive, sit still and take pot-luck. Sure, we'll have a nice lady here in a minute.

Aug. A lady!

Barney, Eh, that makes you cock your eye, does it? Och, sure, you're just the boy after my own heart. The tinkers bates the world for running after the girls. Here comes the crature, now stick your best leg foremost.

Enter LADY MARGARET, L.

Lady M. Sir, I fear this intrusion—Heavens!

Aug. Can I believe my senses?

Barney. What the divil ails them?

Lady M. Is it possible, my Augustus!

Aug. [*Embraces her.*] Margaret, rapture! transport!

Barney. Beautiful! Come and eat your supper, then make as

much love as you plaze. Now, ma'am, eat your supper, it will do you good after that squeeze you got.

[*Helps her profusely.—Carves awkwardly, &c.*

Lady M. May I ask if chance alone has brought you here, Augustus?

Aug. Partly so. But why do you wear those emblems of sorrow?

Lady M. My husband is dead.

Aug. [*Jumping up.*] Dead! Are you then free? [*Dances.*

Barney. That chap's mad. Arrah, man, can't you take it aisy? if it plazes the lady as well, for I see by the corners of her eye that she has no objection in life to you, and if you are apt to go on in that way, jumping about, I think the sooner the lady takes you to herself, to quiet you, the better.

Aug. You must be very happy, sir, in the enjoyment of such a fine residence as this?

Barney. To be sure I am, happy as a pig in a puddle. Isn't it an illigant place. I wouldn't sell it this minute, for he who buys it must have a long purse, for I tould her ladyship I wouldn't let her have it for four millions of florins, as they call them in these outlandish parts.

Lady. M. I fear, then, on such terms, it will long continue yours.

Barney. Well, I can t help that, honey, I have no rint to pay, nor am I in any danger that blackguard tax-man will sell my cows for taxes.

Aug. With thanks for your kind hospitality, I beg to retire for the night. This lady must want repose, and I propose to depart at the dawn of day.

Lady M. So soon, Augustus?

Barney. Oh, never mind what he says, ma'am, he's only joking. We'll meet at breakfast, in the morning, and ate a few butter rolls and some boiled praties, with the skins on them, and a part of a stir-about to give our appetites a whet. I'll take care of the natives this time, I'll boil them myself.

Aug. Should you not be disposed to depart early, I will wait with pleasure, in the morning; till then, wishing you a happy repose, farewell.

Lady M. Good night.

AUGUSTUS *leads her to* L. H., *kisses her hand. Exit* LADY MARGARET L.

Barney. What a nice crature. Good night, ma'am, pleasant dreams to you ma'am. Faith, it's myself that wishes I was in Murphy's arms, for I'm tired of eating and drinking. I say, remember you sleep in the same room to me. If you hear a noise in the night don't be afraid to call out, not that I think you will. There's a candle, and that's the way to your room. [*Pointing* L.] So baunah luthey, as we say in Irealnd.

Aug. Good night, and should we not meet again, with thanks for your kind reception, farewell. [*Exit* L.

Barney. That's a pleasant sort of a fellow. Faith, this is better than being a tinker. [*He has been drinking during the above, and is now drunk.*] I'll just take another drop for fear I'll be dry in the morning. [*Drinks, then takes bottle, candle, &c.*] I'll go to bed now for fear of meeting that ould dead baron. I'll take these with me to keep me company. [*Drunken business, and exit* R. H.

SCENE III.—*Gothic Chamber, (groove* 5.) *Door* C. *Bed with curtains* L. *Night-cap and long night-gown on bed. Chairs* R. *and* L. *Table side of bed. Lights half up.*

Enter BARNEY, C., *with bottle, &c.*

Barney. My blackguards of sarvints is all gone to bed, I suppose, without my leave. But I suppose it's the fashion in this foreign country. This is the divil's own place. I don't like the looks of it, but I'll cover my head with the blankets when I go to bed, and take the bottle with me to kill fear. [*Sees night cap.*] What the divil's that? Och, it's a bag to put my head in for fear I'd catch cold. Ould Bluebag is mighty careful of me; the divil fire him with his sour stuff. A whole regiment of living sojers couldn't frighten me now, but I can't say so much for my bravery with the dead ones. I'll sleep in my clothes and be ready for a race with the ghost. [*Looks under the bed.*] Before I go to bed I want to see if there's no robbers in the house. Now I'll put out the light. [*Goes to bed. Groan heard* C.] What's that? [*Noise of chains* C.] I'm afraid to come out. [*Door* C. *opens and discovers* KARL *with gown and night-cap on, and long chains. Blue fire.*] Oh! the blessed St. Patrick, it's a ghost! [*Falls out of bed, drags bed-clothes after him, and upsets table.*] Oh, give me time to repent, Mr. Ghost. [KARL *groans and rattles chains*] No, I won't drink any more, [*Groan*] or run after the girls any more. [*Groan.*] Oh! Mr. Ghost, take me down aisy, and don't send me down with brimstone and fire. [*Groan.*

Karl. Once more I take my earthly walk; 'tis as cold as ice.

Barney. I'm thinking you come from a pretty warm spot, for all that.

Karl. The new lord has not entered this apartment yet.

Barney. I wish I had never put my foot in it.

Karl. Soon will he retire to rest.

Barney. I wish you would retire to rest.

Karl. Then woe is his lot.

Barney. Oh what will become of me, at all, at all.

Karl. I await his coming.

Barney. You needn't trouble yourself to wait, you may go. I wonder if he is going to drink my wine? he must be dry, he comes from a hot country.

Karl. I will then seize the wretched villain and seal his doom. [*Noise* L

Barney. Arrah, what will become of me!

Karl. Hark! the cock crows, 'tis time for me to leave.

Barney. Bad luck to the ould rooster, why didn't he crow before?

Karl. He comes not.

Barney. He doesn't know I hear. He can't see, the fire down below has scorched his eyes.

Karl. To-morrow night I'll come again.

Barney. I'll be d—d if you'll find me here to-morrow night, nor to morrow morning, either.

Karl. Till then he lives.

Barney. Thank you, for the loan of your tea-pot.

[*Exit* KARL, C. *rattling chains.*

Barney. Here! Karl, Bluffenberg, everybody!

Enter AUGUSTUS, EDITH, LADY MARGARET *and* SERVANTS, C., *with lights.*

All. What's the matter?

Barney. What's the matter? Plenty is the matter. The divil has been here to pay me an evening visit.

All. My lord!

Barney. Don't lord me any more. I'm no lord or baron, but plain Barney O'Toole, from Clatterduffy, and a tinker by trade, and if your ladyship has a mind to buy this castle and all that belongs to it, it's yours without another word. [*Throws bed clothes on bed.*

Lady M. Agreed! at a fair valuation it is mine.

Edith. But won't you stop another night or two?

Barney. No, I have no ambition to encounter another—

KARL *enters* C., *and comes down on* R. *of* BARNEY.

Karl. Ghost, you would say, my lord.

Barney. Oh, murdher, was you the ghost? Oh, you thief of the world to frighten the life out of me. [KARL *retreats to* R. *corner.*

Aug. Pardon a worthy servant, whose only object was to make others happy. You have pledged your word to resign this, the residence of my forefathers. You shall be paid the sum you may demand.

Barney. Give me your fist. I have pledged my word, and I won't break it, if I can make two living couples happy. There, take my blessing, and get married as fast as you can.

Edith. And, if you please, I should like to get married to—to—Karl.

Barney. Oh, with all my heart, the more the merrier, and the only satisfaction I ax from that fellow in the corner there is, that he shall take you to church in the morning. Only, I say, honey, take care he don't play the ghost again. Now you are all satisfied, and nothing more is wanting but the applause of our friends to welcome

BARNEY THE BARON.

CURTAIN.

SPENCER'S BOSTON THEATRE, NEW SERIES.::::NO. III.

THE

SWISS SWAINS,

AN ORIGINAL OPERETTA, IN ONE ACT.

BY B. WEBSTER, COMEDIAN.

THE MUSIC BY

ALEXANDER LEE, Esq.

WITH ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, SCENE AND PROPERTY PLOTS, AND ALL THE STAGE BUSINESS.

BOSTON:

WILLIAM V. SPENCER,

128 Washington, corner of Water St.

1856.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Original Haymarket, London, 1837.	*National, Boston*, 1849.	*Museum, Boston*, 1850.	*Lyceum, Boston*. 1850.
WALTER,	Mr. Collins.	Mr. Keach.	Mr. E. F. Keach.	Mr. H. Russell.
SWIG,	Mr. Webster.	Mr. J. R. Vincent.	Mr. J. W. Thoman.	Mr. G. Skerrett.
BURGOMASTER,	Mr. Ray.	Mr. Stone.	Mr. Bradley.	E. B. Williams.
Hunters, Peasants.				
DAME GLIB,	Mrs. Tayleure.	Mrs. Vincent.	Mrs. Judah.	Mrs. Penson.
ROSETTE,	Mrs. Waylette.	Miss Mestayer.	Mrs. Thoman.	Miss Gannon.

	Howard Athenæum, Boston, 1852.	*National, Boston*, 1852.	*Boston Theatre*, 1855.	*Museum, Boston*, 1855.
WALTER,	Miss J. Pelby.	Miss J. Pelby.	Mr. J. B. Howe.	Mr. H. Bascom.
SWIG,	Mr. J. Jefferson.	Mr. G. G. Spear.	Mr. J. Wood.	Mr. W. Warren.
BURGOMASTER,	Mr. Hodges.	Mr. Meer.	Mr. Holmes.	Mr. Danforth.
Hunters, Peasants.				
DAME GLIB,	Mrs. Isherwood,	Mrs. J. R. Vincent.	Mrs. Gilbert.	Mrs. Vincent.
ROSETTE,	Miss J. Miles.	Miss A. Cruise.	Mrs. J. Wood.	Mrs. Eckhardt.

SWISS SWAINS.

SCENERY.

Act 1—*Scene* 1.—Picturesque view of a Swiss village 7 G. Mount Blanc. Gauze discovered down to represent the mist, and ascends during the chorus, and lights full up. Set Swiss cottage 2 E. R. H. Door practical. Upper window with platform and steps behind. Set barn above house on R. H. Door in it practical. Set tree well braced on R. C. in front of house, with cleats for Swig. Set return piece and platform 3 E. L. H. Set bridge across R. to L., and return on to stage practical, 4 E. L. H. Trap open back in C., with steps to ascend and descend. Ground-piece across in front of bridge. Ground-piece in front of trap. Set bush 1 G. L. H.

PROPERTIES.

Act 1—*Scene* 1.—7 G. Tressel for 2 barrels, 2 E. L. 8 hunting spears and hunting horns for hunters. Shepherds' crooks for shepherds. Bundle of straw behind barn, R. H., and ladder with sharp points at end. Magpie and cage in house, R. H. Knapsack and 2 loaded pistols for Walter. 2 wine-kegs in house, R. 2 E., for Swig, with small holes in head. Gimblet (for Swig) and wallet and black paper. Pail of water and 2 large long syringes ready, 2 E. L. H. Swiss milking pails for Rosette. 4 milking pails for peasants. Stone for Swig. Long Swiss drum and stick for Swiss peasant.

COSTUMES.

Walter—Blue Hussar jacket; white trousers, with red stripe down the sides; Forragin cap.

Swig—White waistcoat, trimmed with blue; scarlet braces; plum-colored plaited small-clothes to the knee, the knee bare; striped blue stockings fastened below the knee, with black garters; black shoes; buckles; white and blue striped night-cap; drab hat, ornamented with flowers; wallet, pipe, &c.

Burgomaster—Black coat; small clothes; stockings; scarlet and black waistcoat; cocked hat.

Hunters—Green hunting dresses.

Male Villagers—Swiss peasant dresses.

Dame Glib—Red and white striped petticoat and bodice; blue and white apron; stomacher; black neck-kerchief; straw hat and cap.

Rosette—Blue, yellow, and scarlet petticoat; white apron; black velvet bodice; black and scarlet striped stockings; straw hat and flowers.

Female Villagers—Swiss peasant dresses.

SWISS SWAINS.

SCENE I.—*A Picturesque view of a Swiss Village, with Mount Blanc in the distance. In the foreground the farm of* JEANNETTE GLIB, *with a large tree close to it. The stage to be sunk at the back, to give the farm the appearance of being about mid-way up the mountain. A bridge to cross the opening obliquely,* R. *to* L., *other bridges at various distances. At the rising of the curtain, the mountain is enveloped in mist, which is gradually dispelled by the rising of the sun. At intervals of the opening music, the peculiar call of the Swiss peasantry is heard repeated from hill to dale, and by degrees the stage is filled with chamois hunters, husbandmen, and milkmaids.*

CHORUS.

Light o'er the lea the hunter bounds,
With buoyant heart, and brow unclouded,
Shrill answer to his bugle's sound,
The hill with its peak in thick mists shrouded.
Borne on his sharp-piked staff he springs,
And his lowland cares to the rough breeze flings,
La loup! la loup! la loup!
The shepherd hastes to tend his flocks,
With pipe and song resound the rocks;
And maidens sing their roundelay,
As to the vale they wend their way,
Lira la! lira la!

The hunters and shepherds ascend the mountain, and the girls and boys descend. As the music gradually dies away, figures are seen passing the various bridges and ascending the different roads.

Dame. (*Without.*) Karl, Fritz, Jaques, Maria, where are you all? Nobody stirring; why, Rosette, will you never *wake?*

Enter from house, R. S. E., *with a magpie in cage.*

Broad day, as I'm a virtuous woman. Why, Karl! it's quite distressing to think that I'm obliged to call and bawl to get their lazy bodies to move. The sun up and my daughter still abed. Why, Rosette; on the day of her marriage too. Oh, dear, the day I was going to be married, I could not sleep a wink for thinking of it. Rosette. (*The magpie mimics her.*) Now, Pip, be quiet. If you chatter, I'll wring your neck off; you know nothing annoys me so much as to have any body, or anything, talk, talk, talk; chatter, chatter, chatter; as if their lungs were made of leather, instead of mortal flesh and blood. (*Hangs up the bird.*) I'm sure mine are in very good order, or I could never hold out as I do. If I were to talk as some people do, I should be dead in a week. What they can find to talk about, is to me perfectly astonishing. I'm obliged to talk a little myself, or I should get no work done. Here's every thing to do, and nobody to do it. Karl, Maria, was there ever such a set of drones; no getting the work done. They either sleep, sleep, sleep, or snore, snore, snore; or, when they are awake, talk, talk, talk; chatter, chatter, chatter. Karl, Fritz, come out of your straw, you idle villians!

Music. [*Exit into stables*, R.

Enter WALTER, *from below in* C.

Walter. Once more I'm on my native hills, after an absence of two years. I seem to breathe new life as I inhale the invigorating air. With what a thrilling pleasure does a man look on the scenes of his youthful days, when no care, no sorrow had crossed the even tenor of his way. The love of his country and those who dwell in it, is doubly strong in the breast of the hill-born Switzer, and is so entwined around his heart, that every step he takes from them strains the cords of affection tighter. Oh, dear, dear Switzerland! I feel as I could bound from rock to rock, and outstrip the chamois speed.

CAVATINA:

Oh, the land of my birth
Is the dear spot on earth,
To which heart and memory clings;
Where the joys of my youth,
From the fountain of truth,
In unsullied purity springs.

Again I behold
Thy wild mountains bold,
Thou home of the brave and the free;
But this aching breast
Can never know rest,
If Rosette is faithless to me.

My Rosette dear, my mountain love,
When far away from Tyrolee;
In other climes, where'er I rove,
My only thought has been for thee.

Walt. (*Turns to the house*, R.] Ah! here's a damper; an extinguisher clapped upon my light-heartedness; for though I have faced bullets and bayonets, I have not the courage to encounter the sharp and interminable tongue of my old aunt. She hated the sight of me, I verily believe, because of the tricks I played her, and was so opposed to my love for Rosette that I shrewdly suspect she induced the Burgomaster, by some weighty argument, to deal unfairly with me in drawing me for a soldier, in the hopes of getting rid of me some way or other. Ha! ha! ha! poor old lady! The lucky saving of my captain's life procured me my long-wished-for discharge, and here I am, once more, to torment her; for if my merry little coz. be but true to her vows, the devil himself shan't make me beat a retreat. (*As he is about to knock at the door*, DAME JEANNETTE *enters*, R., *and he retires a little, unseen by her.*)

Dame. As I'm a lone woman, there's not a soul in the house—daughter, men, and maids, all off, leaving me in my bed to be murdered for what they care, the ungrateful varlets. But I'll rate 'em soundly. The wedding feast shall be a fast, and I'll make even my very doors fast, for I'll lock 'em all in. I warrant they are all putting their notable thick heads together, and doing nothing but talk, talk, talk; chatter, chatter, chatter. Oh, I wish I was among them.

Walt. Good morrow, aunt.

Dame. Now don't talk. What, is it you, scapegrace? Are you come back? I was in hopes you were hanged, drowned, or shot, long ago.

Walt. No, aunt, here I am, and more likely to live than ever.

Dame. Now, don't talk; you know I can't abide talking; that was the first thing that made me dislike you. You never would give that tongue of your's rest, but was always at it—talk, talk, talk; chatter, chatter, chatter.

Walt. But, aunt, you won't listen—

Dame. There, there, there; there you go, no getting in a

word edgeways; the very deuce is in that clapper of your's, I do believe. It's bad enough in a woman to be always talking, but in a man it's contemptible—shocking, horrid.

Walt. Well, but my dear old aunt—

Dame. Don't old aunt me; I thought you had quitted your old aunt for ever. A pretty pass things are come to, if I am to be talked to death by a strip of a soldier, because he has got bits of gold lace on his coat. Be quiet, sir, I will be heard. How dare you talk to me in this way? I am your father's sister, sir, and it becomes you to listen, and not to talk.

Walt. Why, I have not said a word.

Dame. That's right! that's right! that's right! contradict me! Not said a word; no, but you would, if I hadn't stopped you. I saw you—you were talking all the time in your heart.

Walt. Ha! ha! ha! well, be it so, if you will.

Dame. Oh! oh! oh! you confess it, do you?—you confess it?

Walt. Where's Rosette?

Dame. What, you want to worry her to death with your ceaseless chatter, do you? But you shan't; I've more respect for my daughter's ears than to suffer her to be dinned by your noise.

Walt. (*Bawling.*) Is she at home?

Dame. (*Bawling also.*) No, nor shall any body be at home, to you, in my house.

Walt. Then, I'll seek her elsewhere.

Dame. It's no use, you shan't have her.

Walt. That remains to be proved.

Dame. Have you made yourself rich, then?

Walt. No!

Dame. Not worth a stiver, I warrant me?

Walt. You're right! All the gold I possess is on my coat.

Dame. Then no daughter of mine shall you ever wed. It's no use talking; if you were to talk from now till the next new moon, you should never talk me out of my resolution.

Walt. Quite inexorable?

Dame. There, there; you see, you see; you won't let me speak. Now listen, don't talk.—The man who produces me fifty pieces of gold, and my written consent, which you shall never have from me, before nightfall, shall have my daughter. And now you may go and throw yourself off the first precipice you come to, for he that can do that, never stood upon your legs, my saucy nephew.

Walt. Well, never despair, is my motto, and while I live

I never will. So adieu, aunt, and ere you sleep I'll call you mother.

[*Exit down the hill.*

Dame. If I had not my stays on I should burst with rage; a talking, chattering, penniless villain, to dare to brow-beat and talk me down in this way; but I'll be even with him, and give my written consent to her intended, Swig, this instant; and I know, though he taught her to be the most mischievous girl in the whole canton, he never can teach her to forget the respect that's due to her mild and loving mother.

Swig. (*Without*, L. U. E.) Oh, murder! Billy, be quiet. Oh, help!

Dame. As I live, here comes Swig, just in the nick.

Enter SWIG, *over the brushwood*, L. U. E.

Swig. Ah! curse you, take that. (*Throwing down a large stone.*)

Dame. What's the matter, my dear boy? don't talk, but tell me.

Swig. Matter!—I say, he hasn't torn any thing, has he?

Dame. Walter?

Swig. No! A damned patriarchal-looking he goat, as I was making a short cut to your house by clambering over a rock, by way of giving me a lift, sent his horns into me, and nearly sent me over the precipice.

Dame. Now don't talk, but—

Swig. Don't talk! why, zounds, with his infernal butting I was all but gone.

Dame. Well, talking won't do any good, now the danger's over.

Swig. No, but if I'd been over, it would have been no joke. I've no relish for letting the vultures feed upon the tit bits of my carcase.

Dame. Dear, dear, dear, what a thing it is that men will usurp the prerogative of women. I thought I heard you singing?

Swig. So I was, singing out. If you'd been there, and he had butted you with a pair of horns, in this way, you'd have sung out too.

Dame. Well, never mind the horns, but think of your marriage. Walter's returned, and if you don't look sharp after Rosette, you'll lose her. You know she's not over-fond of you, and nothing but my continually talking to her would ever have made her consent to have you. You don't strive to please her. You lack those winning ways that are so delightful to us of the fair sex.

Swig. Winning ways! haven't I won all the prizes at our rural sports? Why, for wrestling, stone-throwing, and drinking, none can beat me.

Dame. Drinking! Ah, a pretty way to win the heart of a sweet girl. That's one of your greatest failings. The very sight of a flask of wine is sufficient to set you a longing.

Swig. Well, if it is a failing, it's a family one. Lord bless you, it has run in our family ever since Adam tasted cider in the juice of an apple. Wine doubles the beauties of woman, and reconciles us to the reality when we are sober.

Dame. There you go—talk, talk, talk; chatter, chatter, chatter. Now you are got upon your hobby, there's no getting you off.

Swig. Not till I tumble off, for my hobby is a barrel of wine, and once astride it I'm a perfect Bacchus.

Dame. Talking of barrels, just help me out with the two barrels I intend for our wedding supper.

Swig. I'm a supper myself. Shall I tap them for you?

Dame. No thank you, I'll tap them myself, when they are wanted. It's too choice to run the risk of such a swallow as you being near it.

Swig. Swallow—my throat is a sort of bird of passage.

Dame. Don't talk, don't talk, but do—

Swig. What am I to do?

Dame. Why, help me to bring out the wine, I tell you; but instead of that—here you stand, talk, talk, talk—chatter, chatter, chatter.

Swig. But I say—

Dame. Now, no buts.

Swig. Aye, so I said to the goat, but he didn't heed me. You don't know how thirsty that but has made me.

Dame. Not a drop, not a drop; when you begin there's no stopping you.

Swig. That's what all the girls say. Ha! ha! ha!

Dame. Go along with you, do, you'll talk, talk, talk; chatter, chatter, chatter, all day long.

[*Exit into house*, R. S. E., *pushing off* SWIG.

ROSETTE *is heard singing, and to the symphony of her song enters across the bridge, from* R. *to* L., *carrying Swiss milk-pails.*

Dame. (*Without*, R. S. E.) Take care, and don't shake it so, or you'll make it as thick as your head.

Rosette. Oh, here comes mother! Now I shall be rarely talked to for my early rising. But that is a blessing that is so often placed on the shoulders of poor little me, that I heed it

no more than the passing of a summer cloud. Let what will happen, I must laugh, and while I live I will.

Enter DAME, R. S. E.

Dame. So, Miss Truant, you are returned? Now don't talk. A pretty pass things are come to, truly, when girls are to be scampering over hill and dale before daylight.

Roset. I'm sure, my dear, good, old mother—

Dame. Old, indeed! What do you mean by old? Hoity-toity, because I have a daughter like you, I must be deemed old. I'd have you know, I'm scarcely in my prime; aye, and can make a man's eye glisten yet, or else the Burgomaster lied, when he said, but two days ago, I was a thing to love.

Roset. Well, but now, my sweet, good mother. (*Coaxing her.*)

Dame. Sweet fiddle-stick!

Roset. When you were young, did you never—

Dame. No, never.

Roset. (*Pettishly.*) La! how you talk.

Dame. I talk! why, I have hardly uttered a word since I awoke.

Roset. Well, but you won't listen.

Dame. I won't listen! I won't listen! Did any one ever hear the like? I waste my precious time in attending to your idle chatter, and then I'm told "You won't listen."

Roset. There, ma, there; you see; who 's talking now?

Dame. Why, you, Miss—you. See, indeed; I see before me a child who will be the death of me, who imposes on my good nature, and who is the only disturber of my peace and quiet.

Roset. You're always scolding me, now I've no one to take my part.

Dame. Indeed! What, you mean that imp of the old one, your cousin Walter?

Roset. I do, indeed, ma. Oh! that my dear, little Walter were here now, how I should jump for joy.

Dame. Little, do you call him? You would not say so if you saw him.

Roset. Have you seen him, then?

Dame. Eh? Oh no! oh, dear, no! Where should I see him?

Roset. La! how you disappoint one.

Dame. No, no. I hope never to see or hear from him again.

Roset. Nothing but your persuading me he had been killed in battle, and not having heard from him for two years, confirming it, would ever have made me consent to marry Swig.

Dame. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I must keep that fellow out of the way, by some means or other, till the ceremony is over, or all my fine schemes will be upset.

Roset. Oh, what merry tricks we used to play together; the very thought of them is quite delightful. I do love a bit of mischief—that's the truth on't.

Dame. Don't skip about there like a mad kid.

Enter SWIG, *with barrel from house,* R. S. E.

Swig. Here's the wine, mother-in-law that is to be, and now where shall I put it?

Dame. On the tressel.

Roset. There's that odious Swig, to teaze one now. I never can marry him, I'm sure I can't.

Dame. (*Having assisted* SWIG *in placing the barrel on the tressel,* L. S. E.) There, now bring out the other, and place it by the side of it.

Swig. I will; side by side, like man and wife.

Dame. Go along with you, and don't talk. (*Pushing him into house,* R. S. E.) Let me see, I'll seek, and appear to reconcile myself to Walter, and listen to his love for Rosette. I know he is so unsuspecting; he believes every body to be sincere. Excellent thought! Then I'll pretend some urgent business at Zurich, which he alone can transact for me, and by this means keep him out of the way till all is secure.

Enter SWIG, *from house,* R. S. E., *with the other barrel.*

Swig. Here's the other. (*Looking up, sees* ROSETTE.) Why, there is my wife that is to be. (*Lets go of the barrel, it rolls down the stage.*)

Dame. (*Screams.*) Ha! stop the barrel! Stop the barrel!

Swig. (*Runs and stops it.*) I wish something would stop your mouth. (*Placing the barrel on tressel,* L. S. E.)

Roset. Ha! ha! ha! Oh, you clever looby.

Dame. How dare you laugh, and call names? Dear, dear, dear, the wine will be spoilt.

Swig. Let's tap it and see? I've got a gimblet.

Dame. No, no, I tell you, I won't have a drop of it drank till evening. There put it down. (*Aside to* SWIG.) Now heed me, I'm going to leave you and Rosette alone together.

Swig. You don't say so?

Dame. (*To* ROSETTE, *who has come up close to them, listening.*) Go along, Miss, how dare you be so rude? You must make strong love to her.

Swig. I'm strong enough, but what am I to say?

Dame. Don't talk.

Swig. Not talk; What then am I to make love in dumb show?

Dame. No, no, no. (*To Rosette, who is again listening.*) Will you go away, Miss? You must wheedle her, coax her, please her. (ROSETTE *tickles* SWIG'S *cheek with a straw, which takes his attention.*) Now, you are not attending?

Swig. Yes I am!

Dame. If you don't win her, you'll never wear her.

Swig. I'm a regular bully with any body else, but whenever I speak, she always cows me.

Dame. Nonsense!—If your rival should come back?

Swig. (ROSETTE *having tickled his cheek, he slaps it.*) I've got him!

Dame. Got who?

Swig. No I haven't. A damned fly has been feasting upon my cheek.

Dame. Well, if you don't mind me, I'm off!

Swig. Well, what is it? I'm to make strong love, wheedle, coax, please, that's very easily said, but how am I to do it?

Dame. Do it, indeed! You must say—

Swig. Say what?

Dame. Why, all the sweet things you can think of, to her.

Swig. Oh, is that all? never fear!

Dame. Don't lose sight of her till I come back—and now for my worthy nephew. [*Exit down the hill.*

ROSETTE *sings, and is walking towards the house, when* SWIG *intercepts her, and looks at her with a ludicrous expression of love.*

Roset. (*After a short pause.*) Well?

Swig. (*Sighs heavily.*) Well!

Roset. (*Imitating him.*) What a sigh came from the bottom of that well.

Swig. Ah! at the bottom of that well lies truth.

Roset. More shame for her, she ought not to lie anywhere. And so let me pass in with my morning's labor.

Swig. Only a moment. Put down your pails and call up your blushes, for I'm going to say—

Roset. (*Puts down pail and comes forward.*) Well what?

Swig. I could so astonish you.

Roset. Law! how?

Swig. Don't ask me to expose myself, for I should do so if I was to tell you what a fool I am.

Roset. Oh! I have known that ever since you attempted to make love to me.

Swig. (*Aside.*) That's a damper. Well, I'll try a sweet thing or two. (*To her.*) My honey-pot.

Roset. My humble bee.

Swig. Oh, it's no use. I never shall be able to make love to you.

Roset. You make love, ha! ha! ha! A pretty lover, truly; why, you've not the most distant idea of it. You've no soul!

Swig. No soul!

Roset. I mean, no romance.

Swig. Ah, that's because I'm no traveller.

Roset. No, that's not what I mean. If you would win a lady's heart, you should be at her window day and night, serenading her and singing love ditties in her praise.

Swig. Sighing out love ditties!

Roset. To be sure. If I were a man, I'd pour the accents of love from that tree into that window, till my mistress' ear were enchanted with the sound.

Swig. Capital! I've a great mind to try the effect of it now.

Roset. Do, do.

Swig. Will you go up into your room then.

Roset. Yes.

Swig. Well, but where's a ladder?

Roset. Can't you climb?

Swig. Not up a tree?

Roset. Here's a ladder then?

Swig. There, that will do. (*Places it against tree, and ascends.*) Now for it! Hold it fast at the bottom. (*Seats himself in the midst of the branches.*) Now for it!

Roset. Now for it! Ha! ha! ha! (*Takes away ladder.*)

Swig. Hallo! what are you up to?

Roset. Giving you a lesson in love.

Swig. Ain't you going up to your window?

Roset. No!

Swig. Then how am I to pour what-is-its into your ear?

Roset. That I leave you to find out.

Swig. Why, you are not going to leave me stuck up here, like an owl in an ivy bush?

Roset. Yes, but I am though, and to make your simile completely out, there you shall stick till night. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter WALTER *over the bridge.*

Walt. Why, Rosette.

Roset. (*Screams, and falls on her knees,* R.) A ghost! a ghost!

Swig. Murder! where?

Walt. What means this?

Roset. Ain't you dead?
Walt. No. Real flesh and blood, I promise you.
Roset. Oh, how nice. Oh, my dear, dear Walter! (*Running to him.*)
Walt. My dear, dear Rosette! (*Embraces and kisses her.*)
Swig. Hallo!
Roset. (*To* SWIG.) There's a lesson for you.
Swig. Yes, and I'm paying for it.
Walt. Oh, you look more charming than ever, and I could hug you to death.
Roset. (*To* SWIG.) There's spirit for you.
Swig. Otherwise, ghostly comfort. Murder!
Walt. If you are not silent, I'll shoot you.
Roset. Go on, never mind him. Tell me how you have been, where you have been, and what you have been doing?
Walt. Wherever I went my heart was still with you, and now I once more enfold you in my arms, my joy knows no bounds; you darling creature. (*Kisses her.*)
Roset. (*To* SWIG.) That's the way to make love.
Swig. I won't stand that any longer. Hallo! help! murder!
Walt. Will you be silent?
Swig. No. I'll bellow like a bull. Help! murder! robbery!
Walt. Rosette, decide; will you run away with me?
Roset. To be sure I will; what fun. I never run away in all my life, so off we go.

(*As they are going off centre, they are stopped by* DAME GLIB. SWIG *drops from the tree, calling out* "Murder!")

Dame. (L. C.) Indeed, you do not. So, so, you've met with your hopeful cousin, have you? But I'll spoil your billing and cooing. Why did you suffer it, Swig?
Swig. (R. H.) How could I help myself when they stuck me up in a tree and there left me?
Roset. (R. C.) You know you wanted to get into my room when I went up to try on my wedding dress. And he would, too, mother, if Walter had not have come.
Swig. I wish I may be dry for a month, and nothing to drink, if she didn't coax me up there. Oh, you mountain of wickedness in a molehill.
Roset. Marry Walter and I, then your cares will be at an end.
Dame. What, you'd be the death of me, eh? I'd sooner marry you to old Nick. So trudge, Mr. Trooper, Rosette has pledged her word to marry Swig, and marry him she shall.

Roset. (*Pretends to cry.*) Oh, oh, oh! I won't. I'll die a maid first.

Dame. Die a maid, indeed; would you disgrace your family? Hasn't he your written promise? and hasn't he mine? Don't talk to me. In with you—I'll place you under lock and key till you are his wife.

Roset. Oh, my dear Walter. (*Runs to him.*)

Dame. Separate them, Swig.

SWIG *attempts to separate them, when* WALTER *gives him a tremendous blow in the stomach, as if by accident.*

Swig. Oh, Lord!

Walt. (L. H.) Dearest Rosette.

After a regular scuffle, the DAME *succeeds in getting* ROSETTE *into the house,* R. S. E. SWIG *is walking in apparent agony at the blow he has received.* WALTER *follows, endeavoring to speak to him.*

Walt. Sir.

Swig. Don't bother. You've knocked the wind out of me; what between the wind and the window there, I've been nicely served.

Walt. But, sir—

Swig. If I thought you did that for the purpose, I'd—

Walt. You'd do what?

Swig. You forget, I'm the biggest man and the greatest wrestler in the canton. If I was to fall upon you, you would fancy you was under an avalanche. You know you can't match me in that way?

Walt. No, but I may in another,

Swig. I can throw a stone over Mount Blanc.

Walt. Throw the hatchet, you mean?

Swig. No, I don't; that's an aspersion on my 'woracity.

Walt. You must resign Rosette, or—

Enter DAME *from house,* R. S. E.

Dame. Come, come, Master Walter, one word for all—if you don't instantly leave this place I'll have you laid by the heels, as sure as you've a head. You know what power I have with the Burgomaster, having experienced it once. I will, as sure as my name is Jeanette Glib, before you're five minutes older. If you had returned rich, it would have been another guess sort of matter, but as you are—as you are, no daughter of mine do you ever have.

Walt. Unless I can produce your consent in writing, and fifty pieces of gold?

Dame. Aye, aye; but as that is an impossibility, your liberty, for a day or two, depends on your speed from hence.

Walt. [*Aside.*] What's to be done? The Burgomaster would assuredly lodge me in the guard-house, on some pretence or other, and then all my hope would be completely defeated. I must e'en feign compliance with her request, and take all chances for the rest. Well, Dame, since you are so determined, I will but get my knapsack, and bid adieu to my native village for ever.

Dame. I'll see that you do, and instantly; and, at the same time, summon the notary to put an end to this affair at once. Come along, Swig.

[*Exeunt* SWIG *with ladder, and* DAME, R.

Walt. Rosette!

Enter ROSETTE, *from house*, R 2 E.

Roset. Dear Walter, and must we part?

Walt. Your mother seems resolute; but we must hope for the best.

DUET.

Walt. Wilt thou dwell on the mountain with me?
Roset. Yes, I'll dwell on the mountain with thee.
Walt. The bride of a soldier thou'lt be?
Roset. Yes, the bride of a soldier I'll be.
Walt. When I'm far away o'er the sea.
Roset. When thou'rt far away o'er the sea.
Walt. Say, will thou prove faithful to me?
Roset. Yes, I will prove faithful to thee.
Walt. Wilt thou weep if in battle I'm slain?
Roset. Yes, I will weep if in battle thou'rt slain.
Walt. No other thy love ever gain?
Roset. No other my love ever gain.
Both. I'll sigh not for grandeur of state,
But smile let whate'er be our fate;
When far from our loved Tyrolee,
I still will be constant to thee.
Then away, then away,
While bright beams the day,
For nought can our vows e'er remove.
For pleasure will wait,
Whate'er be their fate,
On hearts that are aye true to love.

[*Exit* ROSETTE *into house*, 2 E. R.

Enter DAME *and* SWIG, R. 3 E.

Dame. Now I have the key of the inside, if you can guard the outside of the house.

Walt. Let me embrace Rosette once again?

Dame. No, no, the more she sees of you, the less she is inclined to obey me.

Walt. Adieu, Rosette!

Roset. (*Appearing at the window.*) Adieu, Walter!

Dame. Keep in, you jade—go along, you villain. (*Locks house door.*) [*Exeunt* DAME *and* WALTER *down the hill.*

Swig. Marrying this girl is rather a serious business. If this trooper should return after the ceremony, she might stand upon no ceremony. This cousin mustn't return, or I shall be enraged. Let me see—here's her written promise, and here's her mother's; that's all right, and here's the wedding portion. The old one will see that that's all right.

Roset. Swig.

Swig. Eh? how you made me jump.

Roset. Do, there's a dear, good fellow, let me out?

Swig. I can't.

Roset. Now do, there's a dear?

Swig. I can't, my sweet.

Roset. Then you are a brute, and I hate the sight of you.—But I will get out, if I jump out.

Swig. Don't be a little fool, you'll break your neck.

Roset. I may as well break that as my heart.

Swig. Then what should I do for a wife?

Roset. Do? Do without.

Swig. But that's impossible; I can't now.

Roset. You strong-headed monster, if you don't let me out, here goes, and woe betide you when we're married. (*Attempts to get out.*)

Swig. Don't be silly.

Roset. Unlock the doors then?

Swig. I have not the keys.

Roset. Really!

Swig. Really!

Roset. (*Coaxingly.*) But there's a ladder, you know, dear.

Swig. Where, sweet?

Roset. There, love. Don't you remember how you got up in the tree?

Swig. Yes, and how I got down again. I say, talking of that, won't you be after that soldier Walter again?

Roset. Law! what do you take me for?

Swig. I shall have to take you for better, for worse, by and by, and I am rather doubtful.

Roset. Haven't you mine and my mother's written promises? Law, you mustn't be so particular as this, or you'll never do for a husband.

Swig. You see I've had no experience yet?

Roset. No. Do get the ladder, there's a good Swig, and I'll give you such a beautiful glass of wine, and we'll drink and sing, and be as merry as grigs.

Swig. So we will, so we will; I say, no more tricks?

Roset. Oh, no, I couldn't be so cruel.

Swig. Then here goes, the glass of wine, you know. How merry we'll be. [*Exit* R.

Enter Walter, over the bridge.

Walt. Rosette, thanks to the nimbleness of my legs, I have. by a circuitous rout, gained the house before your mother, who would inevitebly have had me laid by the heels as she termed it, had I not appeared to depart; the Burgomaster doubting whether I was not a deserter, from having, in my eagerness to see you, come off before my discharge was formally made out, leaving it to be sent after me. Now, nothing but good luck and sharp wits can save us.

Roset. If we are not a match for an old woman and a stupid numscul, we have less wit than I imagine. Here comes my would-be husband. Poor booby, he little knows what a life I should lead him. (*Walter conceals himself behind the tree.*)

Enter Swig, with a ladder, R.

Swig. I've got it. Now, my sweet, mind how you come down. (*Fixes ladder against the window.*) Take care of your precious pins.

Roset. Do you think I'm going to come down the ladder while you are standing at the foot of it? Turn your back. There, that's right, now don't you look.

Swig. Not for the world. (*Walter assists her in coming down and kisses her hand.*) What's that?

Roset. [*Preventing his turning round, by taking hold of his hands and dancing him down the stage.*] What's what?

Swig. That kissing noise?

Roset. Only a little bird chirruping up in that tree—such a nice little bird; I say, Swig, what a delightful thing liberty is?

Swig. Isn't it? [*Attempting to take her round the waist.*]

Roset. [*Preventing him.*] That's not the sort of liberty I mean. [*Walter behind Swig has got hold of Rosette's hand.*]

Swig. Eh? what, do you mean to say you never allow any liberties?

Roset. No.

Swig. Not behind my back?

Roset. No more than I do at this moment. [*Walter kisses her hand.*]

Swig. [*Turning round, Walter keeping behind him, and turning as he turns.*] There's that bird at it again—whist!

Roset. Why should you frighten it away, poor little thing?

Swig. But I say, Rosette, you said if I would let you out of your cage there, we should dance and sing.

Roset. And so we will.

Swig. No, shall we? that's rare, for this watching makes me as miserable as—as anything.

TRIO.

Roset and Walt. When those we love are near,
Swiftly time passes;
All things so bright appear,
Nought them surpasses.

(*She*) Aie yee. (*He*) Aie yee. (*She*) Aie yee. (*He*) Aie yee.

Swig. When I'm melancholy,
Of wine give me glasses;
Oh then I am jolly,
And fit for the lasses.

(*He*) Aie yu. (*She*) Aie yu. (*He*) Aie yu. (*She*) Aie yu.

Both. Lira, la; la. Lira, la; la. Lira, la; la.

[*They dance.*]

Swig and Walt. When we are married, love,
We'll bill and coo.

Roset. You'll wish you'd tarried, love,
Wedlock you'll rue.

[*She*] Aie yu. [*He*] Aie yu. [*She*] Aie yu. [*He*] Aie yu.

Swig and Walt. Then little ones round us
Will kick up a riot;
With crying confound us,

Roset. Oh fie! Swig, be quiet.

[*She*] Aie yu. [*He. Imitating child crying,*] [*She*] Aie yu; [*He. Child crying.*]

Lira, la; la. Lira, la; la. Lira, la; la.

(*As Swig and Rosette dance in this trio. She gives one hand to him and the other to Walter, and occasionally Swig gets hold of Walter's hand, thinking it is Rosette's. At the end, Walter retires behind tree.*)

Swig. How delightful!

Roset. (*Laughing.*) Oh, very!

Swig. Wine, women, and waltzing, is the summit of happiness. I say, I have had the woman and the waltz, but the wine is the chief point; and now I recollect, you promised me a bottle of the best.

Roset. So I did. (*Runs to the door of the house,* R.U.E.) I should so like to make him tipsy. Oh, law, the door's locked.

Swig. That's a stopper on the bottle, and my throat is as hot and as dry as a sand hill, with a six weeks sun upon it.

Roset. I have it.

Swig. What, the bottle?

Roset. No, an idea.

Swig. But is there any wine in it?

Roset. Yes, a drop for each eye, dear. Didn't you say you had a gimblet?

Swig. A gimblet eye?

Roset. No. A gimblet?

Swig. Oh, yes.

Roset. Then we'll bore a hole in one of these barrels, and get as much wine out as we like, and no one be the wiser.

Swig. But if your mother knew, she'd never forgive me.

Roset. How can she know if we stop up the hole nicely with a bit of wood?

Swig. Egad, that's true, so here goes; she's not coming is she?

Roset. Oh, no, make haste.

Swig. (*Boring the barrel.*) This is my barrel organ, with which I try the sounds, full sounds, and empty sounds. (*He withdraws the gimblet, and the wine spirts out.*)

Roset. Stop it.

Swig. No don't. (*Puts his mouth to the hole, and seems to take a long draught.*) Delicious. (*Puts his thumb over the hole.*) Won't you have a swig.

Roset. No, no Swig for me; besides the other is my favorite.

Swig. Say you so, then we'll soon have some of it. I say just put your thumb to this, for if any of it is spilt, it will betray us, and there will be the devil to pay. (*He taps the other barrel and drinks.*) Beautiful. I don't know which is best; now it's your turn.

Roset. Oh, I cant drink in that way, Here you prevent this running away, while I find a mug, or something to drink out of.

Swig. Be quick. For it's impossible to stir till you come back.

Roset. Say you so? then, Walter, you may come forward. (*Walter comes from behind tree.*)

Swig. Walter. [*Turns round, the wine spirts out.*] Oh, lord. [*Clapping his thumb over the hole.* What the devil shall I do?

Roset. Ha, ha, ha. There's a situation for a lover.

Swig. Oh, you man trap. [*Takes away his hand, the wine spirts out, he as quickly returns it, and continues doing so every time he speaks.*]

Roset. You'll be caught out in your tricks,

Swig. Only release me and I'll do anything you wish.

Walt. Then give up her's and her mother's written consents?

Swig. No, I'll be rammed, jammed, and crammed, into one of these barrels first,

Roset. You won't give them up?

Swig. No.

Roset. Then we'll make you. Come along, Walter, his hands are fast, you hold his legs, and I'll pick his pockets.

Swig. Murder; highway robbery. [*They approach him, he takes his hands from the barrels, sees the wine running, stops the holes, being in perfect despair between the two.*]

Enter Dame, up the hill.

Dame. Here's a commotion; here's a row. What is all this, and what are you doing there?

Swig. Stopping the barrels. Everything is running away, and I can't stop 'em all at once.

Dame. What do you mean by everything running away?

Swig. Why, your daughter, the wine, and Walter. They pinned me down here, and wanted to rob me.

Dame. Oh, ho, Mr. Walter, you're there. If I don't fix you this time, my name's not Glib. Here, Bailey, Burgomaster, help; help. [*Running off.*]

Swig. Help me first.

Dame. Turn the barrels up, and follow me.

[*Exit down the hill.*

Roset. Oh, Walter, what shall we do?

Walt. There is but one chance left, I'm desperate, and while I live you shall never be his.

Swig. [*Turns the barrels-end on one side.*] What a capital thought—that never struck me. [*Walter slaps him on the shoulder.*] But you have, and——

Walt. You must either resign Rosette or fight me?

Swig. Off with your coat then.

Roset. Walter.

Walt. Rosette, be quiet, Sir, I am a soldier, and though I do not fear your superiority of strength, I will not disgrace

the uniform I wear by such a mode of deciding our quarrel. This is a matter, sir, of life and death, and either the sword or the pistol must decide. Luckily I have a brace of pistols in my knapsack, and there's no time like the present.

Swig. With all my heart.

Roset. What, you want to shoot my Walter now, do you, you cruel monster?

Swig. Yes, and you shall be my second.

Roset. I'll never be your first.

Swig. By the bye, we ought to wait for two seconds?

Walt. I won't wait two moments.

Swig. Very well, you're not going to frighten me. Give me a pistol. You shall swallow the contents of this barrel, to make amends for what I've swallowed out of that. [*Pointing to wine.*] So take your ground. *Walter places himself close to the tree, and Swig in the* L. *corner.*]

Roset. Oh, Walter, Swig, for heaven's sake, don't.

Swig. I will; he's robbed me of your heart, and I'll have his heart's blood in return. If I don't, I don't; but if I don't damme. [*He enforces this last sentence by shaking the hand in which he holds the pistol at Walter—the pistol goes off.*] Hallo.

Walt. Oh, heavens, I'm killed. [*Staggers, and supports himself by the tree.*]

Roset. Oh, you have murdered him. [*Runs and assists Walter.*]

Swig. I shall be hanged.—Oh, lord—Oh, lord.

Walt. A seat; a seat.

Roset, Swig, a seat.

Swig. Oh, I shall be hanged.—A pretty wedding noose.

Walt. Fear nothing. [*Sinking into a chair.*] It is my own fault, and I alone ought to suffer. Give me the pistol, and my own hand will appear to have done the deed.

Swig. Oh, you generous hearted youth.

Roset. It's no use, I was a witness of the assassination and my evidence shall hang him.

Swig. Oh, what a cursed mess matrimony has brought me into.

Walt. No, no, Rosette. To take the life of a fellow creature can do you no good when I am gone. Promise me you will never reveal the horrid truth, and I shall die happy!

Roset. Oh, Walter. [*Falls on his neck.*]

Walt. Had—had I your mother's consent to call you mine, this moment would be a moment of bliss.

Dame. [*Without.*] This way, Mr. Burgomaster, this way.

Roset. Now then, I'll be revenged.

Swig. For mercy's sake. Here's the written consent—

here's the wedding portion. I'll give you all, if you will but save my life. [*Giving them to Walter.*]

Dame, Burgomaster, and Peasants enter from various sides, but remain stationary on witnessing the scene before them.

Walt. [R.] You resign her to me freely?—Oh.
Swig. [L.] With all my heart.
Dame. [L.C.] What do I hear?
Walt. [*Jumping up.*] Then give me your hand, and wish me joy, for you've made me the happiest dog alive.
Swig. Hallo,—ain't you shot?
Walt. Yes; but only through the heart with my cousin's bright eyes.
Roset. Oh, my dear Walter. I say, Swig, how do you feel now?
Swig. This is a downright swindle.
Dame. [L.C.] So it is, Swig, and sufficient to transport the varlet.
Roset. Law; don't you see he's transported already.
Burgomaster. [L.] Stay.—I think an official communication I have here, will be agreeable to all parties. Walter, here is your discharge, and from the mother of the officer whose life you saved at such imminent risk, the free gift of the largest farm in this Canton.
Peasants. Huzza.—Long live Walter.
Dame. [X.R.] [*Crossing to him,* R.] Oh, my dear nephew, come to my arms, you deserve a woman, for you have the wit to win her. Bless your good-looking face, the more I look at you the more I love you. Take him, Rosette and make him happy. He's something like a man; but as for you———[*To Swig.*)
Swig. Why, I'm something like a man too.
Dame. Walter, may you live to be a grandfather, and may I live to see it.
Swig. Well, never mind; I've been tricked out of my money and my wife, but if I can't dance at my wedding, I'll dance at his, though I pay the piper; and all things considered, I begin to think Walter has taken a great deal of trouble off my hands.
Roset. What are the grapes sour, Swig?
Walt. Give me your hand, Swig, here is your wedding portion again, and while my cellar contains a bottle of wine, you shall possess the key of it.
Swig. Say you so? Then I'll live jolly, die jolly, and my epitaph shall be—"Here lies a jolly good fellow."
Roset. My tricks have gained me the man of my heart, and

as all is said to be fair in love both men and maids must approve. And if I can but trick you out of your applause my happiness will be complete.

FINALE.

At the end of which the Characters, &c., dance; one of the Peasantry beating the long Swiss drum to the singing and dancing.

Walt. With his bride by his side,
And all those he holds dear;
If his cause wins applause,
What should soldier e'er fear.

Chorus. Ran ta plan, ran ta plan,
Let the merry drum sound;
Ran ta plan, ran ta plan,
Till all hearts with joy bound.

Dame. What a chatter and a clatter,
You make with joys;
If the sound of hands round
Comes, I care not for noise.

Chorus. Ran ta plan, &c.

Swig. Give me wine, joys divine,
Are more then for life;
I'll maintain that I gain,
By the loss of a wife.

Chorus. Ran ta plan, &c.

Roset. You our fate, arbitrate,
The Swiss Swains let live;
I of you, kindness sue,
And our faults pray forgive.

Chorus. Ran ta plan, &c.

SITUATIONS.

HUNTERS. HUNTERS.
VILLAGERS. VILLAGERS.

DAME. WALTER. ROSETTE. SWIG.

CURTAIN.

No. 180.

THE

BACHELOR'S BEDROOM:

OR,

TWO IN THE MORNING.

A Comic Scene.

WRITTEN BY

CHARLES MATHEWS, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

"The Dowager," "Truth," "The Ringdoves," "A match for a King," "My Wife's Mother," "Little Toddlekins," "Humpbacked Lover," Etc.

WITH ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,

122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LYCEUM — LONDON.

NEWPENNY,	Mr. Keeley.
STRANGER,	Mr. C. Mathews.
GENTLEMAN, (to appear at window,)	Mr. Kerridge.
FEMALE, (to speak without,)	Miss Lane.

MUSEUM — BOSTON, 1850.

NEWPENNY,	Mr. W. Warren.
STRANGER,	Mr. L. J. Mestayer.

MUSEUM — BOSTON, 1856.

NEWPENNY,	Mr. W. Warren.
STRANGER,	Mr. H. Farren.

CHAMBER STREET, N. Y., 1856

NEWPENNY,	Mr. L. Goldsmidt.
STRANGER,	Mr. L. J. Mestayer.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION, FORTY MINUTES.

BACHELOR'S BEDROOM:

SCENE 1ST. — A BACHELOR'S BEDROOM;

The pink of neatness. In the centre of flat, a very wide window, sufficiently large every way to show plainly, when open, another window of similar dimensions, supposed to be on the other side of the street. The window has a white blind drawn down—curtains drawn over it. On R. H. *a bed, the curtains drawn closely around it. At the side of the bed, a chair with a morning gown laid neatly on it — at the foot, a rushlight burning. On* R. H. 1 E., *near the bed, a wash-hand-stand as if recently used. Set cup-board door* R. H. 2 E. *On the wall* L. H. *hangs a Greek cap and a latch key.* L. H. 2 E. *a very neat fire-place—fender, tongs, rug, fireguards, &c.—fire nearly out — coal scuttle with three lumps of coal in it on* L. H. *— a pair of bellows hangs from a nail near the chimney — a boot-jack on the rug. On mantlepiece, looking-glass, two vases — in the centre a watch-case with a watch in it — two unlighted candles, one with extinguisher—on the rug a foot-pan — a dish with soap, sponge, etc., and a horse for towels, as if recently used—an arm-chair near it with a jacket hanging over the back of it. Near the chimney* L. H. *a small writing table, with its appropriate furniture, particularly a bundle of new pens, a pen-knife, sealing wax and a paper-knife.* L. H. 3 E. *a door leading to the stair case—an umbrella and hat on pegs—carpet down. On* L. H. 1 E. *a settle with things laid very neatly, as if recently taken off—a pair of boots standing side by side in front of it. Stage dark, excepting the rushlight, and the red light thrown from a fire on the objects near it.*

[MR. NEWPENNY *is in bed but not visible to the audience.*]

The wind is heard and a gentle rain at intervals — silence for a minute or two, then irregular knocking behind flat, moderate at first, and gradually increasing—supposed to be in the street.

Newpenny. [*In bed — the curtains drawn close — a knock,*] Come in! [*A knock—he pops his head through the curtains — a knock — he pulls open the curtains.*] What can be the matter? [*A knock.*] Oh! it's in the street; some one locked out of his lodgings. [*A knock.*] It never

can be the same person that was knocking half an hour ago, and kept up hallooing out——

Voice. Richards! [*Knocking.*]

New. Richards! it's the very same, I declare! They 're in no hurry to open the door, however.

Voice. Richards! [*Knocking.*]

New. Confound Richards! I only wish he was as bad a sleeper as I am; he wouldn't want so much [*Knock*] knocking and——

Voi. Richards!

New. Calling for. [*Knocking and calling.*] That's right! Knock away—don't be afraid! He's getting impatient, and I don't wonder at it. [*Knocking.*] Where the deuce can it be at? It sounds like number [*Two knocks.*] two! It must be [*Knock.*] number two! [*Dropping off to sleep again.*] at number [*2 knocks*] two—number [*Knocking.*] two! [*As he drops asleep on his pillow—pause; then a tremendous knocking which wakes him up.*] Oh! upon my soul there 's no standing this! He'll knock there all night, and I've got to be at my office at eight o'clock. I shan't get a wink. [*Continued knocking and calls of "Richards," till he opens the window, c.*] I'll put a stop to it at once. [*He takes his dressing gown from the chair at the side of the bed, puts it on, and then draws the curtains. Single knocks, while he gets out of bed and puts on his slippers. The dressing gown must reach to his heels. He then hastily shuffles to the window, draws up the blind and throws open the window—knocking ceases.*] It is at number two—that infernal lodging house opposite! Confound number two! [*Knock single.*] Sir! sir! the noise you are making is abominable. Sir! [*Knocking ceases.*] Do you hear me, sir?

Voi. Sir?

New. At last! Here I am sir—up here, in the two pair opposite—that's it.

Voi. What's the matter, sir?

New. Will you allow me to ask you if you contemplate knocking at that door much longer?

Voi. What do you say, Sir?

New. What do I say! Sir, I say it would be much more agreeable to me, and I presume to my neighbors, if you would go quietly into your house without alarming the whole parish, as you are doing—that's what I say, sir.

Voi. Pray, sir, do you mean to insult me by telling me to go quietly into my house, when I've almost beaten the door down, and can't get in? Surely you must have heard how I've been knocking.

New. I have indeed, rather——

Voi. And it must be evident to you that I can't make my man hear.

New. I have no hesitation in declaring that your man must be deaf! However, sir, now that I have explained to you how very unpleasant your noise has become, I am sure you will have too much consideration for your neighbors, to disturb them any longer. Give your man time to get up and dress himself, and I've no doubt he 'll come to the door—he *must* have heard you—I am sure he must,

only be patient! Sir, I have the honor of wishing you a very good night! [*Shuts the window — shivers and coughs as he returns to bed.*] How very pleasant! a nice cold I've got—I feel it already. [*Sneezes.*] I wonder what o'clock it is? [*Takes his watch out of the stand on the chimney piece,* L. H. 2 E. *and brings it to rushlight on* R. H.] Two in the morning! very pleasant — as I said before, I must be at my office at eight; I haven't been one minute after, for ten years — so a great deal of sleep I'm likely to get! [*Arranges his bed.*] Come, come, my gentleman has had the manners to yield respectfully to my remonstrances, and, as luckily I am dying with sleep, I may still get a little sweet and refreshing —— [*Knocking repeated, till Newpenny calls out,* Hoy, hoy! there he is again. [*Knocking — he throws up the window.* C.] Sir! [*Knocking ceases.*]—Sir!

Voi. Oh, don't bother! can't you go to sleep and let me alone?

New. Go to sleep indeed! I defy a top to sleep! I can tell you this—as true as you are born, if you don't leave off knocking I'll call the police.

Voi. You may call the devil, if you please; but I've a right to knock as long as I like at my own door.

New. You've no right.

Voi. I have.

New. You have n't.

Voi. I have! and if I have n't I shall.

New. You shan't!

Voi. No?

New. No!

Voi. Oh! we'll soon see that. [*Knocks.*] Richards!

New. Sir! sir! stop — I've something to say. [*Knocking stops.*]

Voi. Well, well! what now? Can't you be quiet?

New. Can't *you* be quiet, you mean. That's just what I've been asking you this last half hour! I tell you I do n't like being kept up here in the cold!

Voi. Then how do you think I like being kept down here in the wet?

New. Wet? bless me, so it is; pouring cats and dogs. I shall catch my death of cold.

Voi. What do you say?

New. I say I shall catch my death.

Voi. So shall I. Richards! Richards! [*Knocking incessantly.*]

New. Oh, by Jove, I can 't stand this. [*Knocking ceases.*] Why don't you get a bed at an inn?

Voi. I 've my own peculiar reasons for not loosing sight of this door. [*Knocks.*]

New. There is only one thing to be done. Sir! Sir! [*Knocking ceases.*] I wish you would do me the favor to step up here.

Voi. How do you mean?

New. From the little I have seen of you, and the great deal I have heard of you, I should say you were as likely a man as any I know, to knock there till——

Voi. Till they let me in! you 're right; I am.

New. Then, if agreeable to you, I'd much rather see you quietly asleep, in my room, than hear you awake, anywhere else within a mile of it.

Voi. Upon my soul, sir, if you're in earnest, I don't think your offer is to be sneezed at.

New. No more do I. [*Sneezes.*]

Voi. What do you say?

New. I say, [*Sneezes.*] I say I don't think it is a thing to be [*Sneezes.*] I say I wish you'd make haste and decide.

Voi. Well then, under the circumstances, I accept your offer.

New. Thank haaven!

Voi. I'll just make one more trial. [*Begins to knock and call.*] Richards!

New. No, no! if you knock any more I'll leave you where you are. Here! look out, here's my latch-key. [*Takes key off the nail* L. H. F., *and throws it out of the window.*] *Mind!* the door opposite No. 35, second story. Stay! I'll light a candle for you. [*Pauses a little — shuts the window.*] Yes, that's my only chance. [*A door heard to bang* L. H. 3 E. *and a window to break.*] There! he has banged the door so that he has broken the fan-light! The man's a positive earthquake. [*Lights a candle at the rushlight.*] Now if he is but a snorer, that will be complete! [*Opens door* L. H. 3 E.] This way, sir.

[*A fall heard upon the stairs,* L. H. 3 E.]

Voi. Damn the coal-scuttle! I've broken my shins!

New. Hush! for goodness' sake — you'll wake all the house. How he swears, too — I hope no one will hear him — I shall lose my character.

Voi. Why the devil don't you show a light there?

New. Hush! don't bawl so; and hold on by the banisters—that's it.

A stranger enters door 3 E. L. H. *hastily, passing before Newpenny who is near the door* L. H. *He appears wet and muddy—a cigar in his mouth and a dripping umbrella in his hand—he comes down* R. H.

Str. Thank you. Here's your latch-key.

New. Key! I lent you a key, and you return me a corkscrew.

Str. I can't compliment you on your staircase; it's steep as a ladder and as dark as pitch.

New. Why, you see, not expecting visitors at this hour, the lamp was out. [*Seeing that the door is left open.*] Have you any one else with you? [*The stranger shakes the rain off his hat, and puts it down with his umbrella, on a chair — Newpenny instantly removes them.*] You've left the door open; I'm sure you're not aware of it, but — deuce take him. [*Seeing that the other does not attend, puts the candle on the table, and shuts the door, during which time the stranger goes to the window centre and throws it open.*

Str. Exactly opposite!— my own window, I declare — there it is, sure enough. [*Walks away from it and paces the stage.*]

New. [*Shutting the window after him, down* R.] Ah! you live on the second floor opposite, do you? Hollo! why you're smoking, and I've a particular objection——

Str. Am I?—I didn't know it. [*Puts his cigar on the mantlepiece* L. H. 2 E.]

New. They didn't expect you home to night, it seems?

Str. [*To himself.*] It's very extraordinary.

New. What is it?

Str. What has just occurred.

New. Oh! my asking you up! Why, as you say, it was an odd thing to do—but——

Str. [*Without hearing him.*] Not to open the door—my own door! Do you think, sir, they heard me knock?

New. Do I think! Oh, my gracious! You don't really ask me such a question seriously?

Str. Then it must have been done on purpose. They must have bribed Richards to leave me out in the street, and on such a night, too—a devil of a night—a plot; don't you think it so yourself, sir?

New. Why, if you ask me my opinion ——

Str. In a pouring rain—I'm drenched to the skin.

New. [*Perceiving that the stranger is wet through and is inundating the carpet.*] Oh, my goodness! Why, my dear sir, you must be soaked through and through! [*Goes and fetches a towel.*]

Str. [*To himself.*] Shut me out of my own house at two in the morning! [*Newpenny follows him about, sopping the wet after him.*] They guessed it was me. They must have known my voice. [*Sees N.*] Hallo! what on earth are you about? [X. R. H.]

New. [*Follows his trace with the towel.*] Nothing—nothing—only I'm rather particular about my floor, and you're dripping like a water spout.

Str. So would you if you'd been an hour *under* one. [X. L. H. *and squeezes the water out of his coat tails.*]

New. [*Sopping it up.*] Oh, my gracious! he was an earthquake just now—now he's a deluge.

Str. What a fidgety little fellow this is. [*Going up.*]

New. Oh! it's no use. I give it up—there! [*Throws the away the towel—goes to the fireplace* L. H. 2 E. *and takes up the bellows, during which time the stranger seems to reflect.*]

Str. Dark as pitch; no one stirring—*that's* quite clear.

New. You see, sir, I'm getting a bit of fire in again, for you.

Str. You're quite right. And yet, generally, a feather would wake her—what can it mean?—[*Walks to and fro.*

New. If he's going to stamp up and down all night, in this way, he'll be an agreeable companion. Sir! Sir!

Str. What's the matter?

New. Would'nt you like to rest yourself a little? You see here's a capital fire now; and as it is just half-past two, by my watch—— [*Yawns.*]

Str. Don't yawn!

the uniform I wear by such a mode of deciding our quarrel. This is a matter, sir, of life and death, and either the sword or the pistol must decide. Luckily I have a brace of pistols in my knapsack, and there's no time like the present.

Swig. With all my heart.

Roset. What, you want to shoot my Walter now, do you, you cruel monster?

Swig. Yes, and you shall be my second.

Roset. I'll never be your first.

Swig. By the bye, we ought to wait for two seconds?

Walt. I won't wait two moments.

Swig. Very well, you're not going to frighten me. Give me a pistol. You shall swallow the contents of this barrel, to make amends for what I've swallowed out of that. [*Pointing to wine.*] So take your ground. *Walter places himself close to the tree, and Swig in the* L. *corner.*]

Roset. Oh, Walter, Swig, for heaven's sake, don't.

Swig. I will; he's robbed me of your heart, and I'll have his heart's blood in return. If I don't, I don't; but if I don't damme. [*He enforces this last sentence by shaking the hand in which he holds the pistol at Walter—the pistol goes off.*] Hallo.

Walt. Oh, heavens, I'm killed. [*Staggers, and supports himself by the tree.*]

Roset. Oh, you have murdered him. [*Runs and assists Walter.*]

Swig. I shall be hanged.—Oh, lord—Oh, lord.

Walt. A seat; a seat.

Roset, Swig, a seat.

Swig. Oh, I shall be hanged.—A pretty wedding noose.

Walt. Fear nothing. [*Sinking into a chair.*] It is my own fault, and I alone ought to suffer. Give me the pistol, and my own hand will appear to have done the deed.

Swig. Oh, you generous hearted youth.

Roset. It's no use, I was a witness of the assassination and my evidence shall hang him.

Swig. Oh, what a cursed mess matrimony has brought me into.

Walt. No, no, Rosette. To take the life of a fellow creature can do you no good when I am gone. Promise me you will never reveal the horrid truth, and I shall die happy!

Roset. Oh, Walter. [*Falls on his neck.*]

Walt. Had—had I your mother's consent to call you mine, this moment would be a moment of bliss.

Dame. [*Without.*] This way, Mr. Burgomaster, this way.

Roset. Now then, I'll be revenged.

Swig. For mercy's sake. Here's the written consent—

here's the wedding portion. I'll give you all, if you will but save my life. [*Giving them to Walter.*]

Dame, Burgomaster, and Peasants enter from various sides, but remain stationary on witnessing the scene before them.

Walt. [R.] You resign her to me freely?—Oh.
Swig. [L.] With all my heart.
Dame. [L.C.] What do I hear?
Walt. [*Jumping up.*] Then give me your hand, and wish me joy, for you've made me the happiest dog alive.
Swig. Hallo,—ain't you shot?
Walt. Yes; but only through the heart with my cousin's bright eyes.
Roset. Oh, my dear Walter. I say, Swig, how do you feel now?
Swig. This is a downright swindle.
Dame. [L.C.] So it is, Swig, and sufficient to transport the varlet.
Roset. Law; don't you see he's transported already.
Burgomaster. [L.] Stay.—I think an official communication I have here, will be agreeable to all parties. Walter, here is your discharge, and from the mother of the officer whose life you saved at such imminent risk, the free gift of the largest farm in this Canton.
Peasants. Huzza.—Long live Walter.
Dame. [X.R.] [*Crossing to him,* R.] Oh, my dear nephew, come to my arms, you deserve a woman, for you have the wit to win her. Bless your good-looking face, the more I look at you the more I love you. Take him, Rosette and make him happy. He's something like a man; but as for you———[*To Swig.*)
Swig. Why, I'm something like a man too.
Dame. Walter, may you live to be a grandfather, and may I live to see it.
Swig. Well, never mind; I've been tricked out of my money and my wife, but if I can't dance at my wedding, I'll dance at his, though I pay the piper; and all things considered, I begin to think Walter has taken a great deal of trouble off my hands.
Roset. What are the grapes sour, Swig?
Walt. Give me your hand, Swig, here is your wedding portion again, and while my cellar contains a bottle of wine, you shall possess the key of it.
Swig. Say you so? Then I'll live jolly, die jolly, and my epitaph shall be—"Here lies a jolly good fellow."
Roset. My tricks have gained me the man of my heart, and

from the moment you say it's unpleasant — that's enough for — anything for a quiet life.

New. A quiet life, indeed!

Str. You've surely a right to do as you like in your own room, and make yourself comfortable.

New. Very comfortable.

Str. Particularly after the hospitality you've shown me ——

New. Yes, it was a happy hit I made.

Str. There's nothing in the world I would n't do to please you, and show you that your civility has not been extended to——

New. Yes — very well — I'm satisfied. There, I'm going to sleep. He 'll chatter for a week.

Str. (*Seating himself in the arm chair on* L. H. *and whistles.*) Have you been long in this neighborhood, sir? (*Newpenny turns in bed to avoid answering.* (*Louder.*) I was enquiring, sir, whether you had lived long in this neighborhood.

New. Yes, yes, I have.

Str. You have? (*Jumps up.*) He has! then he must know all the people in it. What if I — yes I will! (*Goes to the head of the bed and pulls open the curtains.*) Then you must know all the people in it—only imagine, then — (*strikes the bed-post violently with his hand.*)—for I'll tell you all, sir; it will ease my bursting heart, and you 'll be able to advise me — only imagine, then, I say —— (*strikes bed-post again.*)

New. Stop!

Str. What's the matter?

New. Stop — I won't keep you a moment — I'll get up and listen — I prefer it.

Str. Oh, no, do n't disturb yourself.

New. No, I won't, but I prefer getting up.

Str. Oh! if you prefer it, that's another thing. (*Walks to the fire.*)

New. Yes, it's much better. Oh, my gracious, what a man! (*Putting on his slippers.*)

Str. Do n't hurry — do n't hurry on my account — I'm getting a little warm now. (*Stands with his back to the fire.*)

New. (*Behind curtain — sneezes.*) What a man! There, (*comes out.*) if I must hear a story, I may as well hear it by the fireside comfortably, and as there seems no chance of my getting a wink of sleep to-night, (*looking for his cap, etc.*) I shall be better so—much better so—Where's my cap? (*Taking it from Stranger's head.*) There, now, then, for your story — let's see — Where were you? (*Yawns, and sits at table the Stranger seated by the fire* L. H. 2 E.)

Str. Do n't yawn! I'm afraid you're too sleepy to follow me.

New. Not a bit! I'm wide awake! very odd if I was n't! I'm as lively as a grig — so, as you were saying ——

Str. Well, then, as I was saying — (*Takes the other candle mechanically from the table, lights it at the other on the table, and places them together as he speaks.*) I'd give a hundred pounds if it was but daylight.

New. Do n't mention it; so would I. (*Takes the snuffers and puts the candle out again — the Stranger takes a lump of coal up with the tongs and puts it on the fire.*)

New. Are you putting coals on?

Str. Yes, sir: as I began by telling you, I'm a married man.

New. You never told me any such thing — but no matter.

Str. Mine was a love-match, sir, and the circumstances attending it were as singular as they were unexpected.

New. When you have finished your story, there 'll be nothing to prevent my going quietly to sleep, eh?

Str. Well, three months afterwards ——

New. Oh! we 've got to three months afterwards, have we? Well — three months afterwards ——

Str. Well, sir. (*Crossing his arms.*)

New. Do n't cross your arms.

Str. I won't—you know Brentford?

New. Intimately.

Str. Oh, the romantic associations that word conjures up. [*Lights candle again.*]

New. Yes, it's a romantic case—[*puts the candle out—Stranger puts on a coal.*] Ah! you 're putting coals on again! [*Removes the coal scuttle.*]

Str. Well—two months before my marriage ——

New. Stop, stop—I beg your pardon. We 've got to *three* months afterwards—don 't, let 's go back again.

Str. You 'll scarcely believe it.

New. What?

Str. I was born at Twickenham.

New. You don 't mean it!

Str. But first of all I ought to inform you that my wife—by the by, I don 't know whether I told you I was married ——

New. Yes, yes, you did, you did. Oh, my gracious!

Str. Well, sir. [*Crosses his arms.*]

New. Don 't cross your arms.

Str. No, I won't. My father-in-law always declared that when my wife was a baby ——

New. Now she 's a baby again. There 's not the slightest connection in his ideas—[*yawns.*]

Str. Don 't yawn—you put me out. Where was I?

New. U-p o-n m-y l-i-f-e, I d-o-n't k-n-o-w.

Str. Oh! my father-in law's first wife—that was it.

New. No, no, no—three months after your marriage—you had got as far as that.

Str. Had I? I told you, then, of my finding out that a young man was in love with my wife?

New. The deuce there was! What, three months after your marriage? Oh, ho! I see it all—you were regularly booked.

Str. What do you mean by that, sir?

New. Nothing, only ——

Str. I repeat it, sir—when I first saw her she was engaged to be married to another—but my rival happening to absent himself for three days ——

New. There he was wrong—I know that by experience—I, like a fool, left my sweetheart for three days only, and—but go on ——

Str. [*Looking for the coals, with the tongs in his hands.*] I seized the moment, ran away with the girl, and when the booby came back I had made her my wife. [*Laughs.*]

New. [*Laughs.*] Ha! ha! well done! [*Sees Stranger putting something on the fire.*] Stop! stop! what's that? ~~You 'll excuse me,~~ but you 've got my bellows. [*Takes them and hangs them on the nail by the fire.*]

Str. The worst part was —— [*takes up a bundle of quills.*] You have your quills ready nibbed, I see.

New. Yes, I 'm very particular about my nibs.

Str. The worst part was, I never could get hold of the goose; he kept out of the way on purpose. Could I but once have laid my hand upon him—once have got the booby within my grasp, I should have smashed him as I do this. [*Smashes the pens on the table.*]

New. Oh, my gracious! you 've ruined my nibs! [*Takes the bundle from him, and puts them further off—whilst he does so, the Stranger takes up bootjack with the tongs to put on the fire.*] Hallo! now you've got my boot-jack. [*Takes it and puts it under the wash-stand.*] He'll certainly be the death of me.

Str. Not that I had any reason to fear him at all, but [*takes up a stick of sealing wax*]—you know females are of that soft, yielding nature, that I was naturally anxious ——

New. [*Tries to get hold of the sealing wax.*] Yes, yes, of course! You 've got the sealing wax.

Str. How red you are in the face!

New. I don 't know how it is—whether the interest I take in your story, or whether ——

Str. But you do n't blame me—judge for yourself! For my own part I never yield in anything—never. [*Newpenny pulls the wax out of his hand, which breaks*]—I had occasion to go to Brentford; my business over, I wrote to my wife, naming a day for my return. A *friend* who was going to London, undertook to deliver my letter,—[*takes up pen-knife*—when, only conceive his conduct, with my letter in his pocket, he absolutely changed his mind, and started for Bristol—Infamous! [*Sticks the knife into the table—Newpenny tries to pull out the pen-knife, as the Stranger takes the watch out of the stand*—a short time after I found the matter out—[*opens the case and turns the hands*]—and to prevent any more time being lost, I determined to take the case into my own hands ——

New. I beg your pardon, that's my *watch!*]—*Takes it and places it in its wooden stand on the chimney piece.*]

Str. Yes, I resolved to come up to town myself. [*Taking an ivory paper knife.* I threw myself into an omnibus and left Brentford, determined to break the matter off at once. [*Snaps the knife in two.*] At last I arrived in town, nearly an hour ago ——

New. Nearly!

Str. More—more—considerably more—no matter; I run to my door—I *knock*, and ——

New. [*Quickly.*] And I know the rest. [*Jumps up.*] There, your story is over. I'm very much pleased—and now I'll go to bed. It's a singular thing I had much such a thing happen to myself.

Str. Indeed.

New. Yes, I'll tell you about it to-morrow. *Going*—[*Stranger holds him.*]

Str. No! now!

New. No, no. I must be at my office at eight, and really——

Str. [*Holding him.*] Never mind for once—it won't take you a moment.

New. It's nothing, I tell you.

Str. There! let me hear it—I may get a hint from it.

New. Well! I once had a sweet-heart—that's all.

Str. All! all! do you say? Then there's more—go on!

New. I was going to be married; but, unluckily, business called me from home for three days—just like your rival ——

Str. Yes, the fool—go on!

New. When I came back, a thief had stolen my treasure ——

Str. What! your money?

New. No-o—my sweetheart. A scoundrel—just as you did—the blackguard—I got back at night—knocked at the door and there they left me—kicking my heels.

Str. You too! and in the rain?

New. No, it was snowing.

Str. Ah! that makes a difference.

New. Yes, one can't stand it so long—so I soon gave it up; but, as I went away, I cast one look up at the window ——

Str. Ay! a lingering look—I know it—well.

New. And what do you think I saw?

Str. All dark?

New. No—a light in the window.

Str. In *her* room?

New. In her room—and by that light I saw ——

Str. What?

New. Oh, my gracious! [*Two shadows are seen on the window curtain opposite—a man and a woman, talking familiarly.*]

Str. What's the matter? what did you see?

New. Just what you see there. [*Points to window.*]

Str. Fire and fury—my wife and—who can it be?

New. There—just as mine did—ha! ha! ha! ha!

Str. Confusion! do you laugh at me? [*Seizes and shakes him.*]

New. No, no, it was a slight convulsion—nothing more.

Str. [*Furiously.*] Oh! for something to annihilate—a gun—a cannon—a knife—a stone! (*Rushes about—takes watch from the chimney piece and throws it through the opposite window—sounds of broken glass heard—the light disappears.*)

New. What have you thrown?

Str. They have disappeared—the wretches!

New. What was it you threw?

Str. Oh! don't bother!

New. But you've thrown something of mine out of the window—what was it?

Str. What can it matter?

New. It matters very much!

Str. I don't know—I tell you something that was on the chimney-piece.

New. (*Rushes to the chimney.*) Mercy on me! Why it is my watch! (*Seizes Stranger.*) Do you know I shall do you a very serious injury? (*Daylight begins to break.*) You've broken my rest—you've broken my furniture—you've *broken* my watch. You are my plague—my torment—my detestation—and now leave my house!

Str. Where's the key?

New. You broke it you know. Leave the house!

Str. Another key.

New. Leave the house!

Str. How? Which way? Where? Is'nt the door locked? you know it is.

New. I don't care.

Str. You don't, sir! [*Treads on his toe.*] Is it your intention to detain me here against my will?

New. What! detain you! I detain you! Oh! yes, I think so—my good friend, if that window had n't been two stories high, you 'd have been out of this an hour ago, I can tell you.

Str. Then give me a key!

New. I will—don't be alarmed—I luckily have got another—detain you! detain him!! [*Goes to door,* R. H. 2 E.]

Str. (*Aside.*) Broad daylight! They must open the door now. Make haste with the key! Ah! Mary, Mary, is this the way you repay my affection? [*Listening.*] Eh! I heard a door shut! [*Runs to the window,* C. *flat.*] It was mine—I thought as much—an individual has gone out—it must be the man! The key! where is that horrid, execrable key? I shall lose him.

New. I can't think where the deuce I can have put it.

Str. Confusion! he'll escape and I can't even see his face—a rope! a ladder! any thing! [*Drags the counterpane off the bed.*] I won't lose him—I'm determined!

New. Here it is at last! Hollo! thieves! thieves! I've got you, the—— [*Seizes him by the collar.*]

Str. Pooh! nonsense! you little fool—let me go. [*Throws him on the bed and puts one end of the counterpane out of the window—Newpenny gets up and seizes the other end.*]

New. Give me my counterpane!

Str. Let me get down!

New. My counterpane!

Str. I only want to get down by it!

New. I don't care—I won't have it.—[*The stranger lets go his end of the counterpane—Newpenny tumbles against the wash-hand-stand and upsets it with a crash.*]

Voice. [*Without.*] Good gracious! What is that noise above stairs? What a disturbance there has been all night.

Str. Surely that 's my wife's voice. Mary, how came you in this house?

Female. Moved in yesterday, from over the way.

Str. Then she 's innocent! It 's my wife, Mrs. Higginbottom!

New. Higginbottom! my sweetheart! this, then, is the fellow who stole her from me.

Str. Good bye—I must run. [*Seizes Newpenny's hat and stick—going—Newpenny stops him.*]

New. Hollo! is that the way you leave the house, after all the trouble you've given me—and not a word of apology.

Str. I beg your pardon—you're right, but I'm in such a state of agitation,—[*Comes forward*]—Ladies and gentlemen, if there's one thing I detest more than another—[*gesticulating with the stick—Newpenny takes it from him and brings forward his wet umbrella.*

New. I beg your pardon.

Str. You put me out,—I say the fear of taking to myself that which properly belongs to another—[*Takes off his hat—Newpenny seizes and brings forward the wet one—throws his own by mistake out of the window.*] What a fidget you are! How can I speak if you keep interrupting me? Ladies and gentlemen—I say again, a burden is placed on my shoulder which does not properly belong to me—

New. Stay,—you're right again, there,—I forgot my nephew's jacket.

Str. Sir, let me tell you these interruptions—[*crosses his arm.*]

New. Don't cross your arms—there you've done it,—I knew you would. [*Turns him around and shows the jacket split up.* Now, come here. [*Takes him by the arm.*] I must bring this to an end, for I can bear it no longer; and I am sure all my friends in the neighborhood here, must have had enough of you. There's your umbrella—and there's your hat. Ladies and gentlemen, he shall bore you no long er—I'll see him safe out myself, this time—but if you have borne his visit with only one half the patience I have, perhaps he may obtain your permission again to make his bow to you. [*To Stranger.*] Bow!—and if so, I give him leave to knock me up as often as you please, at

TWO IN THE MORNING.

SITUATIONS.

NEWPENNY. STRANGER.

CURTAIN.

R. H. L. H.

No. 181.

A

ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER:

A FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS:

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF SPEED THE PLOUGH; CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE, SCHOOL OF REFORM, ETC.

WITH ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Original, Covent Garden, 1819.	*Federal St., Boston,* 1847.	*Howard, Boston,* 1847.	*National, Boston,* 1847	*Museum, Boston,* 1850.	*Green-Street, Albany,* 1853.
Alfred Highflyer,	Mr Jones	Mr John Brougham	Mr J H Hall	Mr J B Booth, Jr.	Mr L J Mestayer	Mr Wayne Olwine
Sir Mark Chase,	" Fawcett	" J G Gilbert	" Chippendale	" Bass	" W H Smith	" Phillips
Fixture,	" Emery	" T Placide	" Wm Warren	" J R Vincent	" Wm Warren	" Vincent
Mr. Selborne,	" Abbott	" H Russell	" Bradshaw	" Keach	" J A Smith	" P C Byrne
Gamekeeper,	" Isaacs	" Parsons	" I Addams			
Maria Darlington,	Miss Foote	Mrs W H Smith	Miss Mary Taylor	Mrs Fahy	Mrs Thomas	Miss Julia Daly
Mrs. Selborne,	" Beaumont	Miss A Wagstaff	Mrs W Conover	" W G Jones	Miss A Phillips	" Marshall
Mrs. Fixture,	" Green	Mrs J G Gilbert	" Maywood	" J R Vincent	Mrs Judah	Mrs La Forest

	Chestnut, Phila, 1853.	*Howard, Boston,* 1853.	*National, Washn,* 1853.	*National, Boston* 1853.	*Burton's N. Y.* 1856.	*Boston Theatre,* 1857.
Alfred Highflyer,	Mr A H Davenport	Mr. Palmer,	Mr P Richings	Mr Stoddart	Mr C Fisher	Mr. Belton
Sir Mark Chase,	" J G Gilbert	" Martin	" P C Cunningham	" Cunningham	" Mark Smith	" John Gilbert
Fixture,	" J Jefferson	" J Jefferson	" H C Jordan	" C W Field	" T Placide	" John Wood
Mr. Selborne,	" Briggs	" Ashmer	" De Walden	" Lingham	" Holman	" Stoddart
Gamekeeper,					" Bishop	" Thaymond
Maria Darlington,	Miss Lizzie Weston	Miss E Fitzpatrick	Miss C Richings	Miss Julia Daly	Mrs C Howard	Mrs Barrow
Mrs. Selborne,	" Capel	Mrs Conover	Mrs Thorpe	" Boyce	" Everett	Miss Lizzie Emmons
Mrs. Fixture,	Mrs J Jefferson	Miss Hosmer	" Frank	Mrs Marshall	" Dunn	Mrs John Gilbert

COSTUME.

SIR MARK—Drab fustian shooting coat—red shawl pattern vest—drab breeches and long gaiters—white cravat—white wig—white broad brimm'd hat turned up with green—fowling piece—shooting belt—powder horn—flask—and game-bag.

ALFRED—Pea-green frock coat—fawn-colored trousers—light fancy vest—Berkely cravat—patent leather boots—modern black hat.

FIXTURE—Quaint square-cut livery—red vest with sleeves—yellow plush breeches—long white cravat—bald red wig—grey worsted stockings—black shoes—and brass buckles.

SELBORNE—Black frock coat—white vest—white trowsers—black satin cravat—black boots and hat.

GAME-KEEPERS—Green plush shooting coats and vests—corderoy breeches—leather leggins—ankle jacks—black hats and gold bands—shooting appointments.

POST BOY—Drab jacket—three rows gilt buttons—striped vest—white corderoy breeches—top boots—white neckerchief—white hat.

MARIA—1*st. Dress*—Handsome silk walking dress and bonnet.
2*d. Dress*—White muslin.

MRS. SELBORNE—Handsome walking dress and bonnet

MRS. FIXTURE—White calico spotted dress—neat plain apron—small neat cap—white stockings and black shoes.

New. Then, if agreeable to you, I'd much rather see you quietly asleep, in my room, than hear you awake, anywhere else within a mile of it.

Voi. Upon my soul, sir, if you're in earnest, I don't think your offer is to be sneezed at.

New. No more do I. [*Sneezes.*]

Voi. What do you say?

New. I say, [*Sneezes.*] I say I don't think it is a thing to be [*Sneezes.*] I say I wish you'd make haste and decide.

Voi. Well then, under the circumstances, I accept your offer.

New. Thank haaven!

Voi. I'll just make one more trial. [*Begins to knock and call.*] Richards!

New. No, no! if you knock any more I'll leave you where you are. Here! look out, here's my latch-key. [*Takes key off the nail* L. H. F., *and throws it out of the window.*] *Mind!* the door opposite No. 35, second story. Stay! I'll light a candle for you. [*Pauses a little — shuts the window.*] Yes, that's my only chance. [*A door heard to bang* L. H. 3 E. *and a window to break.*] There! he has banged the door so that he has broken the fan-light! The man's a positive earthquake. [*Lights a candle at the rushlight.*] Now if he is but a snorer, that will be complete! [*Opens door* L. H. 3 E.] This way, sir.

[*A fall heard upon the stairs,* L. H. 3 E.]

Voi. Damn the coal-scuttle! I've broken my shins!

New. Hush! for goodness' sake — you'll wake all the house. How he swears, too — I hope no one will hear him — I shall lose my character.

Voi. Why the devil don't you show a light there?

New. Hush! don't bawl so; and hold on by the banisters—that's it.

A stranger enters door 3 E. L. H. *hastily, passing before Newpenny who is near the door* L. H. *He appears wet and muddy—a cigar in his mouth and a dripping umbrella in his hand—he comes down* R. H.

Str. Thank you. Here's your latch-key.

New. Key! I lent you a key, and you return me a corkscrew.

Str. I can't compliment you on your staircase; it's steep as a ladder and as dark as pitch.

New. Why, you see, not expecting visitors at this hour, the lamp was out. [*Seeing that the door is left open.*] Have you any one else with you? [*The stranger shakes the rain off his hat, and puts it down with his umbrella, on a chair — Newpenny instantly removes them.*] You've left the door open; I'm sure you're not aware of it, but — deuce take him. [*Seeing that the other does not attend, puts the candle on the table, and shuts the door, during which time the stranger goes to the window centre and throws it open.*

Str. Exactly opposite!— my own window, I declare — there it is, sure enough. [*Walks away from it and paces the stage.*]

New. [*Shutting the window after him, down* R.] Ah! you live on the second floor opposite, do you? Hollo! why you're smoking, and I've a particular objection——

Str. Am I?—I didn't know it. [*Puts his cigar on the mantlepiece* L. H. 2 E.]

New. They didn't expect you home to night, it seems?

Str. [*To himself*] It's very extraordinary.

New. What is it?

Str. What has just occurred.

New. Oh! my asking you up! Why, as you say, it was an odd thing to do—but——

Str. [*Without hearing him.*] Not to open the door—my own door! Do you think, sir, they heard me knock?

New. Do I think! Oh, my gracious! You don't really ask me such a question seriously?

Str. Then it must have been done on purpose. They must have bribed Richards to leave me out in the street, and on such a night, too—a devil of a night—a plot; don't you think it so yourself, sir?

New. Why, if you ask me my opinion——

Str. In a pouring rain—I'm drenched to the skin.

New. [*Perceiving that the stranger is wet through and is inundating the carpet.*] Oh, my goodness! Why, my dear sir, you must be soaked through and through! [*Goes and fetches a towel.*]

Str. [*To himself.*] Shut me out of my own house at two in the morning! [*Newpenny follows him about, sopping the wet after him.*] They guessed it was me. They must have known my voice. [*Sees N.*] Hallo! what on earth are you about? [X. R. H.]

New. [*Follows his trace with the towel.*] Nothing—nothing—only I'm rather particular about my floor, and you're dripping like a water spout.

Str. So would you if you'd been an hour *under* one. [X. L. H. *and squeezes the water out of his coat tails.*]

New. [*Sopping it up.*] Oh, my gracious! he was an earthquake just now—now he's a deluge.

Str. What a fidgety little fellow this is. [*Going up.*]

New. Oh! it's no use. I give it up—there! [*Throws the away the towel—goes to the fireplace* L. H. 2 E. *and takes up the bellows, during which time the stranger seems to reflect.*]

Str. Dark as pitch; no one stirring—*that's* quite clear.

New. You see, sir, I'm getting a bit of fire in again, for you.

Str. You're quite right. And yet, generally, a feather would wake her—what can it mean?—[*Walks to and fro.*

New. If he's going to stamp up and down all night, in this way, he'll be an agreeable companion. Sir! Sir!

Str. What's the matter?

New. Would'nt you like to rest yourself a little? You see here's a capital fire now; and as it is just half-past two, by my watch—— [*Yawns.*]

Str. Don't yawn!

Enter FIXTURE, *singing*, R. H. 1. E.

Fix. (*seeing Selborne*) Ah! my young master, I be mortal glad to see you—you look deadly well.

Mr. Sel. *Mortal and deadly! apt* words I *own*, and *fitted* to the scene. *Well, Fixture*, my poor uncle — what! he's gone?

Fix. *Yes* — I wish he had *not*; he'll find it very cold.

Mr. Sel. *Cold!* (*apart*) True the grave is cold!

Fix. But he said he should soon be in a fine *glow*.

Mr. Sel. Soon be in a fine glow?

Fix. I suppose you can *guess where* he is gone?

Mr. Sel. Where we *all* hope to go.

Fix. Yes — He's gone a shooting.

Mr. Sel. *Shooting!* why he wrote me word he was dying.

Fix. Dying! — he! he! Why, lord, sir, he has been dying any day these thirty years — he! he!

Mr. Sel. Indeed! — he! he! I'm rejoiced. (*walks*)

Fix. Yes, I see. (*two guns fired without.* V. E. L. H.) Bang! Bang! That's he — a brace — down for a guinea!

Mr. Sel. Why, look here (*showing letter*) He sent for me *to close his eyes in death!* (*emphasizing each word.*)

Fix. I don't know about closing his *eyes* in *death*; but I know he seldom closes *one* without it. (*aiming.*)

Mr. Sel. 'Tis absolute insanity! (*striking the letter with his hand*) *I say*—the next house to this, surrounded by a high wall—(the fellows drove us there by mistake) 'tis an establishment for folks deranged here—(*hitting his forehead*) Is not it?

Fix. Oh, yes! (*crossing* L.)

Mr. Sel. Depend on't, 'tis catching, my uncle's got a touch—I'll be damn'd but it's catching!—[*walks about gesticulating.*]

Fix. [*looking at him suspiciously*] Why, I don't know but it is—[*a dog whistle is blown in a long continued note without* L. H. U. E.] That's master—that's for me! what a shortness of breath he has got! he! he! dying, quotha! he! he!—Coming, sir.

Mrs. Fixture. [*without* R. H.] Why, Fixture! husband! husband! I say.

Fix. That's my *wife's whistle*; [*crossing to* R. H.] how shrill and tuneful! *Master* must wait, when *mistress* wants me.—Coming, dearee. *Exit* R. H. 1. E.

Mr. Sel. Here's a pretty affair! but don't do me the injustice to suppose I'm sorry to hear of my uncle's health. By my soul I wish the worthy old fellow every blessing! But I've got into such a scrape—such a dilemma—so, so, so, so—[*walks about*]

Maria. Don't stammer, and strut about so—but explain.

Mr. Sel. I'll endeavour. You know, Maria, my uncle always wished that you and I should be united, and you know, I—

Maria. Did not wish it.

Mr. Sel. Oh, fie! you shock me—no—no, I was conscious—I—I—did not merit so much—ha—ha—happiness—yes,—so—much

happiness; and my dear Frances, not thinking me unworthy her affection, we were——

Maria. Privately married—ye cruel wretches!—ha! ha! ha!

Mr. Sel. Don't laugh—'tis really no laughing matter——

Maria. Being married, you know best.

Mr. Sel. Three days ago I received this letter from my uncle, now only read it.

Maria. (R. *reads*) "Dear nephew, I find I am approaching my last moments"—

Mr. Sel. Last moments!—That's the gentleman that's shooting—pray go on!

Maria. "I shall leave you my whole fortune, provided you present to me Maria Darlington as your bride." Meaning me! my best curtsey is due for that.—(*curtseys*) "Rely on it George, look England thro', you'll not find so perfect?—(*tickled with the supposed compliment*)—Oh! dear!—"so beautiful"—Oh! I really can't go on. (*giving the letter to Selborne.*)

Mr. Sel. "Not find so perfect, so beautiful a manor for partridges, as she is heiress to"——

Maria. (*with playful spite*) *Partridge*! an old wretch—I'll plague his heart out for this.

Mr. Sel. (*reading*) "If you don't marry her, your legacy, namely, 'a nice *new shilling*,' now lies before me; the lawyer is in the house, and your answer to this will be his instructions for the last testament of your dying uncle, *Mark Chase*.—P. S. If I am *dead* when you arrive, don't be *uncomfortable*—you'll find well-aired linen—Venison that has hung a fortnight—fresh *trout*—the last new novel, and hock quite alive—tho' a year older than your departed uncle." Was there ever such an extraordinary letter? Need I say how *unhappy* it has made me?

Maria. And need I say how *hungry* it has made *me*? Well, and what was your answer?

Mr. Sel. Oh! I replied that I married you yesterday.

Maria. *Married me, Partridges*, and all.

Mr. Sel. And, that, according to his orders, we should be here to-day, and here we are!

Maria. Yes—and here we are! (*imitating*) Well, my dear Hubby, what's next? (*taking his arm, and hugging it.*)

Mr. Sel. I'm sure, Maria, you would have consented to our supposed marriage for a day or two; but as my uncle is well, the situation will be intolerable.

Mrs. Sel. Oh, *quite intolerable!*

Maria. Ahem.

Mr. Sel. To *you*—of course I mean—intolerable to *you*.

Maria. Of course—ha!—ha!—Well—and what's to be done?

Mr. Sel. Run away as fast as we can.

Maria. Run away! I'm glad I ain't your wife.

Sir. Mark. (*without* U. E. L. H.) My nephew and his bride arrived—set the bells ringing—pile up the bonfires—tap the October.

Maria. Besides, 'tis too late; you hear we have been announced.

Mrs. Sel. (L. H.) Let us fall at his feet, and implore pardon.

Maria. What, finish the farce in the first scene—that would, I think, be a pity! Let me consider our characters—you are my husband.

Mr. Sel. Yes. (*sighing.*)

Maria. Civil and natural—*I'm* the happy bride: and pray, Miss, who are *you?* (*crossing to* L. H.)

Mrs. Sel. Who am I?

Maria. Yes, who are you? Be so good as to give an account of yourself.

Mrs. Sel. Oh! I'm your bridemaid, madam.

Maria. Very well—now mind; *your* trait is to do all in your power to *please* the old gentleman—*I* to *torment* him. I'll make myself so disagreeable—

Mr. Sel. That you'll find very difficult.

Maria. There you are *complimenting*—you forgot I'm your *wife*—stick to your character, if you please—*your* efforts and *mine* (*to Mrs. S.*) will soon make Sir Mark *wish you had* been his nephew's wife—when he *does so*, then fall at his feet and own it; Hush! he's here! (*crossing* R. H. *corner.*)

Enter Sir MARK, C. D. L. H.

Sir Mark. (*speaking as he enters*) Where are they?—my darlings—my children—my heirs—Oh! George, right welcome to the manor of Warrender! I hope I shall show you some sport (*giving gun to Selborne, who places it against* R. H. *wing.*

Maria. We hope to return the compliment. (*aside.*)

Sir. Mark. Let me kiss your bride!

(SELBORNE *forgeting himself, presents* MRS. SELBORNE.)

Heydey! this———

Mr. Sel. (*with quickness*) No, Sir,—this—this is Miss Tiverton, Sir—the bridemaid, Sir—my bride you are already acquainted with—this lady being a stranger, Sir———

Sir Mark. (*saluting her*) No longer so. Miss Tiverton, I know your father well. Joy! Joy, my Maria! (*hugs her*) Ay, now all my wishes are accomplished—and I have now only to pull off my shooting gaiters, and lay me down and die.

Mr. Sel. Your letter alarmed me exceedingly—but you are not———

Sir Mark. Quite dead—no George, not quite.

Mr. Sel. And how is your health, Sir?

Sir. Mark. Bad, very bad—the least thing fatigues me.

Mrs. Sel. Pray be seated, (*bringing down chair* C.)

Sir Mark. Thank you, my pretty love, (*chucking her under the chin*) I seldom sit down but at meals. (*sitting down.*)

Mr. Sel. How far may you have walked to-day?

Sir Mark. (*shaking his head and speaking plaintively*) about eighteen miles, not a yard more!

Maria. Indeed! and the *fatigue* has made you faint.

Sir Mark. No, I feel faint from *hunger*, my dear.

Mr. Sel. Your appetite, then, is pretty good?

Sir Mark. Yes; I eat well, and I drink well, and I sleep well—but that's all.

All. Poor man!

Sir Mark. But let's be merry while we may—(*gets up and removes chair*) Egad! we'll have a day on't! Let's dress for dinner; there, George—there's the room I've prepared for you and your wife (R. H.) This Miss Tiverton, shall be yours. [L. H.] get you in—get you in!

Maria. (*embarrassed*) I wish to be with my friend.

Mrs. Sel. Yes, sir, she wishes to be with me.

Sir Mark. Nonsense! Eh, George, you know better than that—there, go along with you, and help your wife to dress—What are you shilly-shallying about?—Why don't you go?

Maria. We're going, Sir—yes, Sir, we're going.

Sir Mark. Well, then, go, Sir—for I've a thousand things to do.

(*He pushes* SELBORNE *and* MISS DARLINGTON *into room* D. R. F., MRS. SELBORNE *exit into* D. F. L. H.)

(*faintly*) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! How the least thing shakes my poor weak frame, my pulse is low, and I feel ready to faint—I must try to support exhausted nature as well as I can. (*in the voice of Stentor*) Fixture.

Fix. (*without*) Hallo!

Sir Mark. Put the venison pastry on the side-table, and a tankard of ale—I can touch nothing else before dinner.[*Exit* R. H. 1. E.]

(*Re-enter.* SELBORNE D. F. R. H. *on tip-toe, and goes to his wife's apartment,* D. F. L. H. *taps at the door and listens.*)

Re-enter Sir MARK, R. H. 1. E.

Sir Mark. I forgot my gun—Eh! what's George about? (*steps aside*)

Sel. (*taps again*) Fanny! Fanny!

Sir Mark. Oh! oh! I suspect poaching here. (*apart.*)

Mrs. Sel. (*from the room* D. F. L. H.) Who's there!

Sel. 'Tis I!

Enter MRS. SELBORNE, D. F. L. H.

Mrs. Sel. My dear George!

Sel. My sweet Fanny—I may not have another opportunity of telling you, that I shall contrive to deceive the old boy, and in the evening come secretly to your apartment.

Mrs. Sel. (*fondly pouting*) But I don't like your being with your *wife* there, I assure you.

Sel. My soul! can you doubt 'tis you alone I adore? Let this embrace———

Sir Mark. Ahem! [*advances.*]

Sel. My uncle! undone!

Sir. Mark. Oh! you profligate! Oh! you—what only two days married? Oh! you Don Juan! I'll expose you to your injured wife. Maria, Mrs. Selborne! [*calls at the door* R. F. *and knocks.*]

Enter MARIA, D. F. R. H.

Maria. What's the matter?

Sir Mark. The matter is [*faintly*] I caught your bridegroom in your bridemaid's arms, planning an assignation—and sorry I am to shock you, my dear, with such heart-breaking intelligence.

Maria. Oh! fie, George! I'm ashamed of you—you naughty man—you naughty man! [*playfully slapping his hands, which he returns*]

Sir Mark. [*imitating*] "You naughty man!" The world's at an end—Oh! this is my precious match.

Mrs. Sel. What an indelicate situation I am placed in. (*hides her face.*)

Sir Mark. Ah! Miss Tiverton, you have some modesty, and, I hope, my dear child, my interference has been opportune enough to save you from the arts of a libertine—from the seductions of that "naughty man." [*imitating*] Don't weep, he shan't annoy you again; we'll dine by *ourselves*, and hob and nob together. [*taking her arm.*]

Sel. Hob and nob! Sir, I——

Sir Mark. Keep off, Sir! (*points gun at* SELBORNE—*to* MRS. SELBORNE) and to-morrow morning, my love, I'll take you home to your friends—Fixture!

Sel. [*in agony*] Then I shall lose my wife. [*aside to* MARIA]

Maria. Be quiet!

Enter FIXTURE, R. H. 1. E.

Sir Mark. Run to the Talbot, and order post-horses to be here at day-light, and furbush up the old coach.

Fix. Sir, the turkey hen is hatching a brood of chicks in it.

Sir Mark. Out with her!

Fix. [*crossing to* L. H.] chickens and all, Sir Mark?

Sir Mark. Come, we'll take a walk in the garden, and you shall never see him again—there now! [SELBORNE *can hardly be restrained by* MARIA] And to-night you shall sleep in a room where nobody can come to you, but old Deborah, the house-keeper—there now!

[*Exeunt* SIR MARK *and* MRS. SELBORNE, *he patting and kissing her hand* C. D. L. H.

Sel. Sleep where nobody can come to her but old Deborah—Curse old Deborah! and, to-morrow, he takes her to her offended family, and I shall see her no more. I'll go and own my marriage.

Maria. (*stopping him*) And triumphantly march off with your new shilling! no, that will never do. Have not we all the day to counterplot! (*going to the* C. *door*) Ha! ha! how lovingly they walk together! George, come here—Quick! quick! whose equippage is that passing the gates—there—see!

Sel. Oh! I know—'tis—'tis—pshaw! Oh! the Hon. Mr. Highflyer.

Maria. I thought so—then this is no place for me—I suppose he's coming here—therefore I go—

Sel. Coming here? no such thing! neither my uncle nor I are acquainted with him. His pack is near Newmarket, far away from—

Maria. Newmarket—Yes, yes, I know. (*pensively.*)

Sel. Have you had a little quarrel lately?

Maria. Lately! Sir, I fortunately have not seen that gentleman for eleven months and seventeen days, for I have counted them; I own I was at first a little uneasy at our breaking off, but time has, as you see, entirely removed both regret and resentment—Obstinate wretch!

Sel. Oh! I see it has.

Maria. I now make it a rule never to talk about him—never—could you believe this of him, Mr. Selborne? I had perfected myself *a merveille* in a piece of music of his recommendation—had the concert fixed—sent him a card. Instead of his presence I was honored with a letter from Newmarket—shocked—*in desespoir*, and a parcel of trash that he could not be present—but that business must be minded—I returned his letter in a blank cover—he wrote another—I returned it—another, I returned that—and would you think it possible—he wrote no more.

Sel. Though you had only sent back three letters.

Maria. Only three!

Sel. And you have not sought a reconciliation?

Maria. Reconciliation, Sir? Rivers may climb mountains—doves become the nestlings of kites—man become faithful—any monstrous thing is more probable than that I should be reconciled to Alfred!

Sel. (*aside*) I wish I had an opportunity to try that—I see she loves him.

Enter FIXTURE, L. H. 1. E., *with a card in one hand and a guinea in the other.*

Fix. (*looking at the guinea*) Very much of a gentleman indeed. Sir, would you believe it—Ive been at the public house, and———

Sel. I can very easily believe it.

Fix. There's a great stranger come—a mortal sensible man.

Sel. How do you know that?

Fix. He gave me a guinea—Says he—"I wish to examine the inside of the interior of that wise insane establishment"—next door, you know, sir; master's a governor, thinks I—so I'll get a ticket for *him*—and mayhap, another guinea for myself (*reading the card*) The Hon. Alfred Highflyer—(*walking slowly out, and looking alternately at card and guinea*)

Maria. (*overlooking*) "Of Basket Hall"—'tis my detestable lover—who is———

Fix. Very much of a gentleman indeed! (*Exit* L. H. 1. E.)

Maria. I won't stay!

Sel. He's not coming here—so, why agitate yourself?

Maria. Agitate myself! ridiculous! To prove I'm not concerned about him, I shall go and amuse myself at the window,

(*Exit* D. F. R. H.)

Sel. For the chance of seeing him—They shall meet, that's fixed —Eh? I have it—Fixture, come back—I want you—Come back, I say!

(MARIA *appears at door* R. F.)

Maria. Come back! what can Selborne want with him—thank heaven, I've no curiosity—only one may as well listen.

Sel. Ha, ha! 'tis a bold thought, but I owe Maria a good turn, so here goes!

Re-enter FIXTURE, L. H. 1. E.

Come hither! I'll tell you, my old boy, how you may make that *one* guinea *five.* (*taking out his purse.*)

Fix. By coining—?

Sel. Only a little *falsehood*, my old friend. You must assist my plans, and share my confidence.—Know then I am married to Miss Tiverton; but, fearing Sir Mark's disinheriting threats, have deceived him by a pretended alliance with his favorite, Miss Darlington—*That Mr. Highflyer* is her lover. (*pointing to the card*) They have quarrelled, and I wish to bring about a meeting; therefore, instead of taking him to the next house, you shall introduce him to *this*, as the Lunatic Asylum, and to *me*, as the managing *director!*

Fix. This house as the lunatic—He, he! Oh, your joking!

Sel. If you *think* so, I'll put my purse in my pocket.

Fix. No don't—there would be no *joke* in that

Sel. The governor's compliments to Mr. Highflyer—shall be happy in receiving the honor of his visit—you hear?

Fix. Tolerably.

Sel. (*chinking the purse*) You understand?

Fix. Perfectly! I'm to say this is a lunacy house—Ecod! it is not very unlike one.

Sel. Mind you repeat———

Fix. Never fear—I'll repeat all the lies you've told me, you may depend on't—Ha, ha!—The governor's compliments,—

(*Exit, repeating his lesson,* L. H. 1. E.)

Maria. (*advances*) Upon my word, a very pretty scheme! and I am, I suppose, to be out of my senses—I must be so to join in it!

Enter Sir. MARK *and Mrs.* SELBORNE, C. D. L. H.

Sel. Nay, but Maria—now hear me—ought you to be angry—here am I taking pains to bring a lover at your feet, and you are not satisfied.

Sir Mark. How unreasonable!—Well said, husband!

Maria. You are very kind, Sir—but I am vain enough to think I can provide lovers for myself.

Sir Mark. I dare say you can! (*getting down between them*) Well said wife! (*advancing*) What will this world come to!

Sel. What the devil shall I do now!

Maria. *Do?*—why run away with your wife, to be sure.

(*Exit with* SELBORNE *taking his arm*, D. F. R. H.)

Mrs. Sel. Oh, George! run away with your wife. (*going to follow them.*)

Sir Mark. (*getting hold of her*) No, no, Miss Tiverton, you shall have nothing to say to the profligate!—go into the room! till I find my old housekeeper (*puts her into room* D. F. L. H.) They are all out of their senses! To be sure this union I promised to Maria Darlington's departed father, poor Charles, when we were younkers!—Ha, ha!—well, well! youth and age have both their tantrums!

SONG—SIR MARK.*

I.

Love in season,
Like teazing,
Is pleasing,
Not teazing;
It prickles,
And tickles,
With fanciful joys.
While toying,
Enjoying,
She sighs out,
And cries out—
"You devil,
Be civil,
And don't make a noise!"
Then pressing,
Caressing,
And ranting,
And chanting,
They rhyme away,
Time away,
In a love song;
Then dance it,
And prance it,
And thump it,
And stump it,
And bump it,
And rump it,
All the night long!
Love in season, &c.

II.

Youth over,
In clover,
We muzzle,
And guzzle,
And toast it,
And roast it,
Like jolly old boys!
Break glasses,
Kiss lasses,
And pick up,
And hiccup;
And swaggering,
Staggering,
Finish our joys!
Then Phthisic,
And physic,
Blue devils,
Us levels,
Till doctor,
And proctor
Bespeak us a grave;
Then weepers,
And peepers,
And moaners,
And groaners,
And gay men,
Cry "Amen!"
And chaunt out a stave!
Youth over, &c.

(*Exit* R. H. 1. E.)

*This song is generally omitted.

SCENE II—*A pleasure ground: in* 3. G. *an angle of the scene displays a handsome aviary, with a macaw and birds on* L. C. 3. G.—*the aviary fronted with brass wire-works, and partially concealed by flowering shrubs—the rest of the scene arranged in a tasteful display of wood, water, and the agremens that form a handsome domain.*

Enter MARIA *and* SELBORNE, R. H. 2 E.

Maria. And do you think I will ever be *reconciled* to Alfred?

Sel. Certainly I do. *(aside)*—Certainly I do not!—If I thought so I would prevent your meeting—my object is to punish him, and bring him to your feet.

Maria. Yes, I own I should like to see him at my feet.

Sel. And then to consign him to utter despair.

Maria. Yes, to utter despair—Well then, I consent to see him.

Sel. Throw your hair into a little disorder—and that, with a veil, will do very well for a desponding witless maiden—and when I clap my hands three times thus, *(clapping his hands)* then begin a mad Bess kind of air—he's coming!

Maria. *(lifting herself on her toes)* I would rather not see him.

Sel. I know that—but go and mind the signal.

Maria. *(on her toes)* I think I ought to be sure 'tis he.

Sel. There can be no doubt of it—there are not two such.

Maria. *(with earnest affection)* No—that there are not.

Sel. Then don't let curiosity mar our plan.

Maria. I've no curiosity, I assure you.

(Exit R. H. 1 E., *raising herself and looking for* ALFRED L. H. 1 E.)

Sel. Por Maria! how she detests him, ha! ha!—he's here—now for my assumed character of director. *(retires up the stage.)*

Enter FIXTURE, *introducing* ALFRED, L. H. 1 E.

Fix. This way, Sir, I can shew you all the grounds.

Alf. A noble mansion—strong and capacious—and the grounds handsome and varied. I understand they practice here the soothing system, with their unhappy patients—which is certainly the most humane, if not the most sanative plan.

Fix. *(pointing to Sel.)* My master, Sir.

Alf. Oh! rather young!

Sel. *(apart to Fixture)* Keep my uncle out of the way. *(aloud)* You need not wait—*(to Alf.)* A careful steady servant, Sir, and seldom forgets any thing.

Fix. The five guineas for instance. *(aside to Sel.)*

Sel. There, confound you! *(gives purse to Fix.)* The object of your visit reflects the highest honor on your humanity, and patriotism.

Alf. Yes, sir, disgusted with the insane creation, that take the privilege of roaming about this world, I wish to devote my time and wealth to those unfortunates, who are under salutary control.

Sel. I regret, I cannot, consistently with the rules of this establishment, admit you at this hour into the interior;

Alf. I beg you will not infract any regulation on my account.

Sel. Many of the patients enjoy the salubrity of the garden, and, perhaps, the ground may afford you some amusement. Favor me with your company.

(*Exeunt* SELBORNE *and* ALFRED 2 E. L. H.)

(*Enter* MRS. FIXTURE, R. H. 1 E.)

Fix. I must keep the secret safe from my wife. She has a ravenous curiosity, and particularly about young men.

Mrs. F. I a curiosity about young men! If I had, I should not have been content with such a curiosity of an old one. No, Sir, I defy your words—so, tell me directly who the young man is, that you so falsely say, I've a curiosity about?

Fix. Well, I will—he's a Mr. Highflyer, a dasher on the turf.

Mrs. F. Keeps race-horses? Oh, how I do love Taunton races.

Fix. Oh, those cursed Taunton races! you never cleared up your privately going———

Mrs. F. Don't trouble your head about it, my dear.

Fix. But, my dear, it does trouble my head,—I never think of it, but I feel such shooting pains—

Mrs. F. (*running to* 2 R. L. H. *and looking off.*) Who are those? I'm sure, that's the young dasher in green.

Fix. As she deceived me about Taunton races, I'll deceive her —No, he in green is Sir Mark's nephew, Mr. Selborne, a sensible, discreet, married man, like me. Come away, I say,—look! here's a pretty present, (*showing a purse*) and I'll tell you a great secret—so, come away.

(*Exeunt* MR. *and* MRS. FIXTURE, 1 E. L. H.

Re-Enter SELBORNE *and* ALFRED, 2. E. L. H.

Sel. So, Sir, you have quarrelled with the world—you are a young misanthrope.

Alf. Yes, Sir; as Hamlet says, man delights not me—nor woman neither—woman! Oh! (*spitefully*) Sir, I don't mean to annoy you with the lacerations of my wounded spirit—but—woman! Oh! (*recovering*) I really ask your pardon—Pray, Sir, what do you consider the most effective agent in soothing the irritation of the mind?

Sel. Music; but, perhaps, you are not an admirer?

Alf. Sir, to music I owe all my happiness; all my misery. I love it to distraction.

Sel. Distraction! Ah, Sir, I have under my care an angel; oh, such a voice! (*clapping his hands*) Oh! such a voice! (*clapping his hands*) Oh! such a voice! (*clapping again.*)

(*Maria sings the burthen of a song,* R. H. 1 E.)

That's she!
Alf. Her voice recalls———
Sel. Hush!

SONG—MARIA.

Hush thy vain sighs, fair maiden,
Tears, flow no more in vain,
Heart, cease thy fond upbraiding,
Lips, no more breathe his name.
"He's gone! ay, gone for ever,
Far, far away from me,
Fond maidens then endeavor
To shun credulity!"

Alf. That song I well remember—It caused my quarrel with Maria. (*to* SELBORNE.) And has reason fled that form, which breathes such enchanting melody?

Sel. Alas! 'tis even so—poor Maria!

Alf. Maria, did he say?—May I, Sir, presume to ask the name of the lovely sufferer?

Sel. Maria Darlington!

Alf. Horror! let me conceal my agitation! Oh! where's my resentment now? Know you the cause of her malady?

Sel. Unrequited love.

Alf. I the cause! I the destroyer of the proudest spirit that heaven ever breathed into a human form!—Might I be permitted to speak—(SELBORNE *shakes his head*) Only to look on her?

Sel. That may be permitted—you see that bubbling brook—(*points off*) its murmurs often invite her to wander near its margin—there we may look on her, and join our petitions for her recovery, and our *curses* on the *wretch*, who could desolate such a paradise of sweets.

Alf. Yes, as you say, Sir, curses on the wretch—(*embarrassed*) that—you are very good, Sir—Come!

Sir Mark. (*without*, L. H. 2. E.) Why George! nephew!

Sel. Zounds! my uncle! what the devil shall I do now? he must not see me.

Alf. Who is that, Sir?

Sel. An unhappy gentleman, resident here, you understand—(*pointing to his head*) harmless—perfectly harmless—fancies himself proprietor of this house and manor—you see he's in a shooting costume—and we indulge him with a little unloaded pop-gun—seem to fall into his fancies—'tis our plan of treatment.

Alf. Rely on me. But that angel———

Sel. I'll lead her to yon weeping willow—(SIR MARK *sings without* L. H. 2. E.) Zounds! he's here! (SIR MARK *sings louder*) Don't be alarmed, he is quite harmless. (*Exit* R. H. 1. E.)

Alf. How unfit to humor the insanity of others, while I am scarcely on the verge of sanity myself. Oh! Maria!

Enter SIR MARK, L. H. 2. E., *with his gun, calling to one of his dogs—Doll—Doll—Doll, very loud.*

Sir Mark. This precious nephew of mine has thrown me into such a fever, I can't stay in the house. I must just brush the home covers to cool and tranquilize my poor nerves. Eh! what strange gentleman have we here? (*Alfred nods*) Strange gentleman! no—he seems a very familiar one. Your servant, Sir—Pray Sir, to what may I attribute the honor of your presence in my grounds?

Alf. My grounds! poor fellow, I must indulge him. Sir, the beautiful disposition of hill, dale, wood, and water, has tempted me to intrude.

Sir Mark. Intrude! Sir, you are welcome—your hand——

Alf. My hand—(*hesitates*) Oh! he's harmless. (*shaking hands*) Sir, the charms of the scenery joined to your good manners——

Sir Mark. Sir, I flatter myself my manors are as good as any gentleman's in the county; (*takes off hat and rubs his head*) though last winter I had the misfortune to lose all my hares.

Alf. (*aside, sighing*) Had his head shaved, poor fellow!

Sir Mark. So, sir, if you'r fond of sport, this is the place.

Alf. (*aside*) the place for sport—melancholy idea!

Sir Mark. What do you think of this piece? (*bringing up his gun.*)

Alf. Very handsome!

Sir Mark. And generally fatal; should you like to take a shot this morning?

Alf. If you please, sir. I must humor him. (*aside*) Egad, I'll pretend to kill that macaw.

Sir Mark. I suppose you are pretty sure?

Alf. You shall see. (*aside.*)

(*Fires—the macaw drops from the perch, in aviary,* L. C.)

Zounds! 'tis loaded!

Sir Mark. Damn the fellow, he has killed my macaw!

Alf. To trust a loaded gun in such hands was madness!

Sir Mark. It was indeed! so give it me instantly.

Alf. It has another barrel; I shall be shot here!—I won't give it you.

Sir Mark. Not give me my gun! Why, you damned impudent scoundrel!

Alf. Be quiet—be quiet—you know you have keepers here.

Sir Mark. Keepers! to be sure I have.

Alf. (*aside*) Come, he's not so mad, but he knows he has keepers! Be composed, or I'll call them.

Sir Mark. (*furious*) You call my keepers—you!

Alf. Oh! I must, I see—here, keepers, do your duty.

(*Exit* R. H 1. E.)

Sir Mark. He's gone off with my gun! Here, Bob! Thomas! regory! Fixture!—stop that fellow with my gun.

Enter SELBORNE *and Gamekeepers,* R. H. U. E.)

Sel. My dear Sir Mark, what's the matter?

Sir Mark. That damned swaggering rascal has killed my macaw, and marched off with my gun!

Sel. (*stifling a laugh*) A stranger make such a disturbance. What could he aim at?

Sir *Mark.* Why, at my macaw, I tell you!

Sel. Sir, I shall instantly demand of him an account of his conduct.

Sir Mark. Do, George.

Enter FIXTURE, R. H. 1. E.

Fix. Here's your worship's gun. (*apart to Sel.*) What a pretty commence!—(*aloud*) but, I can't find the gentleman.

Sel. But *I'll* find him—at least, I hope so. (*aside.*)

Sir Mark. Do, But, George, where's your wife?

Sel. That's a good question!—Why, sir, did not you take her away from me? Did not———

Sir Mark. *I* take—why, zounds, you're thinking of Miss Tiverton again!

Sel. No, sir—yes, sir—no, sir—yes, sir——

Sir Mark. No, sir—yes, sir—you'll drive me mad.

Sel. Sir!—

Sir Mark. I won't hear a word, sir—leave my presence, you profligate, or I'll—(*exit Selborne,* R. H. 1. E.) Was there ever such a Tarquin—a Blue-beard! And was ever poor gentleman brought to such an untimely grave? Ah! they'll soon have their will—now I have made mine. Bob! here, load my gun—and just to raise my spirits, let's have a jolly song and chorus, my old boy! (*slapping Fixture on the back*) and then for the merry spaniels!

SONG AND CHORUS.

When the southern breezes play,
The uplands let us gain,
Where ruddy health with smiles invites,
To join her sporting train!

CHORUS.

When the southern, &c.

SOLO.

Unleach the merry pack—
See—see—they scent the gale!
Their chuckling throats

Repeat the notes,
Our sport it will not fail!
When the sun his course has run,
We trim the evening fire,
And gaily troll
The cheering bowl
To the health of wife and 'squire!
Then the song and joke prevail,
Till the turret-bell strikes—one!
And the parting cup of ale
Proclaims our day is done!
When the southern, &c.

CHORUS.

When the southern, &c.

They march round during chorus of 2d verse and off, U. E. R. H.

QUICK DROP.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT II.

SCENE 1st.—*A deep shaded grove*, 3. G.—*a marble urn is seen near the banks of a river, on* R. H. 2. E.—*weeping willow, and a bank near it.*

Enter ALFRED, *from* U. E. L. H.

Alf. There is the brook poor Maria augments with her tears—here, the willow she ruffles with her sighs—there dwell the echoes that correspond to her plaintive minstrelsy—and this is thy work, thou unfeeling but too bewitching man. I really had no idea that my person and manners would have been so fatal. In future, I shall mind what I'm about, and by an acrid severity, neutralize the horrid poison of this foolish tongue, and prevent further mischief to the soft, fond, believing sex.

Enter SELBORNE, L. H. 3. E., *motioning to* MARIA.

Well, sir, where is she?
Sel. You may observe her in that grove.

Alf. I don't see—Yes, there I caught a glimpse—how my heart beats!

Sel. Sing to her, that will attract her.

Alf. Sing! sir, 'tis with shame and sorrow I own, that I can't sing.

Sel. Not sing! poor man, I pity you.

Alf. Thank you, sir—I have done mischief enough without singing. Oh! if I could have sung———

Sel. See! she advances.

(*Maria walks down the grove,* L. H. 3. E., *and seats herself under the willow.*)

Maria. Alfred!

Sel. That's the name she always pronounces.

Alf. I don't wonder at it! 'tis a very pretty name—Maria!

Sel. Hush!

Alf. (*apart*) He won't let me speak to her—I wish I could get rid of him.

Enter FIXTURE, L. H.

Fix. Sir, your uncle is asking—

(*To* SELBORNE, *who stops his mouth.*)

Alf. (*to* FIXTURE.) Get your master away, and there's another guinea.

Sel. How provoking, that my presence should be required elsewhere—I'm very sorry———

Alf. So am I, sir; but, business, you know, sir—(*shouldering him.*)

Fix. (*pulling his coat*) Yes, business, sir—

Sel. 'Tis unlucky!

Alf. Very true; but, in your situation, ceremony would be highly improper. (*pushing him.*)

Fix. Oh! very improper. (*pulling him by the coat.*)

Exeunt SELBORNE, *and* FIXTURE, L. H. 2. E.

Maria. Heigho!

Alf. She sighs, and parts the branches of the weeping willow, with her long interesting melancholy fingers.

Maria. (*advancing*) Alfred!

Alf. Again, my name!

Maria. What proofs did I not give you of my love? Did I not engross your time, exhaust your patience—did I not prefer tormenting you to any other of your sex?

Alf. Kind soul! she did!

Maria. And what was my return?—You smiled in my absence—went to sleep in my presence—preferred the spring meeting at the course of *New*market, to meeting with me in the theatre of the *Hay*market.

Alf. I was that wretch.

Maria. And while my heart fluttered with the hope that you were arranging our marriage with Mr. Buckle, the proctor, you

were settling a race with Mr. Buckle, the jockey—then I lost my senses.

Alf. And I, my match—I'll venture to speak to her—Maria!

Maria. Who calls Maria?

Alf. One who loves her. Have you forgotten Alfred?

Maria. Oh, no; but he forsook me: yet even then when rivals asked my hand, my heart—at the concert—in the waltz—mark how I answered them.

SONG—MARIA.

When harmony awakens each bosom to joy,
Gay, artful lovers those moments employ
In dulcet notes sighing,
In cadences dying,
Each whispers, "Ah! can you these raptures destroy?"
I only reply—la, le, lal, &c. (*sings.*)

II.

The maze of the waltz to the lover has charms,
It animates hope it prudence disarms—
Pursuing, then pressing,
Encircling, caressing,
He sighs—"Ah! forever repose in these arms"—
I only reply—la, la, lal, &c. (*dances.*)

(*After the song, she sinks into dejection.*)

Alf. How she waltzes! What an invaluable wife I have lost! (*addresses her*) But if Maria remembered Alfred she would look kindly on him.

Maria. (*smiling*) Does she now look angry?

Alf. She would offer Alfred her hand.

Maria. Does she now refuse it? (*he takes her hand.*)

Alf. She would find an asylum in his arms. (*she sinks into his arms.*)

Enter SIR MARK, L. H. 2. E.

Sir Mark. In a gallant's arms! (*between them*) Mercy on us! mercy on us! Ay, you may well hide your face.

(*Maria faintly shrieks, covers her face with her veil, and runs off.* R. H.)

Alf. Confound this vexatious, unfortunate!—at such a moment. Yet what can I say to him. (*in a pathetic tone*) Why, unhappy old gentleman, will *you intrude* yourself?

Sir Mark. (*in the same tone*) Why, impertinent young jackanaps, will you intrude yourself?

Alf. (*irritated*) 'Sdeath! you have wounded my feelings.

Sir Mark. (*with the same irritation*) 'Sdeath, sir, you have killed my macaw. Who the devil *are* you, and how dare you take freedoms with a married lady?

Alf. (*apart*) Married! Maria married! But I must not irritate him; I must pursue the soothing system. Hush! be quiet; you'll bring on the fever.

Sir. Mark. (*alarmed*) The fever! shall I? Oh dear! I hope not.

Alf. How he looks—'tis quite affecting to see such desolation.

Sir Mark. Do I look ill?

Alf. I pronounce him incurable.

Sir Mark. Incurable! I hope not. Don't shake your head, there's nothing in that; they tell me here I am getting better.

Alf. (*sighs and smiles*) Ay, I dare say they do.

Sir Mark. I've had a consultation of London doctors.

Alf. No doubt, no doubt.

Sir Mark. (*fumbling for a letter which he produces*) You see they give me hopes—look, pray look! (*gives the letter to Alfred, and begins counting his pulse rapidly*) One, two, three, four, five, six, &c.

Alf. What's this! "To Sir Mark Chase, Warrender Hall—free—Alfred Highflyer." My own frank! Warrender Hall! (*looks about*)—Sir! (*with energy.*)

Sir Mark. (*alarmed*) What's the matter?

Alf. Warrender Hall! It must be so. Sir, I am compelled to ask a delicate question—but the asylum for—(*touching his head.*)

Sir Mark. I know what you mean—'tis the very next house—here, you may see the high wall.

Alf. (*jumps up*) I see the high wall—*that's* the house I ought to have been taken to. (*crossing to* R. H.)

Sir Mark. Yes, I rather think it is—Oh! this accounts for his killing my macaw. (*a lute is heard*)

Alf. A harp! Ay, ay, they are following up their sport; but if I don't mar it—(*to* SIR MARK) I'll pretend to be deceived—I'll turn the tables on them; Egad! I'll give them a Roland for their Oliver. Hark! what heavenly music! It comes from the azure canopy of———

Sir Mark. (*soothing him*) No, no, it comes from the blue parlor.

Alf. 'Tis the muse, Euterpe.

Sir Mark. No, 'tis Fanny Tiverton.

Alf. It whispers, 'tis a celestial lyre.

Sir Mark. 'Tis an infernal liar, if it whispers any such thing, because—

Alf. Divine Music! What threw down the walls of Jericho? Music! What drew Eurydice from the shades? Music! How did Apollo build the Theban Wall? By Music!

Sir Mark. (*to himself*) Music, Quotha! I wonder what tune Apollo fiddled when he turned mason?

Alf. What tune? Stoneybatter—Tol de rol—(*dances* SIR MARK *off* L.)

Sir Mark. 'Tis a clear case; I'll steal away and give information at the next door to secure him. (*Exit* 2. E. L. H.)

Alf. Now if I can find my *grooms*, and give them their *cue*. (*going, sees*) I shall be revenged on them all, for the trick they have played on me.

MRS. FIXTURE *enters* L. H. 2. E.

Mrs. F. Well—I've got the secret from my husband at last. Oh! here's the gentleman in the green coat—Pity such a handsome man as Mr. Selborne should be married—I hope your honor's well, and your spouse. (*curtsies.*)

Alf. (*aside*) Spouse!

Mrs. F. Yes, Mr. Selborne, your *real* spouse.

Alf. Selborne! real spouse! (*aside.*)

Mrs. F. Ah! you are surprised at my knowing the secret! but my husband has told me all.

Alf. Your husband?

Mrs. F. Is Fixture, the butler—don't be angry with him for telling me.

Alf. Not at all; on the contrary, I'm quite delighted.

Mrs. F. I say! what a trick you played that Mr. Highflyer—how like a fool he must look, ha, ha!

Alf. I dare say he does, ha, ha! (*aside*) remarkably pleasant this.

Mrs. F. And has Sir mark no suspicion of the trick you played *him?*

Alf. Oh! of the trick we played Sir Mark? Oh, no; and so your husband told you all—what all about—eh?

Mrs. F. Yes, all about your private marriage with Miss Tiverton, and pretending to Sir Mark, you had married Miss Darlington, and—

Alf. What do I hear! (*aside*) Maria—unmarried! I shall betray myself—What a lucky fellow Fixture is, to have so discreet, and yet so blooming, and bewitching a wife?

Mrs. F. (*simpering and curtseying*) Oh, dear sir! but he's so jealous———

Alf. 'Tis always the case—those husbands are sure to be most jealous, whose wives give them the least reason. (*he puts his arm round her waist, and toys with her hand.*)

Mrs. F. Very true, sir.

Alf. They are sure to miscontrue the most innocent freedoms (*kisses her.*)

Mrs. F. So they do, sir—now, I only went to Taunton races with a friend, and he has made such a worret ever since, to find out who it was.

Alf. Taunton races!—there's a rod in pickle for Mr. Fixture, who introduced me to this labyrinth of riddles. (*aside.*)

Mrs. F. Here comes my old man—pray, don't say a word about the secret, or the races. (*Exit* R. H. 1. E.)

Alf. Oh, no!—

Enter FIXTURE, L. H. 2. E.

Fix. (*placing his hand above his eyes to assist his sight*) Why yes—it is her!

Alf. (*kissing his hand to her*) Good bye, you sly rogue—I shall see you again at Taunton races.

Fix. Taunton races! (*with solemn trepidation*)—What do you know of Taunton races?

Alf. That my *filly* bolted, and—

Fix. Don't talk of *your* bolting filly, but tell me about mine What do you know about that young person?

Alf. Don't be agitated, there's no cause for alarm—I certainly had the pleasure of seeing her there; but she was under the protection of an elderly gentleman.

Fix. (*breathless*) Who?

Alf. A Sir Mark Chase, as I understood.

Fix. My master! oh, the hoary villain!

Alf. Therefore, your daughter—

Fix. Daughter! she's my wife! (*in agony*) If there be poison—or, what's more deadly—law, in the land, I'll———(*rushes out* R. H. 1. E.

Alf. Ha, ha! here comes the seducer—ha, ha!—I must avoid him and give my grooms their instructions—I'll teach them to make me the victim of their plots. (*Exit* L. H. 1. E.)

Enter SIR MARK, L. H. 2. E.

Sir Mark. I've procured two persons to secure him; but where has the poor creature wandered?

Enter MRS FIXTURE, R. H. 1. E.

Mrs. F. I saw my old man *scuttling* along!

Sir. Mark. Hannah! Have you seen Mr. Highflyer?

Mrs. F. No, sir; but I've seen Mr. *Selborne*—What a fine, easy, graceless gentleman!

Sir Mark. Very.

Mrs. F. But I've a notion he's a wild one; he began rumpling me about.

Sir Mark. Rumpling her about! was there ever such a devil of a fellow!

Enter FIXTURE *behind* R. H. 2. E, *starts at seeing them.*

You must not listen to these young fellows—Fixture is disposed to be jealous,—therefore, my dear Hannah, be prudent, and you know, I'll always be your friend. (*chucks her under the chin.*)

(*Fixture, with dishevelled hair, and ghastly look, rushes in between them.*)

Fix. I dare say you will. (*pause.*)

Sir Mark Fixture! what's the matter with the man?

Mrs. F. He seems in pain—where's your complaint?

Fix. In my head, in my heart—Taunton races!—Oh, you young viper!—Oh, you old dragon!

Sir Mark. Old dragon! I see how it is—every soul in my family

have lost their senses—and I shall soon be in the family way myself.

Fix. Oh, you old poacher! There's your service—(*snapping his fingers*)—there's your livery—(*throwing it off*)—there's your baggage—(*handing his wife over to* SIR MARK)—I'll have law, and poison—an attorney, and an apothecary. (*rushes out* R. H. 1. E.)

Sir Mark. Baggage!—old poacher!—no constitution can stand this! (*faintly.*)

Mrs. F. Oh, dear! oh, dear!

Sir Mark. (*angry*) What's the matter with *you?*

Mrs. F. Indeed I'm innocent of all such naughty doings, and I dare say, so are you, sir; at least, I'm sure you look innocent.

Sir Mark. Nonsense! now must I be tormented with her mewlings. (MRS. FIXTURE *sobs violently*) Zounds! don't go into a fit. (*runs and supports her in his arms.*)

Enter MR. *and* MRS. SELBORNE *and* MARIA, L. H. 2. E.

Come, come, don't take it so to heart, and I'll try to pursuade Fixture, that he has no cause to be jealous of us—There, there!

(MR. *and* MRS. SELBORNE *and* MARIA *advance round* SIR. MARK.)

Sel. The world's at an end!

Maria. Oh, you naughty man, you naughty man! ha! ha!

Sir Mark. Confound you all! What do you mean? Go along, you hussy! (*Exit* MRS. FIXTURE, R. H. 1. E.)

Maria. Oh Sir Mark!

Sel. Oh, uncle!

Sir Mark, Oh, nephew! you think by this ridiculous laugh to cover your own profligacy—she says you have been *rumpling* her about—she charges you with taking improper liberties.

Mrs. S. (*apart to* SELBORNE) is that true, George?

Sel. (*to her*) Upon my soul, I never saw her until this moment, I solemnly assure you, my dear Fanny. (*they go up the stage disputing.*)

Maria. But now to find Alfred and clear the mystery to him. I assure you Sir Mark, your seeing Mr. Highflyer at my feet was the most innocent jest———

Sir Mark. I dare say it was; (*incredulously*) but poor fellow he's past jesting with now.

Maria. What do you mean?

Sir Mark. Mean!—that he's gone—

Sel. Gone!

Sir Mark. Out of his senses.

Sel. Ha, ha!

Sir Mark. Come, come, 'tis no laughing matter—The poor creature owned he ought to have been taken to the next house—and when I told him you were married———

Maria. You told him I was married?

Sir Mark. To be sure.

Maria. Ay, then he stormed—

Sir Mark. No, he did not; he began dancing to the tune of Stoneybatter.

Maria. Dancing! then he is lost indeed.

Sel. Don't be alarmed—'tis some mistake of Sir Mark's.

Enter two Grooms running, L. H. 2. E.

1*st Groom.* You run that way, Sam—Stop—I've got him. (*clasping* SELBORNE.)

Sel. (*shaking him off*) What, in the devil's name, are you about?

1*st Groom.* Beg ten thousand pardons, sir,—Oh, my poor master!—Ladies, you have not got him about you?

Maria. What do you mean? what master?

1*st Groom.* Mr. Highflyer, ma'am.

Maria. What of him?

1*st Groom.* Escaped, ma'am.

Maria. Escaped!

Sir Mark. Did not I say so?

1*st Groom.* Yes, ma'am, escaped from us, ma'am, and he gave us the slip, ma'am.—He'll do some mischief! eh, my poor—eh! there he is—I see him—follow. (*crash and noises without,* R. H. 3. E, *Exeunt Grooms,* R. H. 2. E.)

Sir Mark. There, did not I tell you? (*a great noise of breaking glass without,* R. H. 3. E.) Confound him! he has gone into the greenhouse—Here, gardener—Fixture, Gregory! (*Exit* L. H. 2. E.)

Sel. Courage, Maria!

Maria. I shall never recover the shock, to assume derangement—to—an unfortunate, that was its victim.—Dreadful idea! Oh, Alfred! and have I only found you faithful to lose you for ever!

Sel. Nay, I alone was to blame; let us seek him.

Maria. Music had always the greatest power over him. Sing my dear Frances, try, by its influence to attract him hither. Come. Sir,—poor lost Alfred!

(MARIA *and* SEL, *exeunt,* L. H. U. E.)

Enter ALFRED, *his dress deranged,* R. H. U. E.

Alf. Ha, ha! I have escaped the baronet,—now, if I can find the bride, I'll give Mr. Selborne a pleasant half hour—Who have we here? by heavens, a Hebe!

ALFRED *advances*—MRS. SELBORNE *utters a loud scream.*

Alf. Fair creature, your animated beauties wake me to admiration, to delight.

Mrs. S. (*apart*) There's nothing flighty in that; on the contrary, I think he talks very sensibly. He's quite temperate—I'm glad I have such influence over him—I must practice the soothing sys-

tem. Sir, if my humble powers of pleasing can contribute to your happiness—

Alf. Oh, lady, at first your eyes dazzled by their lustre; but the beams of kindness they now emit, kindle a flame, pure as the ray that vivified it.

Mrs. S. How rationally he expresses himself! but, sir, were you not attached to Miss Darlington?

Alf. Formerly; but she's now married, and, indeed, so happy, that I rejoice in their union—even now I saw the happy pair reclining on a mossy bank!

Mrs. S. [*alarmed*] On a mossy bank!

Alf. The grove echoed with their kisses.

Mrs. S. Kisses! where are they? [*going out.*]

Alf. [*restraining her*] 'Tis a retreat hallowed by wedded love—we must not profane it.

Enter SELBORNE *and* MARIA, L. H. U. E., *observed by* ALFRED.

Maria. There they are.

Sel. But what are they about?

Alf. Instead of interrupting, let us emulate their happiness. May I not be allowed to approach the shrine of my adoration?

Mrs. S. I must not irritate him. [*aside.*]

Alf. May I not be permitted to enfold the object of my idolatry; to offer an oblation of ten thousand kisses? [*takes her round the waist, and kisses her hand rapturously.*]

SELBORNE *and* MARIA *rush in between them.* ALFRED *throws himself on to bank* R. H., *amuses himself in blowing the leaves of a flower, or some idiotic trifling.*]

Sel. Fanny! what are you about Fanny?

Maria. My dear friend, what are you about?

Mrs. S. Practising the soothing system.

Sel. The soothing system! zounds, ma'am, the irritating system.

Maria. Is this your friendship? this your return for my——

Mrs. S. Acting to perfection—the character of a loving wife.

Sel. To be found in a man's arms!

Mrs. S. To recline on a mossy bank—to make a grove echo with kisses!

Sel. Madam, the evidence of my eyes———

Mrs. S. Sir, the evidence of my ears———

Maria. Hush! hush! you forget the unhappy object who sits there unconcious of the misery he occasions—Selborne, be composed—depend on't, he mistook your wife for me.

Sel. Possibly; but I'll take care he don't make the same mistake again. [*taking his wife under his arm, and wiping the hand* ALFRED *has kissed.*]

Maria. Mention my name to him—say I am near, but with caution.

Sel. [*to* ALFRED] Sir, I believe you are acquainted with Miss Darlington?

Alf. Oh, yes sir—I knew Miss Darlington.

Sel. She is here.

Alf. Is she?—Ah! how do you do? Give you joy—nice weather, is not it?—Been at Brighton lately?

Maria. Oh! quite lost—quite irrational!

Mrs. S. I own, I cannot perceive it.

Alf. Ladies won't you walk, and enjoy this smiling landscape? How lovely nature has here distributed her charms. [*between the ladies*] I've just come from Brighton—bow, wow, wow! [*barks like a dog*]—been bathing there—the doctors call it being *dipt* Damn the fellows! they almost drowned me.

Maria. But—why—did—did they order you to be *dipt?*

Alf. Why? Ask me not the cause—it strikes upon my brain. 'Tis here! and here! and there! and everywhere! Ha, ha, ha, ha! —Oh! oh! [*seems convulsed.*]

Maria. What's the matter?

Alf. Spasms! spasms!—Ha, ha, ha! [*rises up, seems more convulsed, and falls into* MARIA'S *arms exhausted.*]

Maria. Oh! that he could know my feelings—that he could hear my vow, that I will never be another's.

Alf. [*starting up*] But will you be mine? Are you not married?

Maria. Are you not out of your senses?

Alf. Yes, with joy! Oh! Maria, how we have trifled with our happiness. But explain.

Sel. Suffice it, my pretended marriage with this lady, was to prevent my uncle disinheriting me.

Alf. And your real wife———

Sel. Is here—let this embrace vouch for my veracity and my happiness. [*embraces* MRS. SELBORNE.]

Alf. And this for mine. [*embracing* MARIA.]

Enter SIR MARK, L. H. 2. E.

Sir. Mark. There they are, all hugging again, madman and all. You audacious devils! what are you laughing at? But you shall be divorced—you shall be divorced, if it cost me ten thousand pounds.

Sel. Sir, it shan't cost you a penny.

Maria. Not a penny, sir.

Sir Mark. Why, ar'n't you married, George?

Sel, Yes, sir—to this lady.

Sir Mark. And you are———[*to* MARIA.]

Maria. Going to be married to this gentleman. [*bowing.*]

Sir Mark. But, George, to deceive your uncle.

Sel. Sir, that horrid new shilling you threatened me with.

Sir Mark. What, my favorite Maria to plot against me! Well, well, come here you pretty rogue, and kiss your uncle. [*kisses* MRS. SEL.] Well, now, I have only to alter my will, and perhaps the day after to-morrow you may be in possession; at present I'm as well as any man in England.

Maria. Then, dear Sir Mark, let well alone.

Sir Mark. And don't you want to dance over my grave?
Mrs. S. No, sir; we want you to dance at our wedding.
Sir Mark. Then I shall only dance to one tune.
Maria. What's that?
Sir Mark. Stoneybatter. [*enter Villagers and Gamekeepers.* U. E. L. H.]

FINALE.

SOLO—ALFRED.

Heart with heart uniting,
Village bells inviting,
Marriage vows delighting,

If you allow the bands.

CHORUS.

Heart with heart, &c.

SOLO—MARIA.

I your presence courting,
Ask your kind resorting,
To protect your sporting
O'er our fairy lands.

CHORUS,

Heart with heart, &c.

SITUATIONS.

VILLAGERS AND SERVANTS. VILLAGERS AND SERVANTS.

GAMEKEEPERS. GAMEKEEPERS.

ALFRED, MARIA, SIR MARK, MRS. SEL., SELBORNE.

R. H. CURTAIN. L. H.

No. 182.

MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE.

A Farce,

IN ONE ACT.

BY

THOMAS G. RODWELL, ESQ.

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.	*Original, London.*	*Mitchell's Olympic, New York*, 1840.	*National, Boston*, 1844.	*National, Boston*, 1844.	*Mitchell's Olympic, New York*, 1849.
OLD MELBOURNE,	Mr. Wilkinson	Mr. D. Anderson	Mr. S. D. Johnson	Mr. Cartlitch.	Mr. Henry
YOUNG MELBOURNE,	" Chapman	" G. Clarke	" A. W. Fenno	" A. W. Fenno	" Chanfrau
TRAP,	" Salter	" Roberts	" Linden	" Linden	" Conover
LARRY,	" Power	" S. D. Johnson	" J. Brougham & " W. A. Chapman	" S. D. Johnson	" Cunningham
LOUISA LOVEMORE,	Miss Booth	Mrs. Lewis	Mrs. Abbott	Mrs. Abbott	Miss Phillips
SUSAN,	" Parrock	" Randolph	Miss Ayres	Miss Ayres	" Taylor
LETTY,	" Bryan	" S.D.Johnson	" Parker	" Parker	Mrs. Isherwood

	Providence, 1852.	*Arch Street, Philadelphia*, 1852.	*Arch Street, Philadelphia*, 1854.	*National, Boston*, 1854.	*Arch Street, Philadelphia*, 1855.
OLD MELBOURNE,	Mr. Townsend	Mr. Fisher	Mr. Thayer	Mr. Paullin	Mr. Fisher
YOUNG MELBOURNE,	" Hanley	" Stearns	" D. P. Bowers	" Stoddart	" Shewell
TRAP,	" Strahan	" Vining	" Bradley	" Pardey	" Hall
LARRY,	" Cunningham	" Cunningham	" John Drew	" Cunningham	" John Drew
LOUISA LOVEMORE,	Miss Pentland	Miss V. Howard	Miss Kinloch	Mrs. Flemming	Miss C. Bernard
SUSAN,	" Graham	Mrs. Da Costa	Mrs. F. Drew	Miss Julia Daly	" G. Kinloch
LETTY,	Mrs. Jones	" Stone	Miss Bernard	" Taylor	Mrs. Wilks

TIME OF REPRESENTATION. — Forty-five minutes.

COSTUME. *Old Melbourne.* — Blue coat, brass buttons; buff vest; nankeen breeches and short gaiters; white silk stockings; white cravat; bald head; broad-brimmed white hat, turned up with green. *Young Melbourne.* — Modern walking dress. *Larry.* — Black pantaloons; striped vest; light green body livery coat. *Trap.* — Black great-coat and pantaloons.
Louisa. — Handsome silk dress. *Susan.* — Colored muslin; small cap. *Letty.* — Colored muslin, and small cap.

MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Handsome Chamber*, 3 G. *Toilet table and glass on* L. H.; *table, covered, on* R. H., *on it writing desk, pens, ink and paper, wafers, portfolio of paper, in it blank letter sealed; unlighted candle on table; two chairs on* R. H.; *two chairs on* L. H.

SUSAN *discovered, admiring herself in a looking glass,* L. H.

Sus. There, considering how little time I've taken, (for I haven't yet been above two hours and a quarter at the glass,) I don't think I look so much amiss. It's a pity I haven't got a little more time to give each of my ringlets the true irresistible turn; but I'm in momentary expectation of the arrival of Mr. Larry Hoolagan, valet de chambre to my mistress's intended, and if fate should only smile on our little innocent desires, my future spouse. O, he's a charming fellow! he possesses such amiable sensibility, such an insinuating address, such an elegant brogue, and such a handsome leg! O, I am delighted with him! — and, then, how romantic it will sound to be called Mrs. Hoolagan. I declare, it's a sweet name. (LARRY *heard singing without,* L. H. 1 E.) Ah, he comes! I hear his beautiful voice echoing up the staircase, like the warbling sonnet of the dying swan.

LARRY *enters,* L. H. 1 E.

Lar. (L. H.) Who's like a swan, my darling?

Sus. (R. H.) You, Mr. Hoolagan.

Lar. I like a swan? O, don't be after making a goose of me, my duck.

Sus. No matter what you are, so as your heart is in the right place.

Lar. Nobody ought to know better than yourself whether it's in the right place or not; for it has been in your possession this many a long day.

Sus. So it has, Larry; but you'll confess I came honestly by it, though.

Lar. To be sure you did, my darling; for you stole it at least a twelvemonth ago, as honestly as woman could do.

Sus. But tell me, Mr. Hoolagan, haven't you got a letter for my mistress this morning?

Lar. Och, to be sure I have! and one for your own sweet self, too, that I mean to deliver by word of mouth.

Sus. And what is it, pray?

Lar. It's just this, my dear: that as our master and mistress are going to be married, I think we can't do a worse thing than follow a good example.

Sus. But are you sure they'll be married, though? You know they've been on the point of marriage three several times before — last time they were even on the road to church.

Lar. Yes, and then quarrelled and turned back, because they couldn't agree about which way the wind blew.

Sus. Very true, indeed.

Lar. Fait! they say it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; by the powers, I think it's a good wind that blows nobody any harm; for if that confounded wind hadn't kicked up such a dust, I'd have had as nate a hundred-pound note in my pocket as ever was coined!

Sus. Yes, and I should have had another.

Lar. True — that your mistress and my master are to give us on the day of their wedding.

Sus. Well, all that we've got to do is, to mind that nothing occurs to produce a quarrel again.

Lar. Leave me alone for that.

Sus. By the by, Larry, I wonder what that letter contains you've brought for my mistress?

Lar. Fait! so do I; and I wondered all the way as I came along. I peeped into it, and round it, and through it a dozen times; but as I can't read a single word, I'm not much the wiser for what I saw.

Sus. Not read, Larry?

Lar. No, my darling; they didn't teach reading at the school I went to.

Sus. But still I should like to be certain that that letter will do no mischief.

Lar. It's mighty easy to be certain of that, my dear.

Sus. How, Larry, how?

Lar. Why, never to deliver it, my darling.

Sus. Ah, but suppose we should be found out, though.

Lar. Found out! Boder! Who'd be after finding us out? I warrant the letter'll never speak if nobody opens its mouth, and I'll take care of that. (*Showing the letter.*) Besides, only perceive, it looks mischievous; only see what a pale face it has. I'd be upon my davy it's full of diabolicals, only by the seal.

Sus. Well, really, I think it would be the safest way not to deliver it.

Lar. To be sure it would. No, no, I'll put it in my pocket, and forget that I ever saw it.

Sus. Hush, Larry, hush, here comes mistress; now mind.

Enter LOUISA, R. H. 1 E.

Lou. (R. H.) Melbourne's servant here! — Tell me, what news of your master? Have you no letter for me?

Lar. (L. H., *aside to* SUSAN.) Now, what will I be after saying?

Sus. (C., *aside.*) How should I know?

Lou. Quick, quick, he must have written to me.

Lar. (*Aside.*) It goes against my conscience (*crosses to* C.) to tell a lie; but, by de honor of an Irishman, I must out with a plump un.

Lou. (R. H.) Come, sir, answer me this instant.

Lar. (C.) A letter for you, ma'am? O, the devil a bit o' one. Is there, Susan?

Sus. (L. H., *aside.*) Hush!

Lou. I'm sure he must have written.

Lar. He may, or he may not, I can hardly say; but I reckon you'll get no letter from him this post. Do you, Susan, my dear?

Sus. There seems little probability of it, at present.

Lou. Surely you must have put the letter in your pocket, and forgotten it.

Lar. (*Aside.*) O, by my soul, she's a witch; she knows I'm determined to forget it.

Lou. Well, 'tis very strange; but I'll just write a line to him, and know the reason of it. (*Seats herself at the desk,* R. H.)

Sus. (*Aside to* LARRY.) There now, my mistress will write to know why she hasn't had a letter, and then good by to my hundred pounds.

Lar. (*Aside to* SUSAN.) Ditto to mine, my dear; but don't be alarmed. I'll give her a word of advice, and if she don't take my advice, confound me, if I take her letter.

Sus. (*Aside.*) Mind what you say.

Lar. Hush! — Ma'am! ma'am!

Lou. (*With surprise.*) Well, sir?

Lar. Excuse me for dictating a word or two; but though my master's a most charming gentleman, as your ladyship knows, yet he's apt to be a little cantancarous, now and then; and, therefore, I'm thinking that, perhaps, it might be as well not to say any thing about your not having received a letter from him this morning, for I'm confident it isn't his fault.

Sus. O, and so am I, ma'am.

Lou. O, don't be alarmed: I shall not say too much.

Lar. And even if your ladyship thought proper just to say, in a sort of a left-handed way, that you thank him for his kind note, I've no doubt he'd feel the reproof.

Sus. (*Aside.*) I have.

Lou. I thank you for your suggestion; but the letter is now finished. There, (*giving it to* LARRY,) it is a little severe; but not half so bad as he deserves. Mind it isn't lost.

Lar. O, leave me alone for keeping a letter safe — eh, Susan?

Sus. (*Aside.*) Hush!

Lou. Susan, follow me to my chamber. (*Exit,* R. H. 1 E.)

Sus. Yes, ma'am. (*Crosses,* R.)

Lar. O, if the hundred pounds ain't in my pocket now, it never shall be. By my soul, I was born for a prime minister of the post office.

Sus. But shall you deliver my mistress' letter?

Lar. O, to be sure I shall; after what I said, where's the danger?

Sus. But, I say, Larry, as you're above being able to read, mind you don't make a blunder, and deliver the wrong letter.

Lar. O, do you think I'm a fool? No, no: see, my darling, if I put my master's letter into the right hand pocket, and my mistress's into the left, the devil a bit of blunder can I make then.

Sus. Then, now I must go and perfume my mistress's handkerchief, and I believe I must put a little lip-salve on my own lips too.

Lar. Pooh, nonsense, my dear, the very best lip-salve a woman can have is a kiss from the man that adores her. (*Kisses her.*) There, my dear; if they ain't better now, we'll lay it on a little thicker by and by.

Sus. O, what a charming fellow! (*Exeunt*, R. H. 1 E.)

SCENE II. — *Room in* YOUNG MELBOURNE'S *Apartment*, 1 G. D. F. L. H., *practical*; D. F. R. H., *practical.*

YOUNG MELBOURNE *enters, reading a letter*, D. F. R. H.

Y. Mel. Now I am alone, let me again read my uncle's letter. (*Reads.*) "My dear boy — by the time you receive this letter, I shall once more breathe my native air. My very soul seems bounding at the idea of again beholding you: twenty years' residence in India has made me look forward to the happy moment of our meeting with almost a childish anxiety; for, from the high account I have heard of your goodness of heart, I am confident I shall meet a most affectionate welcome. —" You shall, indeed. Thus my happiness will be complete. My uncle arrives — pays all my debts — I wed Louisa, and nought but sunshine crowns the remainder of our days. (LARRY *heard without*, L. H. 1 E.) But here comes Larry; now, then, for Louisa's reply.

Enter LARRY, L. H. 1 E.

Well, Larry, have you got any letter for me?

Lar. (L. H.) O, to be sure I have, and a beautiful one it is — (*aside*) — if she only put in what I told her.

Y. Mel. (R. H.) Give it me, then, and run this instant and prepare my things for dressing. I musn't receive my uncle in dishabille.

Lar. To be sure I will. — (*Aside.*) Now let me be after taking care I don't make a bit of a blunder here. (*Considering.*) O, here's a slip of the tongue, if I haven't clean forgot which pocket I put it in.

Y. Mel. Come, sir, the letter.

Lar. Yes, sir, directly. — (*Aside.*) It was the left — no, the left's not right; no, it was the right — no, by the powers! the right's wrong. It's a pity I hadn't been born a great big two-penny-post-man, and then I'd have known which letter to have delivered.

Y. Mel. Come, sir.

Lar. Directly, sir. — (*Aside.*) O, let me look at 'em, and then, perhaps, I'll be after knowing which is the masculine, and which is

the feminine. (*Taking both letters out of his pocket, and anxiously looking at them.*) O, confound it! they're exactly like me and my elder brother, a couple of twin blackguards — there's no telling one from t'other.

Y. Mel. What is the meaning of this hesitation?

Lar. Hesitation, do you call it? — (*Aside.*) I think it's boderation. I wish my master couldn't read, and then I'd give him a choice of 'em. But, however, he must have one, and so here goes. (LARRY *gives letter.*)

Y. Mel. (*Without looking at the letter.*) That's right.

Lar. (*Aside.*) O, that's beautiful! I thought I couldn't make a blunder if I tried.

Y. Mel. (*Looking at the letter with astonishment.*) Death and the devil! if Louisa hasn't returned my letter unopened! Tell me, Larry, did Louisa say any thing when she gave you the letter?

Lar. Fait! I hardly remember.

Y. Mel. Come, come, sir, tell me this instant.

Lar. You're not angry with her, are you, sir?

Y. Mel. (*Aside.*) At least I'll not confess I am. No, no; rather pleased than otherwise. — (*Aside.*) Confusion!

Lar. (*Aside.*) It's all right, I see; I'd better tell him no lie at all, but the naked truth.

Y. Mel. Come, come, sir, this instant, for I see there's something — what did she say?

Lar. Fait! all she said, sir, was — you know merely in a jocular sort of a way.

Y. Mel. Well, what?

Lar. Why, sir, said she, Larry dear, it's a little severe, but not half so bad as your master deserves. It was all a joke, though, you know.

Y. Mel. Yes, a pretty sort of a joke! but I'll let her know I'm not the fond, contemptible fool she takes me for.

Lar. Here'll be a crash in the china closet!

Y. Mel. Yes, yes; I'll to my chamber this instant, and I'll write her a letter that shall make her heart ache, if she have one. I shall trust to your ingenuity, Larry, to see that she reads it.

Lar. Leave that to me, sir; depend on it she shall read it, as certainly as she did the one I tooked her this morning.

Y. Mel. None of your impertinence, sir. — (*Aside.*) Thus I am made the laughing stock of my own servant; but I'll be revenged. (*Going,* R. H.)

Lar. But, I say, sir, suppose the nabob, our uncle, should arrive when you're up stairs, what am I to do with him?

Y. Mel. Right. Let not my passion make me forget my duty to the best of men. Treat him with every politeness, usher him into the drawing room, and the moment I have done writing, I will descend; mind, now, treat him with every respect.

Lar. O, don't be afraid of Larry Hoolagan. I'll make him as welcome as a whiskey bottle.

Y. Mel. But not too much familiarity, sir.

Lar. O, the devil a bit, sir. Do you think I don't know how to

do the genteel thing? But, I say, sir — suppose our other friend should come again, what am I to do with him?

Y. Mel. Our other friend? — O! I suppose you mean the bailiff.

Lar. Fait! I do, sir; but bailiff's an ugly word to mention in genteel company.

Y. Mel. Why, kick him down stairs — throw him out of window — in fact, do any thing you like with him, so that you don't let him come near me. (*Exit, door* R. F.)

Lar. By my mother's beautiful son, and that's my elegant self, then I'll give it him, if I only catch his ugly nose on this side of the street door. There's something in all my master says I don't exactly understand — he's going to write something desperate to his mistress, too. Well, I'm the postman, and it will be my fault if it ever comes to hand. (*Exit* LARRY, R. H. 1 E.)

Enter TRAP, *disguised as* OLD MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.)

Trap. I've gammoned 'em so far, however. How lucky I happened to hear of the expected arrival of Old Melbourne from India. Trap, of the Station House, is too well known ever to succeed under his own colors. The game I have in view is a terrible shy cock; but in this disguise of his uncle I think I shall bring him down. If I only once get a fair aim at him, he's bagged to a certainty. (LARRY *sings without,* R. H.) Ah! some one's here; then I must come the important.

Enter LARRY, R. H. 1 E.

Lar. (*Examining* TRAP.) O, by my soul, it's him! That beautiful copper-colored face of his speaks volumes, without ever opening its mouth.

Trap. (*Aside.*) What's the booby staring at? I hope he don't suspect me.

Lar. (*Very obsequiously.*) My duty to your honor.

Trap. Ay; tell me, is Mr. Melbourne in the way?

Lar. Och, to be sure he's not, at this present writing. But why do you say Mr. Melbourne? Why don't you speak of him in a true fatherly way, and call him your nevey?

Trap. (*Aside.*) O, it's all right. — Eh! what! you know me, do you?

Lar. Ha, to be sure I do! I'm up to trap, my darling.

Trap. The devil you are!

Lar. To be sure I am; and I hope it won't be long before I have the pleasure of drinking your good-looking health in that beautiful half crown that you've just made up your mind about giving me.

Trap. No, never mind that now. — (*Aside.*) That would be supporting the character rather too naturally. But tell me, is my nephew in the way? — I long to come near him.

Lar. I'll be bound you do; but you see the fact is, he can't exactly be said to be at home just now, for this reason, because you see he's out; but if your noble mightiness would have the condescension *just to step into* the drawing room for a few moments ——

Trap. O, with the greatest pleasure. — (*Aside.*) I shall nibble him.

Lar. This way, your honor, this way. I hope you'll do something handsome for him now.

Trap. Depend on it, when once I behold him, he shall never go out of my sight again till I've provided for him. (*Ushers* TRAP *into the drawing room,* D. L. F.)

Lar. O, what a beautiful, kind-hearted creature it is! I see we shall be all cheek by jowl in no time, like a row of sheep's heads on a butcher's block. I think my master will have no cause to grumble at this day's work. But I'd better just run and tell him that he's arrived, in order that he may prepare himself for the interesting interview. (*Exit,* R. H. 1 E.)

Enter OLD MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.

O. Mel. Well, here I am once more in my native land, and under the very roof, too, with the only relation I have in the world. What a delightful meeting it will be! — I could hardly help kissing the maid who let me in, out of *pure joy.* (LARRY *heard without,* 1 E. R. H.)

O. Mel. Ah, that is his servant, I suppose; some warm-hearted Irishman that he has left here to welcome me. I shall hug the rascal if the master don't come directly.

Enter LARRY, R. H. 1 E., *who looks at him with astonishment.*

How surprised he seems! — I'll see if he'll discover who I am.

Lar. (*Aside.*) Is it himself, or somebody else? By my soul, that chap's quite another person. Yes, it's another copper-colored gentleman. I never knowed we had a couple of nabobs for uncles before.

O. Mel. How astonished he seems!

Lar. (*Aside.*) O, Larry, mind what you're about. I'm after smelling a rat, and that's the truth of it. I'll be upon my davy this is our friend the bum-bailiff himself, under false appearances. But I'll go straight forward to work, and cross-examine him at once. Good morning, sir; I've been watching some time for you, sir.

O. Mel. O, what, you've found me out, have you?

Lar. O, to be sure I have, with half an eye. Did you think to bamboozle me? By my faith, your head must be mighty thick for you to suppose I couldn't see through it.

O. Mel. (*Aside.*) He's cursed complimentary. Do you know who I am?

Lar. O, to be sure I do, in spite of your copper-colored nose that you've been rubbing over with brick dust.

O. Mel. I rubbing my nose with brick dust! Why, you scoundrel! what is the meaning of all this? I tell you you're deceived, sir.

Lar. No, sir, I am not deceived, though you've tried it on pretty neatly. But there's Station House written as plainly upon your ugly forehead as it is upon the corner house, and luckily you've come

a little too late; and there's only one thing I should like, now, before you go.

O. Mel. And pray what's that?

Lar. To knock your ugly old jaws about; and if you ain't off with a hop, skip, and a jump, by the powers I'll be after doing it, too.

O. Mel. You will, will you? Tell me, sir, did your master order you to treat me so?

Lar. No, to be sure he didn't.

O. Mel. No, certainly not.

Lar. No, he merely telled me to kick you down stairs, or throw you out of window.

O. Mel. O, he did, did he? I'll disinherit the rascal! But, tell me, sir, what reason have you or my nephew for treating me thus?

Lar. My reasons are at my fingers' ends; and if you ain't out of the house in a pig's whisper, by the powers you shall have a belly full of 'em.

O. Mel. I'll cut the ungrateful monster off with a shilling.

Lar. I'll cut you off the face of the earth like a leprechaun, if you're not off in a whistle. (*Putting himself in a boxing attitude.*)

O. Mel. Out, you scoundrel! (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Lar. If he had staid in the room another five minutes, in less than half that time he should have found himself out of the window in the middle of the street.

Enter YOUNG MELBOURNE, D. R. F.

Y. Mel. Well, I have finished my letter, and, knowing I should require your services here, Larry, I have sent it by the maid.

Lar. Sent it by the maid, have you? O, blood and ouns! then here'll be a pretty blow up, as the spark said to the powder-mill; however, I must get the uncle to intercede for me.

Y. Mel. So the old boy's arrived, is he?

Lar. To be sure he is.

Y. Mel. He did not seem offended that I was not here to receive him, did he?

Lar. No, sir; he seemed mighty well pleased with your humble servant. I was quite condescending with him.

Y. Mel. But before I introduce myself, just let me take a peep, and see what sort of a looking old boy it is.

Lar. O, you'll find him a mighty fatherly-looking sort of a personage. (YOUNG MELBOURNE *peeps through the key hole*, D. L. F.)

Y. Mel. Horror and confusion! Why, that's Trap, the bailiff of the Station House. What the devil have you been about?

Lar. Trap, of the Station House? O, the counterfeit blackguard! (*Recollecting himself.*) Fait, then, if I haven't kicked the real uncle out of doors. But, by the powers, I'd better keep that to myself, or my master'll kick me after him.

Y. Mel. What the deuse is to be done?

Lar. Done, sir! — there's nothing to be done but to bolt for it. (Y. MEL. *runs off*, D. F. R. H. TRAP *seen looking out at the drawing room door*, L. F.) I've a great mind to fall down and break my own

neck, on purpose to pitch him from the top of the stairs to the bottom (TRAP *attempts to come out*; LARRY *intercepts him — trips him up* TRAP *limps off*, L. H. 1 E.; LARRY *runs off*, R. H. 1 E.)

SCENE III. — *Chamber in* 3 G., (LOUISA'S.) *A large closet with folding doors in* C., *backed by shelves containing bandboxes; lady's bonnet and shawl; china ware, bowls, cups and saucers; set fireplace on* R. H. 2 E., *with fire screen, practical, backed by black backing;* D. F. L. H., *practical, backed by chamber; a small cabinet on* R. H. 3 E., *practical, &c.; table and two chairs on* L. C.; *two chairs on* R. H.; *a reticule hanging on chair,* R. H., *containing handsome pocket book, miniature, necklaces, small jewel case, imitation watch and chain.*

Enter LETTY, L. H. 1 E., *with a green quart bottle in her hand.*

Let. Well, here's a pretty present! I've got a bottle of real whiskey, come all the way from Tipperary. How strong it does smell. The only difficulty is, I don't know where to put it; for if Susan's lover, Larry Hoolagan, should once get scent of it, good by to it. Ah, how I do hate him! I have it. — I'll conceal it in my mistress's closet; no one will think of looking there; and even if my mistress should discover it, I can tell her the truth at last. — That's an excellent idea. (LETTY *opens the closet in* C., *and hides the bottle behind some of the articles.*) There, now — there it will be safe, at all events. I may go and finish my work in comfort. How delighted I am!

(*Exit,* R. H. 1 E.)

Enter LARRY, *cautiously,* L. H. 1 E.

Lar. So, here I am once more, under the same roof with my little darling. I've sneaked in to wish her good morning this afternoon. My master sent me somewhere else; but I preferred coming here, because it was more agreeable.

Enter SUSAN, R. 1 E.

O, there's the beauty!

Sus. What, Larry! — is that you?

Lar. If I know myself, take my word for it, it's nobody else.

Sus. O, Larry, I am so glad to see you!

Lar. O, to be sure you are: you were always a sensible girl.

Sus. But you mustn't stay here now, Larry; for if my mistress should see you before a reconciliation takes place, I don't know what might be the consequences.

Lar. Then I'm off, my dear, like an ould woman's wig in a high wind. (*Just as* LARRY *is going off,* L. H., *a loud double knock is heard,* L. H. 1 E.) Fait! that's my master's knock, I'll be upon my davy. Now, what's to be done? If he catches me here, he'll smoke the whole contrivance.

Sus. Never mind; I'll let you out this way.

Lou. (*Without,* R. H.) Susan — Susan, see to the door.

Sus. There comes my mistress; we are beset on both sides. But are you certain it's your master?

Lar. Certain, my dear. If I were the door and my nose the knocker, I couldn't be more certain.

Sus. Stop!

Lar. Stop! I'd much rather go!

Sus. Here, this is the only chance we have. Step into this closet; mind you don't squeeze any of the bandboxes, or do any mischief, and the moment your master goes, I'll let you out.

Lar. Och! there's a clever fellow. Och! what a man your mother must have been! (*Knock*, L. H. 1 E. *As* LARRY *gets near the closet in* C., *he sniffs about as if he smelt something.*) Och! what a nosegay! — What is it, my darling?

Sus. I'm sure I don't know — some of my mistress's lavender, or rose water, or something or another.

Lar. Lavender or rose water? Fait! I'd like to find out your mistress's perfumer. It smells mighty like the creature.

Sus. Never mind what it smells like, but get in.

Lar. (*Still smelling.*) Och! the purest potteen was never more odoriferous. I should like to put a little on my handkerchief. (*Knock*, L. H. 1 E.)

Sus. Get in, or all will be discovered.

Lar. There, I'm in, my darling. Och! I haven't had such a nosegay since I left Ballyporeen. Och! I'll stay here forever. (SUSAN *shuts him in the closet*, C.)

Sus. There — if he only remain quiet, all will be safe.

Enter LOUISA, R. H. 1 E.

Lou. What can this knocking mean? — Is no one there to open the street door?

Sus. Yes, ma'am, it is open, and some one is coming up stairs.

Lou. And by all my fears, 'tis Melbourne.

Sus. Well, ma'am, you see it's too late to avoid him now.

Enter YOUNG MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.

Y. Mel. Madam, your most obedient. (LOUISA *courtesies.*) Perhaps, madam, after what has occurred, you feel somewhat astonished at my visit.

Lou. Perhaps I may, sir, after your past conduct.

Y. Mel. I believe if my former conduct be impartially examined, madam, I shall find but little to regret. I wrote to you on the subject.

Lou. So, sir, after having insulted me with a letter, you would screen your conduct with a falsehood.

Y. Mel. A falsehood, madam! but you are a lady. (*Considering.*) I am confident there is some strange and unaccountable mistake throughout the whole affair, so I'll at least make one effort towards a reconciliation.

Lou. (*Aside.*) I wish he'd speak to me.

Sus. (*Aside.*) I wonder what has made Larry so quiet.

Y. Mel. (*Looking round.*) Louisa!

Lou. Henry!

Y. Mel. I wish, Louisa, you would tell me how this quarrel originated — believe me, I never meant to offend you.

Lou. Then, really, I am sorry I have behaved so unkindly to you.

Y. Mel. Are you, indeed? — then I am the happiest of men again.

Sus. (*Aside.*) O, Gemini! if they haven't made it up again. I shall be Mrs. Hoolagan after all. But I can't think what makes Larry so quiet.

Lou. Now, mind — I only forgive you on condition you answer me truly and faithfully the following question.

Y. Mel. Name it, then, that I may earn my sweet forgiveness.

Lou. Have you ever sent your servant Larry to watch my conduct?

Y. Mel. Never.

Lou. Not even since our quarrel?

Y. Mel. I have even forbidden his coming near the place.

Lou. Well, it's very strange; I could have been positive I heard his voice in the apartment this very day.

Sus. Lor', ma'am! — (*Aside.*) She certainly heard him.

Y. Mel. I assure you it could not be: at this very moment he is at quite a different part of the town.

Lou. Well, then, I confess myself in the wrong. There is my hand, Henry — you know where my heart is already.

Y. Mel. I should, indeed, have been unworthy of you, could I so have degraded myself as to put my servant as a spy upon you. If he have been here, believe I sent him; for he would not dare to disobey my orders.

Lou. Well, I believe you, and I am happy.

Sus. (*Aside.*) And so shall I be, when I get Larry away.

Y. Mel. Be assured you have no reason to be otherwise, and let this kiss be the sweet token of our reconciliation. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Sus. Now I shall get a husband, and a hundred pounds into the bargain. (*At this moment* LARRY, *in a state of intoxication, is heard singing in the closet, C., with all his might,* —)

O let us be frisky,
And tipple the whiskey —
Long life to the lads of sweet liberty's joys;
No nation whatever
Hath power to sever
The shamrock, the rose, and the thistle, my boys.

(*All seem petrified.*)

Lou. Why, Susan, what noise is that?

Sus. I'm sure I don't know; I didn't hear any thing, ma'am. (LARRY *is heard singing still louder,* C. — *Aside.*) We're ruined — past all hope. (*China crash,* C.; LOUISA *runs and throws open the closet door,* C., *when* LARRY *is discovered sitting in a bandbox, with the empty whiskey bottle in his hand, and a lady's bonnet and shawl on; at the same moment* LETTY *runs in, and, at the sight of him, seems ready to faint,* L. H. 1 E.)

Let. (*Screaming.*) O, my whiskey — my whiskey! (LARRY *sings, &c.*)

Y. Mel. Louisa, listen to me.

Lou. Never! Here we part to meet no more. (*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Sus. O, Larry, what have you done?

Let. Why, he has drunk all my bottle of whiskey.

Sus. O, you filthy creature!

Lar. All I can say is, if ladies will keep such perfumes, at least they shouldn't let an Irishman come near 'em, my jewel.

Sus. O, Larry, Larry, this ends all our hopes! I can't bear the sight of him any longer. (*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Lar. Poor thing! she don't seem altogether well pleased with herself. I can't think who has offended her. (*Darken stage.*)

Y. Mel. O, you scoundrel! what did you do in that closet?

Lar. What did I do in that closet? I drank a bottle of whiskey, please your honor.

Let. Yes, at my expense.

Lar. Och, then let me pay you for it; a kiss will settle the whole account.

Let. Get out, you drunken beast! O, my bottle, my bottle! (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Lar. O, bother your bottle! — coming over me with the pride of your dirty bottle! Here it is, safe enough; and if ever you get drunk with what's in it, say it ain't my fault, that's all.

Y. Mel. Get out of the house, you drunken scoundrel!

Lar. Scoundrel! do you mean to insult me? There, take your dirty livery. I discharge you from the proud eminence of being my master. Listen to that and break your heart.

Y. Mel. Go to the devil!

Lar. After you is manners, sir. (*Exit* YOUNG MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.) Hurrah! the town's our own. O! (*Sings and exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Enter SUSAN, R. H. 1 E., *with lighted candle, setting the place in order. Lights up.*

Sus. There, now, that's done, and that's done, and it's all done, after a way; but I don't care how any thing's done since Larry's cruel behavior. I know I shall die the victim of an unfortunate passion, and then he'll have nothing to do but to strew my grave with sunflowers, and hollyhocks, and devil's oatmeal, and all those pretty things. It makes me feel like a corpse only thinking of it. (*Taking up the reticule.*) Why, what can all this be so heavy? (*Opening the reticule.*) Why, I declare, if here ain't all Mr. Melbourne's presents, that my mistress used to prize so much, all jumbled in together. I'm sure that's very improper to have them throwing about here; they're safer in their proper places. By and by we shall have them lost, and then perhaps I shall be suspected. However, I'll lock them up, in case of any thing. (*Takes the presents out of the reticule, and locks them in the cabinet*, R. H. 3 E., *leaving the reticule hanging on the chair back*, R. H.) There, now, they're safe, at all events; and now I may go and amuse myself with crying my eyes out again about that *ungrate*ful Larry.

Enter LARRY, L. H. 1 E.

Lar. Fait, I'm in, and there's my little darling, too, only I can't see her, for, by the powers, I'm ashamed to look at her.

Sus. I'm sure I hope I shall never clap my eyes on the filthy creature again.

Lar. Now, that's myself she means. How affectionately she remembers me!

Sus. I think if I were to see him now I should ——

Lar. You should overwhelm him with shamefulness by saying, Larry, I forgive you, you blackguard.

Sus. Should I, indeed? O, you vile profligate!

Lar. That's right, my darling; call me all the ugly names you can think of; it eases my conscience to hear you.

Sus. I'll never forgive you — never!

Lar. Only this once, my darling, only this once; and see here; haven't I got a little keepsake for you, in order that you may never be able to forget the ungrateful villain?

Sus. A keepsake, indeed! Well, let me see what it is.

Lar. O, to be sure you shall. Where have I put it? Fait, if I haven't put it at the further end of my coat pocket, under all the eatables. But wait a minute, my dear, and you shall have it in less than a second. (*Takes a chair, and begins emptying his pockets on to it, the chief contents of which are a parcel of dirty potatoes.*)

Sus. Why, what have you got there?

Lar. Only a couple of pound of waxy potatoes. I couldn't resist buying 'em they looked so beautiful and mealy.

Sus. But don't put the nasty, dirty things on the clean chair cover.

Lar. Nasty, dirty things, do you call 'em? Not put 'em on the chair cover, indeed! Don't I mean to put 'em in my mouth? But here, my love, here's the beautiful keepsake. (*Showing her a tobacco stopper.*)

Sus. What in the name of wonder's that?

Lar. Och, isn't it a tobacco stopper? Take it, my love; you'll find it mighty convenient if you should fancy a pipe.

Sus. Fancy a pipe, indeed! But it's no use bearing malice; and if you'll promise me never to behave so again, and never even to look at Letty when I'm not in the way, I forgive you.

Lar. Look at Letty! I'll never look at any body but yourself. Come, give us a real hearty kiss, to make it up.

Louisa. (*Without*, R. H.) Susan.

Sus. Hush, hush! here comes my mistress.

Lar. Fait, then, I'm off again.

Sus. No, no, she sees you now; you had better remain where you are, and make the best excuse you can. (*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Lar. O murder! look at the way she's left the beautiful waxies, all exposed. They've eat a large hole in my pocket. I'll just pop them into this bit of a bag. (*Knock*, L. H. 1 E.) Here's the master, again. What a fool he must be, to be sure! Where the devil am I to go? O, here. (*Goes up chimney*, R. H. 2 E.)

Enter YOUNG MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E., *meeting* LOUISA, R. H. 1 E.

Y. Mel. Madam, I merely called to return a miniature which I had, perhaps, till now, prized but too highly.

Lou. Very likely, sir; and to say the truth, I had put out your presents for the very same purpose. (*Taking up the reticule.*)

Y. Mel. There, madam; I believe the sooner our conference is ended, the better; there is your miniature.

Lou. And there, sir, are your paltry presents. (*Flinging the reticule at his feet.* And now, sir, farewell forever.

(*Exit* LOUISA, *with candle*, R. H. 1 E.)

Y. Mel. So, she's gone, and forever. I'll take my presents, but I'll leave her reticule, that I may not have any thing to remind me of her. (*Puts his hand in the reticule, and takes out a large potato.*) Confusion! Does she make a jest and mockery of me? No doubt she thinks this an amazing clever joke. (*Lights gradually down.*) This paltry trick has disgusted me more than the grossest injury could have done. It is unworthy even her. (*In his passion he tears the reticule to pieces.*) But I'll hence directly, lest I should be tempted to retaliate. Mean, insulting woman! (*As he is going off he is met by* LETTY, *with candle lighted*, L. H. 1 E.)

Let. O, sir, sir, there's a strange sort of looking person below inquiring for you. He says he won't go without seeing you. I can't think who it can be.

Y. Mel. But I can, and but too well.

Let. Lord, who is it, then?

Y. Mel. Why, Trap, the bailiff, from the station house, to be sure. I'm undone. Tell me, Letty, have you nowhere you could conceal me for a few minutes?

Let. Yes, I have it; but hark! he's coming up. Conceal yourself behind that fire screen, and I'll get him out of the house as fast as possible. (*Exit* LETTY, L. H. 1 E.)

Y. Mel. Thanks, thanks, dearest Letty. (*Looking in the fireplace*, R. H.) Why, curse it, I can't conceal myself here; it's full of soot; I shall be as black as a sweep in five minutes. (*Opens the door*, L. F.) What have we here! a dressing room! It's rather unceremonious; but necessity has no law, and so in I go. What with love and law, I'm in a pretty situation. (*Exit into* D. L. F., *taking candle—stage dark.*)

Lar. (*Comes down chimney*, R. H. 2 E.) Whew! what a smell of soot! The master's gone out, and so has the candle. It's about as dark as the devil's hall door. Now if I could only grope my way to the door.

Enter LETTY, *cautiously*, L. H. 1 E.

Let. I wonder whether Mr. Melbourne has found his way out! I feel quite interested about him. Hush! there's some one there; that's him, then; hist! hist!

Lar. (*Aside.*) Who the devil's that? (*Catching hold of* LETTY'S *gown.*) Fait, it's a petticoat. I don't know who it is, but, by my

soul, I'd like to have a kiss; we're in the dark, and she'll never find out it's me.

Let. (*Aside.*) How coaxing he is! it's my belief he's going to give me something.

Lar. Here, you little angel of darkness. — (*Kisses her.*) Again, you rogue.

Let. No, no — let me go; there's some one coming.

Lar. Fait, so there is.

Let. (*Running off*, L. H. 1 E.) O, what a charming fellow!

Enter SUSAN *with a light*, R. H. 1 E. *Lights up.*

Sus. (*Looking at* LARRY.) Lor', Larry, what have you been rubbing your face against?

Lar. Nothing, my darling — (*aside*) — only as nice a pair of lips as ever smelt powder.

Sus. Why, any body would think you had been kissing the tea kettle.

Enter LETTY, *with her cheeks bearing the visible marks of* LARRY'S *kisses*, L. H. 1 E.

Let. Susan, Susan, you'd better go; Miss Lovemore is waiting for you.

Sus. O Letty, Letty, look there! (*Pointing to* LARRY'S *face; and then first seeing the soot on* LETTY'S *face, as if the truth flashed upon her at the moment, she falls into the chair, screaming, on* R. C.)

Lar. What's the row? what's the row?

Let. What is the meaning of this?

Enter LOUISA *in haste*, R. H. 1 E.

Lou. Susan, Susan, what means this noise?

Sus. Ah, ma'am, ma'am, I've detected them; look at the traitors. Letty has been kissing my Larry till he's black in the face.

Let. I kissing *him!*

Lar. O, here's murder and robbery!

Sus. And I know, ma'am, you're too good to see me put upon in this way: you won't suffer such goings on in your house, will you, ma'am?

Lou. No, certainly not. Letty, you are discharged.

Let. For what, I should like to know?

Lou. For suffering Susan's sweetheart, then, to kiss you, ma'am.

Let. But I say he never did, though. I'd rather be kissed by a tomcat.

Sus. (R. C.) It's no such thing.

Lou. (R. H.) Don't answer me, but leave the house.

Let. Then since I must go, ma'am, I don't mind confessing I have been kissed by somebody, and that somebody was young Mr. Melbourne, ma'am.

F. Mel. (*Looking from the door*, L. F.) O, you false hussy!

Lar. O, to be sure it was, for I saw him.

Y. Mel. (*Rushing forward* C., *and collaring* LARRY.) O, you lying scoundrel!

Lar. (L. C. *Aside to* MELBOURNE.) Whisht, sir; it's only a part of the stratagem. — Well, then, I made a mistake; it wasn't.

Let. (L. H.) Then it was that filthy creature who kissed me, after all. Ah! (*Rubbing her mouth, and discovering the black.*)

Y. Mel. Louisa, Louisa, hear me.

Lar. Hear me, ma'am; I'll tell you all about it.

Y. Mel. Silence, sir! begone — leave my service this instant.

Lar. Well, sir, I'll go if you wish it; but mind, sir, I leave you with clean hands.

Let. That's more than you do with a clean face!

Lar. If I've been kissing the tea kettle, you've been making free wid the coffee pot, Mrs. Lavender Water.

(*Exeunt* LARRY *and* LETTY, L. H. 1 E.)

Sus. O, the cruel, false-hearted man! I know I shall die.

(*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Lou. So, sir, you are not satisfied with concealing your servant in my closet, but you must hide yourself, too, in my dressing room.

Y. Mel. Louisa! Louisa! indeed you are deceived.

Lou. Certainly, I am always deceived, but not by you, sir. Look there. (*Pointing to the torn reticule.*) I am not deceived in that, sir; after having taken out the jewels, to vent your spite upon my reticule! Ah, that was very noble!

Y. Mel. Madam, madam, this is too much — to be injured and insulted thus! I now disdain an explanation. Farewell forever.

(*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Lou. So, he's gone, then. Well, I am now more pleased than ever. A mean, paltry, insulting, hard-hearted ——

(*Bursts into tears, and exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Re-enter LARRY, L. H. 1 E.

Lar. So! he's discharged me; but I won't go. Poor fellow! he'd be in a pretty plight if I was to leave him, getting into all sorts of scrapes, and nobody to hit upon a stratagem to get him out. I wonder where Susan's hid herself. I'd like to mollify her a bit after that kissin' match in the dark. O, here she comes.

Enter SUSAN, R. H. 1 E.

Sus. O, you deceitful, ungrateful, incorrigible, unmanageable, horrid ——

Lar. Whisht! upon my soul I thought it was you.

Sus. No — did you?

Lar. But tell me, how are we to get the master and the mistress reconciled — eh?

Sus. I'm afraid it's quite impossible, now she's determined not to have any thing to say to him.

Lar. I must think of a stratagem. I have it — I have it. You

shall persuade your mistress that my master's on the point of death, in consequence of her cruelty; and if she don't forgive him then, she's not such a fool as I'd take her for.

Sus. Why, perhaps her affection might overcome her anger, in that case; but I'm afraid she'd never believe me, without she were actually to see him.

Lar. Fait! then she shall.

Sus. Why, I'm sure your master will never lend himself to such a scheme.

Lar. No, my dear, but I'll lend myself to it. He won't be home till late to-night. Now, if I put on his morning gown and slippers, and place myself in an elegant concumbent posture in the easy chair, with my face disguised and my voice concealed, how should she know me from him, my darling? and then I'll moan so pitcously, that I'd move the heart of a summer cabbage.

Sus. Why, I think it might succeed.

Lar. To be sure it must. Run to her immediately, and tell her I — no, my master's broke his heart, but is determined not to die till he receives her pardon. Then hey for the wedding, my darling.

Sus. Why, really, it will be delightful if I can only persuade her to come.

Lar. She'll be sure to come if you play your part well. Only shed plenty of tears, my dear; you know they cost nothing, and are easily replaced.

Sus. Well, well, it shall not be my fault if it don't succeed; so farewell. (*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Lar. Now I must go and get the powder puff, and put a little color in my face. I must make free, too, with my master's morning gown and slippers; and if this stratagem doesn't soften her heart like an overboiled turnip, I'll turn teetotaler, and live upon buttermilk. (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

SCENE IV. — MELBOURNE'S *Apartment*, 1 G.

Enter LOUISA *and* SUSAN, L. H. 1 E.

Lou. Really, Susan, the idea of Melbourne being in so wretched a state completely overpowers me.

Sus. I thought it would, ma'am; you should not have been so cruel to him. But if any thing in the world can recover him, I am sure it will be this visit.

Lou. What was I to do? I feel the indelicacy of it; but if he should die without being conscious of my forgiveness, I should never know another moment's peace.

Sus. True, ma'am; I will run immediately, and see if he's prepared for the interview. — (*Aside.*) Now, if Larry has only managed as well as I have, both our fortunes are made at once. (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Lou. Poor Melbourne!

Enter OLD MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.

O. Mel. I'm determined that rascal shall not drive me out of the country till I have reproached him with his ingratitude. (*Seeing* LOUISA, R. H.) Eh! who can this be? She appears a lady. I'll speak to her. You are here, madam, I presume, in the hope of seeing Mr. Melbourne?

Lou. I am, sir. — (*Aside.*) Who can this old gentleman be? O, I see — it is his physician; he comes to prepare me for the meeting.

O. Mel. I fear, madam, it is very doubtful whether you will be fortunate enough to obtain your wish.

Lou. What mean you? He is not yet dead?

O. Mel. No, ma'am; better that he were.

Lou. Is he, then, so far gone?

O. Mel. Yes, ma'am, the truth must be spoken — I deem him quite incurable.

Lou. Alas! are there no hopes?

O. Mel. O, no; he's past all hope.

Lou. Unhappy man! But still you will do all you can to save him.

O. Mel. O, no, ma'am; his system is so bad that I shall not attempt to save him.

Lou. Not attempt to save him?

O. Mel. No; for he has insulted me.

Lou. Insulted you! Unfeeling monster! But your conduct shall be known.

O. Mel. So it is; turn which way I will, this is the reception I meet with. I've witnessed nothing but insult since I put my foot ashore; and now, because I won't support that scoundrel in his profligacy, I'm to be despised by the whole world.

Reënter SUSAN, L. H. 1 E.

Sus. Now, ma'am, Mr. Melbourne's prepared.

Lou. Then I shall see him for the last time.

(*Exeunt* LOUISA *and* SUSAN, L. H. 1 E.)

O. Mel. (*Aside.*) Yes, and I shall see him for the first time.

(*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

SCENE V. — YOUNG MELBOURNE'S *Apartment*, 3 G. *Large easy chair on* R. H. C. *Table covered with large cloth on* R. H., *to reach stage; on it dressing case, powder and puff. Table covered on* L. H.; *on it decanter of wine and wine glasses. Two chairs on* R. H.; *two chairs on* L. H.

LARRY *discovered, disguised in his master's dressing gown, slippers, &c., seated in easy chair on* R. C.

Lar. Well, I have taken pains enough to make myself look ele-

gant, at all events. But I'm in a mighty stew, for fear I'll be discovered though. I feel all of a cold sweat, like a lump of ice in the dog days. (*Noise without.*) But here they come. So now I'll put on the dolefuls, and look as interesting as an old cow with a winter cough.

Enter LOUISA, SUSAN, *and* OLD MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.

Sus. There, ma'am, there's the unhappy man.

Lou. I scarce can look at him.

O. Mel. Ah, sight of woe! is this our meeting, then, at last?

Lou. What! your heart is moved, then, is it? — O Henry, Henry, can you forgive me?

Lar. (*Aside to* SUSAN.) Tell her I'm speechless, my dear.

Sus. You see, ma'am, he's too far gone to make you any answer.

Lou. But press my hand, that I may know you're conscious of my presence. (LARRY *takes her hand and kisses it.*)

Sus. (*Aside to* LARRY.) Larry, Larry, be quiet. — I won't allow it.

Lar. (*Aside to* SUSAN.) Never mind, my darling, I'll give you a couple. (LARRY *kisses* SUSAN'S *hand with warmth, which* LOUISA *perceives.*)

Lou. Why, what can he mean?

Sus. O, no, no, nothing, ma'am — the poor creature, you see, don't know my hand from yours.

Lou. Poor soul. (LARRY *pretends to be in the greatest agony.*) See, see, he's dying.

O. Mel. Fortunately travellers are generally provided. (*Takes a small case out of his pocket, containing vials, surgical instruments, &c.*) Shall I phlebotomize him?

Lar. (*Aside to* SUSAN.) No, by the powers he shan't.

O. Mel. No, no — fetch me a glass; I'll give him something that may, perhaps, revive him.

Lar. (*Aside to* SUSAN.) By my soul, I'll not take it — I never could swallow a dose of physic in my life.

Sus. (*Aside.*) But you must, though, or we shall certainly be found out.

Lou. Here, here, give it him this instant. (OLD MELBOURNE *pours out a dose of medicine, which, after much resistance,* LARRY *swallows.*)

Lar. (*Aside to* SUSAN.) O that I had a drap of whiskey, to take the taste out of my mouth.

O. Mel. (*Examining his case.*) O, horror! what have I done! (*He seems petrified.*)

Lou. Why, what have you done?

O. Mel. Wretched man! In my anxiety I have given him the wrong medicine. He has swallowed a dose of laudanum that would be the death of a dray-horse. But don't breathe a word to him of it; run and fetch a glass of water.

Lou. I will, I will. — O Henry! Henry! (*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

O. Mel. Now, if she should remain more than five minutes, he'll

be dead before she returns — I have it. I'll run and fetch one of the newly invented stomach syringes, and pipe all hands to the pump. O, unfortunate old man! (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Lar. What the devil's all this hubaboo about? Och, I suppose they are making my will.

Sus. I'm sure I don't know.

Lar. (*Knock*, L. H.) Wan't that a beautiful stratagem? But, O, that nasty physic. Och, if they only made whiskey of such stuff as that, I'd be the soberest man living. Run, Susan, and get me a drap of the creature, to take the taste out of my mouth.

Sus. I will, I will, and a bit of sugar, too. (*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Lar. O, what a sweet girl that is! (*A loud double knock*, L. H. 1 E.) Murder and turf! if there ain't my master on the outside of the door, and presently I'll be after taking his place, while some other thief takes mine. But, if I stay here, it's all over with me. I'll just seat myself behind this dressing table, and make my observations like a telegraft. (*Throws off the dressing gown and slippers, and conceals himself behind the table*, R. H.)

Enter YOUNG MELBOURNE, L. H. 1 E.

Y. Mel. No news of my uncle; his long absence begins quite to alarm me. I regret, now, that I have been out. The rain pours down in torrents; I am dripping. Ah, fortunately, Larry has thought it might be so, I see, and has placed my dressing gown and slippers here for me. Now, that was thoughtful of him. I did not think the rascal had so much discernment.

Lar. (*Aside.*) Ah, he's not such a fool as he looks.

Y. Mel. I shall begin to think better of the scoundrel for the future. (*Takes off his coat and shoes, and puts on the dressing gown &c., and seats himself in easy chair*, R. C.) Now let me meditate a while. O Louisa! Louisa! Am I never to taste aught but bitters?

Enter SUSAN, *with a lump of sugar in her hand*, R. H. 1 E.

Sus. Just pop this lump of sugar in your mouth, and it will take away the taste in a minute. (*Seeing her mistake, she screams.*)

Y. Mel. Why, what can this mean? Susan here!

Enter LOUISA, *with a tumbler of medicine*, R. H. 1 E.

Lou. Now, now, Henry, swallow this, and you may yet be saved.

Y. Mel. Louisa here, too! — so she couldn't live without me. This is, indeed, a triumph.

Lou. Take it — take it.

Y. Mel. What the deuse should I take it for?

Enter OLD MELBOURNE, *with a large wash-hand basin, tea kettle, and a stomach syringe in his hand*, L. H. 1 E.

O. Mel. *There, now, let me put this down your throat, and all may yet be well.*

Y. Mel. No; I'll be cursed if you shall. — What can this mean?

Lou. Why, he seems quite another person.

Lar. (*Looking from beneath the table,* R. H.) It would be mighty odd if he didn't.

O. Mel. Pray suffer me to operate.

Y. Mel. For what purpose?

O. Mel. I'd better tell him the truth at once. If you must know, then, just now I gave you the wrong medicine.

Lar. (*Aside.*) The devil you did.

Sus. (*Aside.*) O, my poor Larry!

Y. Mel. Why, I haven't taken a drop of medicine these three years.

Lou. (*Aside.*) O, he's becoming quite delirious.

O. Mel. You have swallowed a dose of laudanum that would settle a regiment.

Lar. (*Aside.*) Ho, bad luck to you; it's I that have swallowed it.

Sus. O, if they haven't poisoned my poor Larry!

O. Mel. If it ain't drawn off, you're a dead man.

Lar. (*Aside.*) No, it's I'm the dead man.

O. Mel. You must take this dose.

Y. Mel. I tell you I won't.

Lou. O, do! on my knees I pray you to take it.

O. Mel. Yes, on our knees, we pray.

Omnes. O, pray! pray! (*They kneel.* LARRY *quite overcome with his sufferings, leaves his concealment, apparently in the agonies of death; and thrusting his master out of the chair, takes his place between* LOUISA *and* OLD MELBOURNE.)

Lar. O, don't wear out your knees in prayer to him: it's I'm the dead man. Give me the dose — give me the dose.

All. You!

Lar. Yes, I'm at death's door, and I'm afraid I'll be let in without even the trouble of knocking.

Y. Mel. You here, sir? What can this mean?

Lar. O, don't bother me with any unchristian-like questions now. When I'm gone, Susan will explain all. Give me the other dose — give me the other dose. (*Swallows the tumbler of medicine.*)

Y. Mel. So, sir, you have been at your stratagems again, have you?

Lar. I have, sir; but don't be angry; it will be my last stratagem in this world.

O. Mel. So 'tis this poor fellow I have poisoned, after all. O, miserable old man that I am!

Y. Mel. Why, who is this old gentleman?

Lou. Why, your physician, to be sure.

O. Mel. His physician! Nonsense, I'm his uncle.

Y. Mel. Can it be possible?

Lar. Yes, to be sure it is: I know him of ould.

Y. Mel. You infernal ——

Lar. O, sir, don't abuse a dying man. — (*To* LOUISA.) Here, ma'am, since I'm on my death bed, I may as well confess all my sins; here's my master's letter that he sent you yesterday morning, but which I never delivered.

Lou. What! my own letter, and unopened!

Lar. Yes, ma'am; it stuck in my pocket like post office sticking plaster. O! I'm going! I'm going! Susan, darling, take an affectionate leave of me. A couple of kicks and a grunt, and it will be all over, like Donnybrook Fair.

O. Mel. Huzza! huzza!

Omnes. Why, what's the matter!

O. Mel. He's not poisoned. The bottle of laudanum had only slipped out of my pocket-case, and I thought he had taken it.

Lar. Och, then, I'm all right again, and I'll live till I die, and a great deal longer, too.

Y. Mel. Yes, sir; but leave my service this instant.

Sus. Then if he's turned away, if you please, ma'am, I must be turned away too.

Lar. Och, there's a brave boy for you.

O. Mel. No, no, I think he has been sufficiently punished; let me intercede for him, though he says Station House is written upon my ugly forehead.

Lar. O, don't make me blush.

O. Mel. No; that would be a pity.

Lar. Say that you'll forgive me, sir, or I'll never forgive myself.

Y. Mel. Well, it must be on one condition, only; and that is, that we have no more stratagems.

Lar. Long life to your honor, the devil a one. Hoping that our kind patrons will grant us the end and aim of all our little stratagems —their approbation.

SITUATIONS

LARRY.

LOUISA.
Y. MELBOURNE
R. H.

SUSAN.
O. MELBOURNE.
L. H.

CURTAIN.

No. 183.

THE DUMB BELLE,

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT.

(William) WRITTEN BY

BAYLE BERNARD, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

A Practical Man,— The Four Sisters,— Middy Ashore,— Balance of Comfort—Irish Attorney—Boarding School—Lucille—Passing Cloud, Woman's Faith—Conquering Game—The Mummy—Nervous Man—Marie Ducange—Maiden's Fame—Storm in a Tea-cup, Platonic Attachments— The Farmer's Story— Man about Town,— Last Legs,— Evil Genius;— A Life's Trials, Etc., Etc.

WITH ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

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	Walnut St., Phila., 1835.	*Tremont, Boston*, 1837.	*Park, New York*, 1841.	*Howard Athenæum, Boston*, 1845.	*National, Boston*, 1846.	*Museum, Boston*, 1850.
MR. MANVERS,	Mr. Porter,	Mr. Cunningham,	Mr. J. Fisher,	Mr. A. J. Phillips,	Mr. Linden,	Mr. J. L. Monroe,
O'SMIRK,	" J. Sefton,	" Bayne,	" Bellamy,	" Cunningham,	" Eddy,	" Whitman,
VIVIAN,	" Wemyss,	" G. Barrett,	" Wheatley,	" G. C. Howard,	" Wheatley,	" J. A. Smith.
JAMES,	" Mestayer,	" Benson,	" Povey,	" Adams,	" Taylor,	" Bradley.
ELIZA,	Miss Mary Duff,	Mrs. G. Barrett,	Miss Buloid,	Mrs. W. H. Smith,	Miss H. Matthews,	Miss L. Gaun,
MARY,	Mrs. Kent,	Miss McBride.	Mrs. Vernon.	" Ayling.	Mrs. Altemus.	" A. Phillips.

	Broadway Theatre, N. Y., 1851.	*Broadway Theatre, N. Y.*, 1852.	*Arch Street, Phila.*, 1852.	*Museum, Troy*, 1854.	*Barnum's Museum, N. Y.*, 1854.	*National, Boston* 1854.
MR. MANVERS,	Mr. Matthews,	Mr. Matthews,	Mr. Fisher,	Mr. Horton,	Mr. J. L. Munroe,	Mr. Paullin,
O'SMIRK,	" Shaw,	" Florence,	" Cunningham,	" Cunningham,	" Charles,	" Cunningham,
VIVIAN,	" Conway,	" McGowen,	" D. S. Palmer.	" H. Langdon,	" Howard,	" G.W. Stoddart,
JAMES,	" Henry,	" Henry,	" Nunan,	" Greene,	" G. Clark,	" Pardey,
ELIZA,	Mrs. Abbott,	Mrs. Abbott,	Mrs. Cunningham,	Mrs. Cunningham,	Miss Jackson,	Mrs. Flemming,
MARY,	" Sefton.	" Sefton.	" De Costa.	Miss Beverly.	" Flynn.	" Marshall.

COSTUME.

VIVIAN.—Regimental coat, embroidered with gold; white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, white silk stockings, &c.
SMIRK.—Brown and yellow laced livery.
MANVERS.—Modern dress.
JAMES.—Common servant's dress—green apron and pruning knife.
ELIZA.—Handsome pink crape dress; white satin petticoat richly trimmed and ornamented.
MARY.—Blue or pink body; white muslin petticoat trimmed with same color as body. Handsome bonnet, veil and long cloak for Mary (as Miss Rivers.)

TIME OF REPRESENTATION FIFTY MINUTES.

THE DUMB BELLE.

SCENE I.—*Gardens of a Country Mansion, 5 G. Garden stands with flower pots, on* R. H. *and* L. H. *Conservatory with glass door practical* L. H. 2 G. *Set garden gate,* R. H. U. E. *James discovered trimming flowers,* R. H., *watering pot on* L. H. *Mary enters from door,* L. H. *Set garden pieces.*

Mary. No signs of my dear Robert, yet—he promised to be here early this morning for my ladyship's letter. Ah! that ill-natured old gardener—ahem! Good morning, Mr. James.

James. What do you want?

Mary. There's an answer. You might remember, when you speak to me you address a female.

James. I never forget it.

Mary. You certainly take great pains to please my lady. Ah! she's worth pleasing; so gentle and so kind in all she says. I 'm sure I pour forth my gratitude for her goodness every morning under her window.

James. I wish you would pour forth your gratitude inside the window. Has returning thanks any thing to do with trampling on my beds of carnation? What a pity you had n't as much tenderness in your heels as you have in your heart.

Mary. But you don't mean to say I have discomposed any thing to-day. Have I ever robbed you of a rose?

James. No; but I'll be bound you expect one as a reward for your honesty.

Mary. My good man, ladies steal hearts, not flowers.

James. And waiting maids have thorns enough to kill either.

Mary. Thorns, sir, thorns! Mr. James, you are like an old bunch of frost-bitten broccoli.

James. And you are a bundle of wild thyme and stinging nettle. Take care of what you are about or one day you will pick up a

bachelor's button. Frost-bitten broccoli—broccoli, indeed. (*Exit* R. H. *through gate, grumbling.*)

Mary. I must take exercise; and I must take it in the garden, too, for all that old crabstock. I'm in a sad way at present. Father refuses to let Robert Williams cultivate my affections, though he promised we should be married as soon as Robert could take charge of the farm; but when I told our sad story to my lady, she said she would interfere, and make us happy, and—ah! here my lady comes.

Enter ELIZA *and* MANVERS. L. H. 2 E.

Eliza. Well, Mary, I have not forget my promise; there is a letter to your father, offering many weighty reasons why he should consent; give it to Robert when he comes, and let me know his answer.

Mary. Oh, thank you! thank you a thousand times, sweet lady!

[*Mary* X. *behind and exit through door* L. H.]

Man. (L. H.) Now, Eliza, explain to me one of your thousand contradictions; how is it you are so fond of joining others in wedlock, and have such an aversion to become a participator?

Eliza. (R. H.) Because I see in others pure affection, as the sole incentive. Now you know, uncle, no man can throw himself at my feet, but one eye is sure to roll on the estate.

Man. Come, come, madam, this is being a little too fastidious. In my office of guardian which your father would impose upon me as his nearest relation, I think I have properly discriminated the character of your admirers. Since you have come of age, you have had at least a dozen, all of a rank and wealth which renders it ridiculous to impute to them any but the sincerest motives; yet was there one you did not abruptly repel, or receive but to laugh at?

Eliza. Well, well, I must own that I couldn't keep my countenance, though I did my heart; but my dear uncle, let me look over the list of your recommendations and adjust their claims. First, was Sir Humphrey Nibblebate, a great fisherman, who wanted to take me to daily sails on the lake, shivering with him for five or six hours together; and, really, he so much reminded me of an old saying, "a stick with a fool at one end, and a worm at the other," that really—

Man. Well, well, I confess that Sir Humphrey's notions were not the most chivalric; but there was Lord Pinnacle.

Eliza. A rigid disciplinarian, who would have converted my drawing room into an armory, and my Parisian boudoir into a mess-room—he grasped my hand like the hilt of a sabre, and tore all my prettiest dresses with his hereditary spurs.

Man. The Honorable Beauclerk Lamplove was the reverse of this.

Eliza. A noble literati, who had read black letters till his face had become the color of his parchment. Certainly he made love to

me in very good language; but when I was expecting pure feeling, he was thinking only of pure English.

Man. Well, well, Eliza, confess now that the light which brought their oddities into such strong relief, was the news that your early playmate, Henry Vivian, had returned to England and meditated a visit to the scenes of his childhood.

Eliza. On the contrary, my dear, deep-sighted uncle, I never credited the intelligence; true, we were brought up together till we were fifteen; but we have been separated six years, and is it likely that such distant recollection —

Man. What say you then to a letter from Henry, which informs me that he will be with us this very day.

Eliza. A letter!

Man. I have been so often laughed at for my promises of such introductions, that his I resolved to keep secret till—but here is his letter—Hey, (*Searching his pockets.*) Why, zounds, I've lost it.

Eliza. Never mind, you can remember its contents. What did he say about me?

Man. Oh, a string of raptures, as you may imagine, and now I should hope my duties are coming to an end; a soldier distinguished by an eminent reputation, is not such a man, Eliza —

Eliza. A wretch!

Man. A what?

Eliza. A wretch! a savage! Here is your letter uncle; I picked it from the floor of the drawing-room.

Man. (*Aside.*) The devil you did.

Eliza. And as it is so excessively flattering, perhaps you will permit me to read again the string of raptures you allude to—ahem! (*Reading.*) "*My dear Mr. Manvers, I accept your invitation with much pleasure, and am eager to see how time has improved my little playmate.*"

Man. I wish the infernal letter had ended there.

Eliza. "*But between ourselves, regret to hear that one of her faculties has been developed with extraordinary power—that of speech,*" ha, ha, ha! of speech. "*I'm told she is the most inveterate talker in the country,*" ha, ha, ha! you hear, Uncle, the brute. "*My head was never a strong one,*" very true, "*and the sufferings I have undergone in Paris, lately, made me almost wish that it was natural for the fair species to be born dumb,*" Dumb, dumb, dumb! Uncle. "*I think their eyes would be a sufficient medium. It's a fact that I have searched half Europe to meet with that interesting object, a dumb-woman, and have not been gratified.*" No, I should wonder if he had. There, uncle, there. (*Returning letter.*) What say you to your string of raptures. (MANVERS *laughs.*) Why, uncle, can you laugh at such a monster."

Man. I think that suggestion about the eyes, very complimentary.

Eliza. Do you suppose that mine are blind to the artifice? but give me leave to ask you a question; even if I was deserving of this aspersion, how is it possible that he should have known it.

Man. That's a mystery.

Eliza. Unless you told him.

Man. I!

Eliza. You.

Man. Not I, upon my honor; I described you as the nearest approach to perfection. It has been my long anxiety to bring you together; for I am assured that the sympathies of childhood form one of the earnest foundations of matured affection.

Eliza. Then you will not refuse to join me in an experiment. I am resolved to put his vaunted wishes to the test. He has travelled over Europe to find a dumb woman, he shall be gratified.

Man. In whom?

Eliza. In me.

Man. In you!

Eliza, In me. I have concocted a scheme in which you must assist me.

Man. I! Come, come, Lizzy, consider my years.

Eliza. Why, my dear uncle, you surely don't mean to say they are not years of discretion?

Man. Upon my word, after six years absence, a very pretty welcome for Henry.

Eliza. I'll have my way in this, if you please.

JAMES *and* SMIRK *squabbling without, and then enter at gate,* R. H. U. E.

James. Please you, my lady, here is a soldier, who says he is come to —

Smirk. To the rear rank, veteran sapper and miner, your tongue runs like the fore wheel of a baggage-wagon. (*Gets down to* R. H. *corner.*)

James. Baggage-wagon. This is worse than old broccoli. Baggage wagon, indeed! [*Exit grumbling,* R. H. U. E. *through gate.*]

Smirk. [R. H.] Have I the honor of addressing the young lady that is lord of the manor! Then I have the pleasure of informing you, that I and my master think these high ways of Cumberland, the very worst we ever jolted over.

Man. [L. H.] And pray, sir, may I ask you who is your master.

Smirk. [L. H.] In genteel society, sir, its always the etikick to enquire first after present company. My name's Mr. Smirk, sir, a public servant, though they call me a private; and my master, heaven bless him, he's a captain—Captain Vivian of the "queen's own."

Eliza. Vivian! Has he come? where is he? how is he? when will he be here?

Smirk. Here's a cannonade of questions!

Eliza. Where did you leave him?

Smirk. Before a looking-glass, madam, drawing out his curls like rows of artillery.

Eliza. What did he say to you?

Smirk. It strikes me that I have a mighty irresistible exterior.

Eliza. Was that all?

Smirk. No ma'am; for says I to him, you are a handsome man, and you know it; and, sir, I should be mighty sorry to take you at your own valuation.

Eliza. You mean to say, that your master is arranging his dress at the inn, and will follow you as soon as possible.

Smirk. 'Pon my word, ma'am, you've excellent eyes, for you have seen clean into my scull, without the aid of spectacles.

Eliza. Do you think, uncle, I could trust this person with my secret?—[*Aside to* MANVERS.]

Man. Why not?

Eliza. You know servant's failings. Henry might question him; should he betray me before my object is accomplished, I should die of mortification.

Man. What course will you pursue?

Eliza. Listen! [*To* SMIRK]—I will acquaint my friend, Miss Ardenton, of your master's arrival; and in her name I beg that you will enter the house and take some refreshment.

Man. Now, Lizzy, before you stir one step, I will judge of your design.

Eliza In doors where we shall not be overheard.—[*x to* L. H.]—You are a connoiseur in the fine arts, and shall judge of my design when you see the execution.—[*To* SMIRK.]—I will tell Miss Ardenton of your arrival. [*Exit with* MANVERS L. H. S. E.]

Smirk. She'll tell Miss Ardenton. And I have been talking to somebody else all this while, and not to a lady? Deuce take it, Smirk, after all your experience, that you could'nt tell a lady—you that belong to a lady's regiment, the "queen's own." I wonder what sort of eatables and drinkables they've got. I flatter myself I shall make no mistake in those matters.—[*Exit* L. H. S. E.]

Viv. [*Without* R. H. U. E.]—Holloa, house! Smirk—gate fast,—never mind. Here goes. (*Enter* R. H. U. E. *jumping over gate.*) Breast-high, and cleared it without grazing. Smirk!

Re-enter MANVERS, L. H. S. E.

Man. [L. H.] HARRY! [*Shaking hands.*]

Viv. [R. H.] My dear sir!

Man. [L. H.] Welcome once more to Harewood.

Man. [L. H.] Thank you, thank you! You see I have not forgot my old tricks—found the gate fast—could'nt wait till the gardener came, so gave a spring, and here I am. Well, and how have you been during our long separation? Ah! play-ground of my childhood; why every tree, every flower-pot seem remaining; and I could almost imagine that these are the identical dandelions which waved their adieus to me.

Man. I see you have not forgot your romance.

Viv. Well, where's Eliza.

Man. She will join us presently.

Viv. The accounts I have received of her in town prepare me to meet such a revelation of loveliness as earth has seldom witnessed.

Man. You will not be disappointed.

Viv. She has had throngs of admirers.

Man. They have been like moats in the sunbeam.

Viv. Or rather like a flight of Arabian arrows—they have darkened the day.

Man. For which reason she has never caught one.

Viv. Was that the reason? I heard it referred to another cause. Well, one can't expect perfection—must have some defect—so young—so rich—so beautiful—no wonder she should *talk* a little. Devilish unpleasant, nevertheless, because that happens to be the defect which—however, considerable experience has made me a philosopher, and in an old acquaintance I am prepared to put up with an infliction which—

Man. You will never meet.

Viv. Sir.

Man. I did'nt know how to break the news to you; but as it is, I regret to state that Eliza has met with a severe calamity.

Viv. Eh!

Man. She has actually lost her speech.

Viv. What!

Man. She is tongue-tied.

Viv. How?

Man. The sudden fright of a boat upsetting on the lake; from whose bosom she was with difficulty rescued.

Viv. Ha, ha, ha! bravo! charming! delightful!

Man. Harry!

Viv. I mean I am delighted she was rescued. (*Aside.*) I've found a dumb woman—I have found a pretty dumb woman at last.

Man. I summoned all the science of the neighborhood to her assistance; but as two months have elapsed, every hope of her recovery is vain.

Viv. You are quite sure she won't recover!

Man. I am.

Viv. Poor thing! dear girl!—you don't know how eager I am to see her. (X. to R. H.)

Man. (R. H.) I was afraid a circumstance so deplorable would have operated unfavorably.

Viv. (L. H.) Not with me; not with me; on the contrary, I assure you that I would sympathize—I would devote my life to her—make it my business to anticipate and gratify each rising wish. I'd sing—I'd dance—I'd play to her till thus we grew identified in soul—one pulse—one mainspring, linking heart to heart. (X. *to* R. H.)

Man. But zounds, Harry, she's not only dumb but deaf; the cold she caught in the water settled in her ears.

Viv. Her ears! her eyes!—her eyes are all I think of—Eliza's

eyes like stars deep set in heaven, bursting with love and tenderness (R. *to* L.)

Man. But my dear fellow, consider—

Viv. Let me see her.

Man. Are you serious?

Viv. My heart's on fire?

Man. Deaf and dumb!

Viv. Ecstacy! ecstacy!

Man. Damn it, Harry.

Viv. Eliza! Eliza! [*Rushes off* L. H. S. E. *followed by* MANVERS.]

SCENE II. — *Chamber* 1 G.

Enter SMIRK, R. H. 1 E.

Smirk. 'Pon my word they're elegant quarters I've pitched upon; a little darling has just introduced me, as she called it to this spirited fellow; [*Shows pint bottle,*] and 'pon my soul I'll make good the acquaintance.

Viv. [*Without* L. H.] Smirk? Smirk, I say?

Smirk. Hollo! there's my master. Lie quiet there, my friend, for a bit. [*Putting bottle in his pocket.*]

Enter VIVIAN, L. H. 1 E.

Viv. [L. H.] Smirk, congratulate me! I have met at last with that most estimable of all rarities.

Smirk. [R. H.] Do you mean a drop of the real home-made, double-distilled, unduty-paid, mountain dew whiskey, sir.

Viv. No, scoundrel; I have found what I have been so long looking for; a delightful dumb woman.

Smirk. Then I suppose you have not had much conversation.

Viv. And would you think it, Phelim—'tis my own lovely little playmate, is this rara avis in terra.

Smirk. Egad, she would be a terror to anybody.

Viv. Phelim, you may as well ride up to town, and order a carriage at Adonus'. I shall be married in a month.

Smirk. Married!

Viv. Married to this interesting sufferer.

Smirk. Marry a dumb woman? Oh! you are joking.

Viv. I am resolved, sir.

Smirk. But it's impossible, sir.

Viv. Impossible?

Smirk. Yes, sir; for when the gentleman in the white table-

cloth asks the lady if she will love, honor and obey, how can she say yes?

Viv. She can nod her head, sir.

Smirk. Nod her head! Oh! and do you think a wife's nodding her head would be orthodoxical?

Viv. Yes, sir, if I understood it.

Smirk. Pho, pho, sir, you might as well marry a figure on a mantle-piece—it's not legitimate, sir: suppose, now, as the consequence of this, you were to have a brood of young Chinese Mandarins in every corner, nodding their heads at you; have no other knowledge of music but "*we're all noddin, nid nid noddin.*"

Viv. Silence, you rogue! don't dissipate the brilliant illusions that are now thronging my fancy. I'll marry her before another moon has reached its horns.

Smirk. Then you'll be in that melancholy condition before the moon.

[VIVIAN *makes the motion of kicking.* SMIRK *runs off* R. H. 1 E.]

Enter MANVERS, L. H. 1 E.

Man. [L. H.] Come, Henry, Eliza has at length subdued the shock of your arrival, and is ready to receive you.

Viv. [R. H.] Lead me, lead me to the afflicted dear one; at the sound of her name, childhood comes back with all its early freshness, and the future brightens with a richer smile.

Exeunt, L. H. 1 E.

SCENE III.—*Handsome Rooms, 3 and 5* G., *with windows in flat* R. *and* L. *Lattice doors in* C. *backed by garden. Table* L. C. *with paints, pencils, drawing-tablets, pen, ink, paper. Chair behind table* L. C. *Table on* R. H. *with books and vases of flowers. Stand with flowers* L. H. 2 E. *Chairs* R. *and* L.

Enter ELIZA *and* MARY, R. H. 1 E.

Eliza. Well, Mary, you have seen him; he has grown, I suppose, just such a monster as I expected—round shouldered—short necked—hair fine furze bush—two little gray eyes, and skin tanned to a beautiful snuff color.

Mary. La, ma'am, so much the contrary, quite the reverse.

Eliza. But his deportment, Mary—does n't he walk as if he still thought himself among slaves—you know, Mary he has been in the West Indies, where women are treated like patients in a fever—they are not suffered to talk.

Mary. La, ma'am, do you know I thought him anything but distant.

Eliza. He has been giving you a kiss, Miss. Come here, Mary,

and let me look in your face—has he been squeezing any information out of you?

Mary. No, ma'am; on the honor of a waiting woman.

Eliza. Well—I told you, Mary, that I am to be dumb all day.

Mary. All to-day, ma'am?

Eliza. Yes.

Mary. Did you ever try the experiment, ma'am?

Eliza. Not that I remember.

Mary. Then had'nt you better practice a little?

Eliza. Do you think I can't refrain from talking?

Mary. Oh no, ma'am; but you might find it difficult.

Eliza. Nonsense—to prove it I'll begin now. Now I am dumb—Mary, I don't speak another word after I tell you to go. Mary, go. [MARY *is going off*, R. H.]—Mary!—[*Calling.*]

Mary. O ma'am!—[*Putting her hand to her mouth.*]

Eliza. Bless me, I forgot—'tis not so easy as I thought.

Mary. And do you mean to be deaf as well as dumb, Miss?

Eliza. That depends upon what he says to me. If he should grow penitent, and be altogether so improved that I should unfortunately like him, why, then, Mary—

Mary. Then ma'am, you'll want to talk a little.

Eliza. Why, yes—and then I'll punish him. Three more words, Mary, and I have done. Is that soldier out of the way?

Mary. O yes ma'am, quite secure. I left him under a guard of a bottle of brandy.

Eliza. What?

Mary. A bottle.

Eliza. As you say, Mary, I think it would be as well to practice a little. How shall I keep my lips closed?

Mary. You better bite your tongue, ma'am.

Eliza. No, no, that will never do; all must depend upon the first impression. If he should prove to be the sort of man his letter would infer, silence would be agreeable; but should I find him in heart the generous and affectionate companion of my early years, I'm afraid the first time he murmurs "poor dumb Eliza," I shall surprise him with "My dear Harry, how happy I am to see you."

Mary. Well, ma'am, be prepared, for here he comes with Mr. Manvers. [ELIZA *retires to chair behind table* L. C., *sits and draws.*] She 'll never do it—it's a moral impossibility. *Exit* R. H. 1 E.

Enter MANVERS *and* VIVIAN, L. H. 1 E.

Man. There she is.

Viv. [*Passing* MANVERS.] By all the loves and graces she exceeds the vision of my fancy. Fame—Fame underrates.

[ELIZA *seeing them, advances* R. H., *and welcomes Vivian in dumb show cordially.*]

Eliza, dear Eliza! you know not the flood of joy which now flows

into my heart—joy tempered with the deepest sympathy. Though separated by such space and time, believe me, your image has been ever present to me, like the moon and stars we loved to gaze at in our childhood.

[ELIZA *appears quite abstracted, but seeing Vivian's lips move, goes to table, takes up ear-trumpet, and returning to his side, puts it to her ear and nods.*]

Man. You must repeat what you have said.

Viv. Through a trumpet.

Man. Did 'nt I tell you she had caught a cold which had settled in her ear.

Viv. I feel one settling on me. (*Aside.*) My dear Eliza—

Man. A little louder.

Viv. Dear Eliza.

Man. That will never do.

Viv. Would you have me alarm the house!

Man. It 's nothing when you 're accustomed to it.

Viv. [*Bawling.*] Angelic Eliza!

[ELIZA *nods her head and courtesies.*]

Man. Aye, now she hears you.

Viv. I should think so.

Man. Proceed.

Viv. After our long separation,—

Man. You are sinking again.

Viv. After our long separation, you can't imagine the joy it gives me to address you.

Man. What?

Viv. Well!

Man. Consider her affliction. You mean the pain it gives you to address her.

Viv. There's no lie in that.

Man. Go on.

Viv. I can't.

Man. Is your heart so full?

Viv. No, my lungs are empty.—[*Going to corner,* L.]

ELIZA *retires, sits at table,* L. C. *and writes.*

Man. She will write you a reply.

Viv. Well now, that is very pleasing. Write to me—well of all things in the world, an epistolary correspondence is what I like most.

ELIZA *advances* R. H., *and gives Vivian a paper.*

[*Reads.*] "*I am delighted to see my early friend so well and happy, but regret I cannot tell him so.*" Never mind your tongue, dear Eliza, I read it in your eyes.

Man. You know she can't *hear* that.

Viv. [*Shouting through trumpet.*] Never mind your tongue, dear Eliza.—Oh, damn it, this is too ridiculous.

Man. Well, well, you now know how to communicate, I have a little to write and must leave you.

Exit L. H. 1 E.

Viv. I'll write an answer—yes, yes, my pen shall fly. [*Goes at the table* L. C. *and sees drawings.*] Beautiful! beautiful! Are these your doings, Eliza? They must be, they are so full of truth and beauty. Are these—oh the devil, I forgot. [*Asks the question in rather extravagant pantomine, she answers in the same way.*] Aye, there 's the bye road to the lake—the boat-house, and the old oak tree upon the lawn. Do you remember this, dear Eliza, when we run oft in summer mornings, our bosoms buoyant to the breeze, and nature smiling on us, like some tender mother, full of joy and gladness. [ELIZA *taps his shoulder, shakes her head, puts up trumpet to her ear.*] Oh! what an ass am I to forget—[*Brings chairs.*] Eliza, my love, let us sit down. [*Pointing to chairs.*] I have a thousand things to say to you. Here are your tablets. [*Giving them from table* L. C., *they sit, she puts up trumpet.*] Oh, that infernal trumpet; I must try and converse with her without the aid of that tin conveyance. [*Takes trumpet away much against her will, and places it on floor,* L. *of his chair.*] Do you remember,—[*Seeing his lips move, she puts her hand to her ear.*] I'm too low. [*Shouting*] Do you remember, my love, when Colonel Johnson gave us a sail, one particularly fine morning in May, on the lake. [*She nods and writes on her tablets, he reads.*] "Oh, yes, I remember, your dear sister did send me a large piece of wedding cake." Oh, dear! oh dear! a slight mistake, my love; I'll try again. I met Colonel Johnson—I'm piano again. [*Again bawling.*] I met Colonel Johnson in Paris; you heard that he was very happily married. Oh, she hears that; only talk to a woman about marriage, and if she 's as deaf as a post she'll know what you are saying. [*She laughs, then writes on tablets which he again reads.*] "Yes, fish dressed in that way are very good eating." Fish! oh, worse and worse! another attempt. Eliza, my love, you heard that Edward's banker had failed, and you know the general distress it occasioned. [*She appears affected, shakes her head, wipes her eyes, writes, he reads.*] "Oh yes, poor little Pompey! somebody cut off his tail." Pompey! damn little Pompey—oh, it's no use.

[*Large bell,* R. H. U. E. *rings violently. Vivian appears almost stunned—*ELIZA *takes no notice.*]

Holloa! what the devil are they about? Eliza! Eliza, my love, there 's some one ringing—oh, she can't hear me. Eliza, my love, put up your trumpet. [*Gives her trumpet and points to her to listen.*] They are ringing, my love. [*Bell rings again* R. H. U. E.] There, don't you hear? oh come, she does hear at last. [*She nods her head, writes, gives her tablet and exit* R. H. 1 E.]

[*Reading.*] "*I have a female friend in the next room, who always rings the alarm bell when she wants me; pray excuse me for a moment.*" Well, but Eliza—Eliza, I want to speak to you for a moment; oh, it's no use,

she don't hear me. I am certainly disappointed in her; her person is perfection; but why can't a woman be dumb without being deaf. If a man has to shout every tender thing he feels, it will no longer be an affair of the heart, but the lungs. [*Piano played without*, R. H., *and* ELIZA *sings.*]

The eastern waves are red with the coming of the sun,
And from the sky the timid stars are fading one by one;
I grieve to see them go, for we dare not meet by day,
But it cannot yet be time to part! oh stay, my own love, stay.

The morning tide flows in with a ripple on the sand,
The Fisher leaps into his boat and gaily leaves the land;
The Deer have left their rest, the Bird is on the spray,
But it cannot yet be time to part! oh stay, my own love, stay.

Charming! charming! and this is Eliza's friend. Would that the sounds came from her own lips. Well, I'll maintain—let a woman be ugly, old, a virago! if she can but sing, she's an angel.

Enter MARY, R. H. 1 E.

Mary. [R. H.] I beg pardon, sir, I thought my lady was here!

Viv. [L. H.] She has just joined her friend in the next room. Pray, my dear, who is that lady?

Mary. [R. H.] Do you mean Miss Rivers, sir?

Viv. [L. H.] She sings?

Mary. Yes, sir.

Viv. I suppose every one is in raptures with her voice.

Mary. Yes, sir, when she sings; but it is so sad to hear her speak.

Viv. Why?

Mary. Her accents are so weak and faint, sir, it's mere whispering. Why, when I ask her what she will have for dinner, she replies, [*Imitating a feeble affected voice.*] "Mary, I scarcely know, but I think I could pick the wing of a sparrow." Oh, sir, it's so unpleasant.

Viv. Unpleasant! to me it would be the contrary. A woman that spoke timidly and faintly I should decidedly prefer to a dumb woman. I must see this syren—I—I suppose my dear, Miss Rivers dines with us to-day.

Mary. No, sir; she's very ill.

Viv. Indeed; what's her disorder?

Mary. I think, sir, they call it an affection of the heart.

Exit R. H. 1 E.

Viv. That's my complaint. I will see her if it's only to set at rest my conjectures. I should imagine such a divinity possesses dark, deep set eyes; sweep of brow; cloud of curl; swan-like form;

moonlight night; boat on the lake; Guitar by her side; head on my shoulder; ah!

Enter MR. MANVERS *through centre door.*

Man. [*Coming down*, L. H.] You must excuse me, Harry, I have been seeing the horses put into the carriage for a fair visitor of ours.

Viv. [R. H.] Miss Rivers?

Man. Yes.

Viv. Where is she going?

Man. Home.

Viv. But why this haste—you—you intend to introduce me!

Man. How did you know she was here?

Viv. I heard her sing.

Man. Well, what's her singing to you. I thought you had run half over Europe to meet nothing but a dumb woman.

Viv. Dumb! Did I say dumb; or comparatively dumb!

Man. Dumb, says your letter.

Viv. Do you know I think you mistake—I think the passage was this: I wish it were possible for women to be born comparatively dumb, that they might sing, but not speak.

Man. Sing!

Viv. Sing. I said—comparatively dumb that they might sing. You see these are very nice distinctions.

Man. Very.

[MARY X. *behind Venetian windows from* R. *to* L., *in handsome cloak, bonnet and veil.*

Viv. Eh, who's that?

Man. Miss Rivers going to her carriage.

Viv. Oughtn't I to hand her in?

Man. You have never been introduced.

Viv. That's your fault.

Man. She's particularly reserved.

Viv. That's hers.

Man. No doubt she has gone through the gardens to avoid observation.

Viv. And for that very reason I am resolved to have a peep at her.

Man. But here's Eliza coming.

Viv. You can excuse me.

Man. What shall I say?

Viv. Say what you like.

Man. Nay, here she is.

Enter ELIZA, R. H. 1 E.

Viv. [C.] My dear Eliza—[ELIZA *puts up trumpet.*] Oh! that infernal trumpet. [*He darts through Venetian door*, C. F.]

Eliza. [*Cautiously closing door Vivian has sprung through.*] Now uncle what do you think of my plan? Oh! what a relief.

Man. Its success is unquestionable. Already your voice has driven him to make love to your shadow; and now tell me what is your opinion of him?

Eliza. Oh, the man's very well, but it was not to be supposed I enjoyed our *tete-a-tete* much whilst he had it all to himself, and I suffering such agony.

Man. Agony.

Eliza. Yes, to keep my tongue quiet, I had to bite it till it bled.

Man. Ha, ha, ha! Well, well; but persevere and your triumph is secure. Now I must follow to keep him in his delusion.

[X *to* R. H.]

Eliza. Send him then into the gardens; there I wish to bring his perplexities to a close. What I want is to convert the wretch from his infidelity. If I could only wring from him the confession, that a woman's tongue is a pleasant thing to listen to, I'd be content to give him the benefit of mine for the rest of his days.

[*Exeunt* ELIZA, L. H. 1 E., MANVERS, *door* C.

SCENE IV.—*Chamber* 1 G., 2 *chairs on* L. C.

Enter MARY, 1 E., L. H., *dressed for* MISS RIVERS.

Mary. I must take care I am not seen in this finery by the other servants, or my mistress' plot will soon be found out. Oh dear, here comes that inquisitive male serving gentleman. He shall hear nothing of this matter, however. [*Taking off cloak and bonnet and places them on chairs.*]

Enter SMIRK, R. H. 1 E.

Smirk. [R. H.] Ah! are you there again, my darling? I want, my dear, to inspire you with some military propensities; shouldn't you wish, now, to be considered as part of my baggage.

Mary. [L. H.] No, indeed, if you please, Mr. Soldier Gentleman, I'm not all proud.

Smirk. But you don't know what a point you'd rise to on a military spear. I expect soon to receive the honor of two or three

stripes, [*pointing to his arms,*] and then I shall be attached to the staff.

Mary. I wish you were tied to a post. [*Aside.*]

Smirk. If you were Mrs. Smirk, a sergeant's lady, you 'd have a mere nothing to do with corporal affairs; all your business would be to pleat my frills, make the coffee, dress my hair, and the continuations. [*Pointing to his whiskers.*]

Mary. Really, Mr. Soldier, I am very much obliged, but —

Smirk. But what?

Mary. I think you imitate your master; he has a singular fidgetty temper.

Smirk. You do me wrong in making a comparison between us. Captain Vivian is so whimsical a man, that he is very often called Mr. Whims.

Mary. Indeed!

Smirk. Yes; therefore is it to be yes or no?

Mary. You see I have kept company with Robert, the farmer, these two years.

Smirk. Here's infatuation; love a farmer; he'll make a plough-boy of you.

Mary. Well, but besides that, you know it would not be grateful of me to desert my young lady, now she's dumb.

Smirk. Oh, no, you 'll not leave her, because when you dispute you 'll always have the argument on your own side.

Eliza. [*Calling without,* L. H.] Mary! Mary!

Smirk. Who's that?

Mary. My lady.

Smirk. What?

Mary. Oh, no, that 's not my lady—that is—

Smirk. Ay, ay, ay,—I begin to see the tail of a rat here.

ELIZA *runs on in her bonnet,* L. H. 1 E., *without seeing* SMIRK.

Eliza. [L. H.] Mary. [*Sees* SMIRK; *puts her hand to her mouth.*] Oh, la!

Smirk. [R. H.] Ha, ha, ha! Are you the dumb lady! [*She nods.*] Oh, it 's no use to nod your head now; if you are dumb only open your mouth and say so, and I 'll be dumb with joy all the rest of my days.

Eliza. Well, I won't disguise the truth from you. [x to C.]

Mary. You can't now, ma'am.

Eliza. I feel assured you may be trusted.

Smirk. Trusted, ma'am!—only ask our quarter-master.

Eliza. And I know you will approve of this artifice since it is to cure your master of his strange infatuation for silent women.

Smirk. 'Pon my soul, ma'am, your design 's patriotic.

Eliza. Then you don't object to assist me?

Smirk. Ain't I a lady's man, ma'am? One of the "queen's own."

Eliza. Mary, this will be better than your assuming the character

of Miss Rivers. [*To* SMIRK.] Here, you must put on this cloak and hat, and pass for an interesting girl about eighteen, in a delicate state of health.

Smirk. The easiest thing imaginable.

Eliza. Then I will lead you to an arbor in the garden, where you must sit like the lonely nightingale, musical and melancholy. [*Assisting* MARY *to put cloak and hat on* SMIRK.]

Smirk. I shall have more of the lark than of the nightingale.

Eliza. Now put down your veil. Mary, get your bonnet. [MARY *gets her bonnet from* L. H. 1 E.] And now we may proceed. Upon my word, you might be mistaken for a female in the dark; now mind and don't forget yourself, and for the world don't suffer any one to see your face.

Smirk. Never fear; if any body thinks to take advantage of my female weakness, he shall fall on his knees with a vengeance. [*Shaking his fist.*]

Eliza. But it's your master I allude to. You are to represent a lady, a Miss Rivers, with whom he is in love.

Smirk. Oh, the easiest thing imaginable; only show me the way. [*Strutting about.*]

Mary. But, la, Mr. Soldier, you mustn't stride about in delicate health.

Smirk. Then why don't you come and support me?

[ELIZA *takes his left arm*, MARY *goes behind to his right, he leans on her and she screams.*]

Eliza. Silence, Mary.

Mary. La, ma'am, he was squeezing the breath out of me.

Smirk. And ain't I a woman of feeling; I'm in delicate health, you know. Here's the Tipperary turns a lion between two dears.

Exeunt, R. H. 1 E.

SCENE LAST.—*Another part of the Garden*, 5 G., *Summer House*, L. H. C., *in it a table with music, drawings and engravings. Set vases and flower pieces on* R. *and* L. H.

MARY *discovered with* SMIRK *putting things to rights on table, and then passes behind to* R. 2 E., *looking out. Enter* ELIZA R. H. 2 E., *crosses to Summer House* L. C., *and* SMIRK *remains*, C.

Eliza. He has heard my voice and is following us. We have led him a tolerable chase, and now comes his punishment [*x. to arbor.*] Here is your retreat—here are music and drawings. You must pre-

tend to be engaged with them. Mind you avert your face, and befor he can advance to address you, I or my uncle will prevent a dis covery.

Smirk Mind that; not that I care much about a kicking; bu 'twould be a pity to abuse such a nice cloak. [x. *goes in and sits.*]

Eliza. Now are you ready? Do you wish for any thing?

Smirk. Why, music to an ignoramus is a dry study. If I coul but meet with a few liquid notes.

Mary. Oh, ma'am, he is just turning into this avenue.

Eliza. I must leave you.

Exit, R. H. U. E.

Smirk. This is young love among the roses.

Mary. [*Who has been following* ELIZA, *returns.*] Mr. Smirk! Mr Smirk! mind you don't show your feet in that way.

Smirk. Oh, what, you think my boots are not very ladylike?

Mary. Ladylike indeed! No, sir, ladies have delicate soles. Oh dear! here he comes; I must scamper.

Exit R. H. U. E.

Enter VIVIAN, R. H. 2 E. *running.*

Viv. I'll swear I heard her voice, and; Ah! what do I see, a female in that arbor—'Tis she, 'tis she! Did ever time, place and sentiment so conspire to make a fellow happy! Madam Madam!

Enter MANVERS, R. H. U. E., *and intercepts* VIVIAN'S *approach to* SMIRK

Man. Harry.

Viv. Zounds! here's an interruption. I must get him away, o my *tete-a-tete* is spoiled. [*Aside.*]

Man. Where have you been? Eliza is alarmed at your absence

Viv. I was about returning to join her in a walk.

Man. Harry, I congratulate you; 'tis evident she loves you, an I remember your raptures at the thought of marrying a dum woman.

Viv. Sir, you are mad? Why, 'twould break my heart to loo at her; to say nothing of bursting a blood vessel whenever I tried t whisper her comfort.

Man. Give me leave to tell you, Mr. Vivian, this is a change i your sentiment that—

Viv. Not at all, sir; not at all. Do you think I could talk to m wife as if I was hailing a ship—through a trumpet? Suppose som fine summer's evening I should enter her apartment after a certai joyful event and find her in delightful dishabille—in a state of deli cate trembling debilitation—every thing is hushed—the old nurs treads like a fairy, and whispers like a May wind—then, when Eliz looks to me for soothing consolation, I must shout into her ears "My love, how's the baby." To conclude the matter, Mr. Manvers my wife must sing, sir; [*looking at arbor,*] must sing, Mr. Manvers

Man. Now comes out the mystery. You are in love with Miss Rivers.

Smirk. That's me. [*Aside.*]

Man. And you mean now to assert that you have no objection to hear a woman talk?

Viv. Who the devil said I had, sir? I wouldn't exchange one of the low soft notes of the woman I adore, (*Eyeing the arbor,*] for all the notes in the Bank of England.

Man. But Miss Rivers' notes are not low and soft. In sound they're like thunder, and in number a cataract.

Viv. All the better—so that a wife will but storm elegantly she would relieve the monotomy of wedlock—all smiles have the insipid the brightness of an Italian sky—a quarrel now and then clears the atmosphere and makes the succeeding sun shine still more heavenly.

Enter ELIZA *and* MARY, R. H. U. E., *and advances.*

Man. Here's Eliza—You must account for your absence; despise the intelligence as you will, I'm sure she's attached to you.

Viv. I'll explain to her at once. Hem! [*Goes and takes her hand.*] My dear Eliza, associated as we have been from infancy, 'tis natural that feelings of esteem should exist between us, but I am about to address you on on a subject, which—

ELIZA *perceiving his lips moving, releases her hand, takes trumpet from her reticule, and puts it to her ear*—MARY *gets over near Summer House,* L. H. C.

Man. Now proceed.

Viv. No, I'll transfer what I have to say to paper; but you must be aware, my dear Mr. Manvers, that there are many personal reasons, besides her loss of speech, which forbid all idea of our union.

Man. What reasons.

Viv. I don't know whether she has grown out of it, but when a child, she had all the tricks and temper of a wild cat.

Man. Eh, eh, softly, softly!

Viv. Oh, she can't hear, you know. Then that defect in her eyes has not worn off, but augmented; she squints.

Man. Squints! Hush for heaven's sake!

Viv. Where's the danger? But above all she has a fault which I consider unforgiveable—I was informed upon the honor of a Captain of Huzzars who waltzed with her last winter, that she had most infernally thick legs. [MANVERS *retires.*]

Eliza. What? [*Rather disconcerted.*]

Viv. Eh—

Eliza. You monster.

Viv. A miracle—she speaks!

Eliza. And enough to make me, you heartless villifyer.

Viv. Oh, ye lakes let me jump into ye, that I may hide my confusion!

Eliza. Henry! Henry! after six years separation did I think that the very hour we met, you could be induced to slight your earliest friend at the voice of a supposed stranger.

Viv. Eliza!

Eliza. Your letter to my uncle suggested my present stratagem; but what is the result?—a proof that you are incapable of any serious designs, or lasting attachment.

Viv. Eliza, I feel so truly ashamed of my conduct that I haven't impudence to invent any apology—Farewell. Holloa, Smirk! Smirk! my horse.

[SMIRK *is advancing but is pushed back by* MARY.]

Farewell, Eliza—forgive me, forget me. [*Running out* L. H. U. E., *calling.*]

Eliza. Henry!

Viv. Eliza!

[ELIZA *sings a verse of the song.*]

Viv. Returns L. H. U. E. *and kneels.*] Eliza, Miss Rivers! Will you forgive me?

Eliza. Are you sorry, very sorry for all.

Viv. I am.

Eliza. I forgive you.

Viv. And now, my love, permit me to inquire who that lady is within that arbor.

[SMIRK *moves about uneasily.*]

Eliza. O certainly, I will introduce you to her. [X to SMIRK.] Come forward, lovely mourner.

[SMIRK *shrinking away as* ELIZA *removes bonnet.*]

Long Pause.— Situations.

VIV.	MAN.	MARY.	ELIZA.	SMIRK.
R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.

Smirk. Didn't you know me?

Viv. You scoundrel!

[X. *towards* SMIRK, *he is prevented approaching him by* ELIZA *and* MARY.]

Smirk. 'Pon my word you made love like an Irishmen. Can I say more?

Viv. Prettily I have been laughed at.

Eliza. Nay, nay, all that he has done has been with my connivance.

Mary. And at Mary's advice, sir.

Smirk. So you see I'd pretty reasons for my disguise.

MANVERS *advances* L. H. SMIRK *and* MARY *down* R. H.

Viv. Well, we have been playing several games of artifices—you have imposed upon me, and I have imposed upon myself—nay, I hope there is no imposition in that smile which promises the reformed one such a world of happiness.

Eliza. [*Putting up the trumpet.*] Speak a little louder, Harry.

Viv. Oh, throw that infernal auxiliary into the lake, with your consent.

Eliza. I must first ask the consent of all around me. [*To the audience.*] Permit me to hope, that in consideration of what I have suffered, as a woman, being obliged to hold my tongue, [I'm sure the ladies will sympathize with me,] that you will not express your approbation so faintly as to oblige me again to make use of my little assistant. [*Pointing to trumpet.*]

SITUATIONS.

SMIRK. MARY. ELIZA. VIV. MAN.

CURTAIN.

R. H. L. H.

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ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.

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	Saddler's Wells, London.	*National, New York.*	*Arch Street, Philadelphia,* 1850.	*Astor Op. House, New York,* 1851.	*Bowery, N. York* 1853.
PADDY MILES,	Mr. J. Pilgrim	Mr. B. Williams	Mr. J. Pilgrim	Mr. J. Pilgrim	Mr. J. Pilgrim
DR. COATES,	" James	" C. W. Taylor	" Thayer	" Wemyss	" France
HENRY, (his Son,)	" T. Dillon	" Stafford	" Lee	" W.J.Florence	" W. R. Floyd
JOB, (a Gardener,)	" Suter	" Herbert	" Wm. Pilgrim	" Chippendale	" Widdicomb
REUBEN,	" Scarborough	" Barnett	" Brown	" F. Rea	" E. Wise
MRS. FIDGET,	Mrs. James	Mrs. Hautonville	Mrs. Cappell	Mrs. Foster	Mrs. Monell
JANE, (her Daughter,)	Miss Nettle	Miss Miles	" Phillips	" J. R. Scott	Miss Peveril

	Broadway, New York.	*Wallack's, New York.*	*Albany Museum.*	*Boston Theatre,* 1855.	*National, Boston,* 1855.
PADDY MILES,	Mr. B. Williams	Mr. W.J.Florence	Mr. J. Pilgrim	Mr. B. Williams	Mr. F.S.Chanfrau
DR. COATES,	" McGowan	" Phillips	" Owen	" T. E. Morris	" Paulin
HENRY, (his Son,)	" McDovall	" Lyster	" Ponisi	" Selwyn	" Lee
JOB, (a Gardener,)	" W.J.Florence	" Chippendale	" C. Kane	" Price	" Verney
REUBEN,	" Henry	" F. Rea	" Lacy	" Holmes	" Pardey
MRS. FIDGET,	Mrs. Henry	Mrs. Foster	Miss Wells	Mrs. John Gilbert	Miss Wilford
JANE, (her Daughter,)	Miss Adeline	" Conover	M'lle Theodore	Miss E. Taylor	" Allen

TIME OF REPRESENTATION.—Forty-five minutes.

THE LIMERICK BOY.

COSTUME.

Paddy Miles. — Gray frieze coat; red vest; blue handkerchief; corduroy breeches; gray stockings and ankle shoes; high crown hat.

Dr. Coates. — Black cut-away coat; embroidered vest; black breeches; black stockings; shoes and buckles; white neckcloth; white wig; cane.

Harry. — Modern walking suit.

Job. — White shirt; red vest; black velveteen breeches; green apron; high-low shoes; gray stockings; colored handkerchief; brown head of hair.

Reuben. — Green shooting coat, white pearl buttons; plush vest; drab breeches; blue stockings; high-low shoes; colored cravat; countryman's hat.

Mrs. Fidget. — Respectable old lady's dress.

Jane. — Walking dress.

THE LIMERICK BOY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *Cottage flats, 5 G. Garden wall across stage, 4 G., with G. gates, practical. Set house, 2 E. R. H., door, practical, with brass plate, on it* "DR. COATES." *Upper window over door, practical, backed by interior. Set hut, L. H. 3 E. Sign post and swing sign on 3 E. L.* "*Pig and Whistle.*" HARRY *discovered.*

Harry. Good heavens, it seems long! If I could but see my dear Jane, I wouldn't care; but that cursed Mrs. Fidget, and Job, the gardener, are so careful, I have no chance; however, I'll run to the back gate; perchance I may see her at the window.

(*Exit* HARRY, R. H. 2 E.)

Enter PADDY, L. H. 1 E., *singing, with bundle and stick.*

Pad. Here I am all the way from Limerick; bad luck to my ould father's name. If any thing was done in Limerick, and you only asked who did it, they would be sure to say it was Paddy Miles' boy; then I came here to live wid Mister Fireshovel — by my sowl, it was all the same. Who broke the plates and dishes? Paddy Miles' boy. Who broke the pony's knee? Paddy Miles' boy. Who put the cockles on the cat's feet? Paddy Miles' boy. Who let the dog out, and killed all the cocks, hens, and chickens? Paddy Miles' boy. Bad luck to Paddy Miles' boy, says my master — I'll kick him out of the house — and he done it. And here I am an independent gintleman, out of place, wid one shilling in my pocket, and all through being Paddy Miles' boy. What to do I don't know. A lucky thought has run through the top of my house — I'll change my name — I've heard talk of the same thing being done, but that was by paying a big sum of money; faith, it's come to this, I'll take Frinch leave; so here goes; it shall be Paddy O'Connor, and I'll look afther some one to make a master of.

Enter HARRY, *from doctor's shop,* R. H. 2 E.

Har. Young man, you seem at a loss which way to go! Are you *in want of a situation?*

Pad. (*Aside.*) How the divil did he know that? — (*Aloud.*) Sure that's the thing I lo want!

Har. Indeed! Would you have any objection to serve a doctor?

Pad. Serve a doctor! Ha, ha, ha! By my sowl I should niver be able to take al. the physic he would be afther giving me.

Har. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha! My good fellow, you will have no medicine to swallow — merely carry it round to our customers. My father wants a lad, and by your appearance, I think you'll suit. Twenty pounds a year, with board and lodging, — manage a few private affairs for me, which is all that will be required.

Pad. Twenty pounds! Say it agin — you're joking.

Har. Indeed, I am not! I repeat that you will have twenty pounds per year, board, washing, and lodging.

Pad. Twenty pounds a year! I'll go home — buy Ireland and sink it; if that's all you'll require, I'm the one for ye's — sure I can tell a lie, and keep a secret better than any boy in the parish.

Har. Well, consider yourself engaged! But where did you live last? What's your name? Of course you have a character.

Pad. I suppose ivery man has a character. I've come from Limerick — my name's Paddy O'Connor. (*Feeling in pockets.*) My character is like a wild colt — it's got into some corner. (*Finds it in his hat.*) Here it is, from my ould master, Larry O'Brallig an' Calligan McFousel. (*Gives paper.*)

Har. (*Reading.*) "Paddy Miles worked for me, at the bogs of Limerick — was an honest, decent boy — left on his own account — as the girls would all be telling lies on him."

Pad. Yes, and tickling me!

Har. (*Aside.*) So, so! he has had some experience with the fair sex, and will answer my purpose the better; but you told me your name was Paddy O'Connor.

Pad. Thin I tould you a lie. Now I'll tell you the truth; when I was at Limerick, the darling place, — was you iver there, sir?

Har. Never.

Pad. Thin you lost a big sight, I can tell you. When I was at Limerick, as I said before, I was sure to be in some trouble — whatever was going astray, Paddy Miles' boy was sure to be doing it; so, to keep out of scrapes, I changed my name, like my sister Judy, only, ye see, she got married, and I didn't, and as I wished to be a respectable member of society, and as I'm going to kape a secret for you, faith, I don't think I'll be axing such a mighty dale too much for you to do the same for me; and when a man's bothered what can be so delightful as a true and confidential friend?

Har. True, Paddy! I'll keep your secret for you, but when you see my father, mind your P's and Q's.

(*Exit into doctor's shop*, R. H. 2 E.)

Pad. (*Feeling in his pockets.*) Stop, sir! Mister! sir, sir! Be damn but he might want the character for himself.

Re-enter HARRY, R. H. 2 E.

You forgot to give me back my character.

Har. True, here it is! (*Exit*, R. H. 2 E.)

Pad. I am engaged with twenty pounds a year, breakfast, dinner, and supper, wid a doctor, — if he only knew it was Paddy Miles' boy, I'd be kicked out. I'm to kape a secret, — that will be no aisy matter; and tell a lie — that's the rub for me: — sure I'll niver forget Limerick, where paraties cost nothing, and buttermilk half the price; but it's no use thinking of the days gone by; I'll take some whiskey punch, an I drink long life to the boy that brewed it — faith, it reminds me of home, when I was the ladies' darling. (*Sings song.*)

Air — "*Darby Kelly.*"

When I was born in Limerick, my daddy and mammy, O!
Made such a noise about the boy, they drove the folks all shaney, O!
Then came the nurse just with the pap, my mam for whiskey calling, O!
She gently took me on her lap, for to stop my squalling, O!

(*Spoken.*) Faix, I remember the time well enough; it was a cold, frosty morning, when the nurse knocked the snow out of her pattens. "Bless his sweet face," said the ould crone, "he's the picture of his divil of a dad!" Out in the street my father run, singing St. Patrick was a gintleman. Out came the neighbors — "What's the row?" said they. "My ould woman's in the straw," said he. "Joy go with you," says they. "What has she got?" "Guess," said my father. "Is it a girl?" "Guess again," said my father. "Is it a boy?" "O, ye blaguards! somebody tould ye's. Away they run all over the city, telling all about —" (*Singing.*)

"Miles' boy! Miles' boy! the laughing Paddy Miles' boy!"

They fed me up till I'se so fat, wid drinking of the whiskey, O!
My cheeks it's true, so rosy too, they were like red parates, O!
And when a man, the girls in love, for me their caps are turning, O!
My heart was tinder as a dove's, true lies to each one swearing, O!

(*Spoken.*) Faith, it was myself that pitched them the blarney; ould and young, it was all the same! Sure, what Irishman ever sprung from the green sod, could think of living without the enjoyment of these illigant accomplishments, eating, drinking, loving, and fighting? None, by my sowl! It's meat, eating, drinking, and lodging, to — (*sings*) "Miles' boy," &c.

Now you see, I've crossed the sea, and got to New York city, O!
And in the streets, where'er I go, the girls they are so pretty, O!
I thought the people always mad, wid me their tricks were playing, O!
I niver can forget the day, when first I arrived in the city, O!

(*Spoken.*) The first thing I seed, was a car running away widout horses. Thunder and ounds, here's the divil coming post haste. It's frightened I was intirely! so I squeezes myself up in the door-way;

so I sat down, and thought I'd wait a while, till the screaming thing was gone, when, bad luck to me, if I didn't fall through a skylight, into a coal cellar; faith, I scrambled out like a cat in the gutter, and sneaked down Centre Street, without thinking, speaking, or looking, and an ould country woman of mine, by mistake, as she said — bad luck to her ould shoes — threw a pail of dirty wather all over me; better behavior, I assure you, was expected by — (*sings*) "Miles' boy," &c. (*Exit into the Pig and Whistle*, L. H. 3 E.)

Enter REUBEN, L. H. 1 E.

Reu. Ha, ha, ha! Well, I can't help thinking how nicely I've been tricked by Miles' boy — ha, ha, ha! He must be a rum chap to be sure — went three miles for a job. "Who sent you?" said the farmer. "Why, Miles' boy," said I. "Dam Miles' boy," said he — ha, ha, ha! "What for?" said I. "He sent me twenty other chaps about the same thing," said he — ha, ha, ha! All the places I went, they told me the same story — ha, ha, ha! Now, as I've been made such a fool of by Miles' boy, I don't see why I shouldn't make a fool of somebody else, and tell him it was Miles' boy — ha, ha, ha! Dr. Coates lives here; I'll tell him that Farmer Saddletree be dying — ha, ha, ha! (*Knocks at door.*) Doctor, doctor!

Doc. (*Looks out of window.*) My good fellow, what's the matter that you bawl so loud?

Reu. The matter be that Farmer Saddletree be taken very ill, and wants you directly. I be sorry, doctor, I can't go with you. (*Doctor leaves window.*) It bites — he'll go. Ha, ha, ha! Miles' boy. (*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Enter DR. COATES *from house*, 2 E. R. H.

Doc. I'll go immediately! Bless me! all the village is ill — a rare time for me this — I have so much to do, I don't know which way to go first. By-the-by, I have not paid my respects to Mrs. Fidget yet; confound that son of mine, here I am paying my addresses to the mother, and the young rascal is making love to the daughter. Death and the devil! I am thinking of my domestic troubles, while some of my patients are dying! I'll be off to the farmer's. (*Going*, L., PADDY *enters from Pig and Whistle*, 3 E. L. H., *runs against him.*) Can't you look where you are going? (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Pad. Bad luck to you! can't you see yourself? Ho, there! come back; you have left something behind you.

Reënter DOCTOR, L. H. 1 E.

Doc. What have I left behind me?

Pad. Your manners, you spalpeen!

Doc. Go to the devil, you young scoundrel! (*Exit*, L. H. 1 E.)

Pad. Ha, ha, ha! go to the divil yourself, and niver come back again. Scoundrel! did he call me? I'm a better man than ever he was, Mr. Paddy Miles — O, it's Paddy O'Connery, I mane. Och.

murder! if that ould fellow should be the chap I am going to make my master — I'm blown up, sunk, and done over! I wonder what my young master wants me to kape a secret from his father, and tell a lie to his mother for? I have it — he is going caterwallering after the girls; I am the one for him — sure my ould father always tould me I was a divil of a boy for a job in the dark. (*Sings.*)

Enter HARRY, *from doctor's shop*, R. H. 2 E.

Har. Paddy, you seem in a merry humor.

Pad. How can I be otherwise, when engaged by a gintleman like yourself? As aisy as you could say, whack! I could jump through a brick wall.

Har. The devil you could! But I have better sport in view. My father is paying his addresses to Mrs. Fidget, who lives in yonder house, and I have formed an attachment for her daughter, and the old folks have arranged matters so, I can't get into the house; I have no chance of seeing my dear Jane — and the gardener, Job, is as spiteful to me as his mistress.

Pad. Spiteful is he to you? Show him to me, my darling! I'll knock daylight through him!

Har. No, no! My dear fellow, that won't do — stratagem is the order of the day. I intend to mix a bottle of medicine, by which, means you can gain admittance to the house, and give this letter to Jane unnoticed. (*Gives letter.*)

Pad. I'll do it, sir. Get me the physic, and show me the door, and then I'll find the house myself.

Har. I'll get it instantly. (*Exit into shop*, R. H. 2 E.)

Pad. Niver fear, but I'll get the blind side of them, — pitch the blarney to the ould woman and gardener — he don't know what a boy I am for the girls. O, murder! how they used to fight for me at Limerick, when Judy went up like a sheaf of straw, and Kitty went down like a sack of sand.

Re-Enter HARRY, *with bottle*, R. H. 2 E.

Har. Here is the medicine, Paddy; pray, be careful.

Pad. Niver fear, sir; I'll just be understanding the thing right — the physic is for the young girl, and the letter for the ould woman?

Har. No, no! the letter is for the young lady.

Pad. Very well, sir. — all right, sir, — you're down upon that ould woman, sir. I'll do it. (HARRY *exits*, R. H. 2 E.)

(PADDY *goes to the garden gate, in* C., *and knocks loud.* Is nobody at home? JOB *opens the gate*, C. PADDY *strikes him — he runs down*, L. H.)

I'm the doctor!

Job. (L. H.) O, you have nearly knocked the breath out of me.

Pad. (R. H.) Niver mind, I'll knock it in again. I'm the doctor, and want to go into the house!

Job. You the doctor, indeed! come, that's a good one.

Pad. Bad luck to ye, ain't I the doctor's boy, wid the physic?

Job. That's more likely, but I can't let you in.

Pad. But I must go in; my master tould me so.

Job. What, Dr. Coates? I won't believe it; besides, there is arrangements made, between my mistress and your master, that no one shall enter.

Pad. Well, don't I know that? he has altered his mind, bekase I am his confidential servant, and it is good news I have to tell you, my darling!

Job. Good news to tell me! What is it?

Pad. O, be aisy a while; it's the best thing you iver heard of in all your life — your grandfather's dead!

Job. (*Starting.*) Do you call that good news?

Pad. What else should I call it? Sure he won't have the trouble of dying again, and he has left you two hundred pounds, which is waiting for you now at the bank in the village.

Job. Why, my grandfather! Mr. Lumpkins, the grocer!

Pad. (*Aside, laughing.*) That's his name, sure enough!

Job. (*Sings and dances.*) Here's luck for a gardener! what, I'll come out a swell next week; but, I say, measter, who told you so?

Pad. Who tould me so? Pon my soul, it was Paddy Miles' boy!

Job. Jolly good luck to Paddy Miles' boy. There, you may go into the house. I'll be off to get my two hundred pounds.

(*Exit, singing and dancing,* L. H. 1 E.)

Pad. (*Calling.*) See here! come back, mister!

Reënter JOB, L. H. 1 E.

If you get the two hundred pounds, you'll give me a shilling.

Job. Yes, to be sure I will! (*Exit,* L. H. 1 E.)

Pad. I'm mighty sure that I won't get that shilling anyhow. He's into the secret with Paddy Miles' boy, and I'll be into the house. Who's afraid! Ould Ireland foriver — whoo!

(*Exit through garden gate, in* C.)

SCENE II. — *A Parlor in* MRS. FIDGET'S *House,* 1 G.

Enter MRS. FIDGET *and* JANE, R. H. 1 E.

Mrs. F. Don't talk to me, miss.

Jane. Indeed, it's a great shame, that a young girl like me should be kept a complete prisoner, — no one must come in or go out.

Mrs. F. It's all for your own good. You don't know the deceit of this world, as I do. There is not a gentleman in the village that I would trust, except Dr. Coates — he is a moral man of honor.

Jane. So is his son, Harry, a man of honor!

Mrs. F. It's false! He is a scapegrace, and no more like his father, than an apple is like an oyster.

Jane. Really at your time of life, to think of marriage, it is complete folly.

Mrs. F. Why, you brazen-faced — I will have you locked up in your room. (*Calling.*) Mary! Thomas! Job! I say.

Pad. (*Without.*) I'll be wid you, my darling! (*Runs on, L. H. 1 E., and off, and returns.*)

Mrs. F. Bless us, and save us! where did you spring from?

Pad. Spring from! Ould Ireland, to be sure.

Mrs. F. How did you get into this house?

Pad. Why, through the garden gate, and through the door. (*Gives letter to* JANE *unnoticed.*)

Mrs. F. But how did you come?

Pad. On the marrow-bone stage of my ten toes.

Mrs. F. What do you want?

Pad. Nothing, ma'am — I brought it myself.

Mrs. F. I shall go mad if I talk to this blockhead! Jane, call the servants.

Jane. La, ma! he must have come for something — perhaps from Dr. Coates.

Pad. To be sure I have. Here is a bottle of physic for the ould woman.

Mrs. F. Why did you not say so at first?

Pad. Because you niver axed me.

Jane. Don't be angry with him; he has just come from Ireland, and he is not used to our ways.

Pad. Yes, ma'am, I came all the way from Limerick, with my own illigant self, Mr. Paddy O'Connery.

Mrs. F. As that is the case, I must forgive you; but how much of this medicine did your master say I must take at a time?

Pad. At a time, ma'am. — (*Aside.*) O, murder, what will I say to her! He said, ma'am, that you must, — (*aside,*) bad luck to me if I know what he said.

Mrs. F. I wish to know how to take it.

Pad. Yes, ma'am — all right, ma'am.

Mrs. F. You don't understand me! I mean the quantity.

Pad. Yes, ma'am — that's what he said, ma'am!

Mrs. F. Why, you're a fool!

Pad. All right, ma'am — yes, ma'am.

Mrs. F. How can you be so stupid; I mean, how much am I to take at a time?

Pad. Take it all at once, ma'am.

Mrs. F. What! take a quart of medicine at once?

Jane. He means, you should take a wine glass full at a time.

Pad. That's just what I mane — take a glass full every minute — then you will feel funny and frisky — take ivery drop, and after suck the cork.

Mrs. G. Feel funny and frisky — take a glass full every minute — I must be dreadful bad.

Pad. Yes, ma'am, you are very bad, my master tould me so.

Mrs. F. My dear child, support me to my room; I am very ill. O, Mr. Connery, pray run for your master! — the dear man knows my constitution so well! (*Exit, leaning on* JANE, R. H. 1 E.)

Pad. (*Looking after them.*) Yes, ma'am, you've got the tic-del-er-ues — ha, ha, ha! The ould woman's quite bad, bakase I brought her the physic. The young lady feels quite well, bekase I brought

her the letter. So help my trotter, if the ould woman takes all that physic, she'll be afther having the colley-wabbles, and its all through Paddy Miles' boy. Somebody's coming; I'll hide myself. (*Retires back.*)

Enter DR. COATES *in a passion*, L. H. 1 E.

Doc. Death and the devil! I am in a galloping consumption — sent six miles and a half, and all through that Miles' boy — confound him! (PADDY *runs off*, L. H.) If I had him here, I'd break every bone in his body. What's to do in the house — I don't see any one; I've walked half over — can't hear any one. O, that Miles' boy!

Enter JANE, R. H. 1 E.

Jane. Good morning, doctor! How is Mr. Henry?

Doc. Don't name him! I have had a trick played upon me.

Jane. Indeed! Who has dared to take such liberties with you, sir?

Doc. A rascal! called Miles' boy. A man came to me and said that Farmer Saddletree was dying; away I went, post haste; when I got there, he was smoking his pipe. "Are you not ill?" said I. "Never was better in all my life," said he. I began to curse Miles' boy. I thought of having a good patient — my spirits drooped, like a lump of sugar to the bottom of a teacup; but where is your ma? I wish to see her on particular business.

Jane. You can't see her; she has had a dreadful fright.

Doc. Who has frightened her?

Jane. Miles' boy.

Doc. (*In a passion.*) D—n Miles' boy! If I had hold of him, I'd break his infernal neck.

Enter MRS. FIDGET, R. H. 1 E.

Mrs. F. My dear doctor, what has ruffled you so?

Doc. The same thing that has frightened you — Miles' boy.

Mrs. F. Why, Dr. Coates, it's yourself that scared me! sending your boy here with such a horrid lot of medicine — ordering me to take a wine glass full every minute.

Doc. I sent a boy here with medicine! My dear lady, I have no boy at present. I desired my son to engage one, but I know who it is — that confounded Miles' boy has been here. Of course, you have not taken it?

Mrs. F. Yes, I have nearly taken it all!

Doc. Mercy on me! it may be poison for what I know! Let me see it, my dear Mrs. Fidget.

Mrs. F. Run, Jane, and bring the bottle to show the doctor.

(*Exit* JANE, R. H. 1 E.)

O, my dear doctor, I shall die, I know I shall! O, that cruel Miles' boy! (*Both run about.*)

Doc. To play such a trick on a lady! the scoundrel! the monster! (*Strikes stage.*)

Mrs. F. He ought to be sent to prison!
Doc. I'll send him to the devil.

Re-enter JANE, *with bottle*, R. H. 1 E.

Let me have it! (*Takes bottle, smells and tastes.*) Jalap and salts! (*Smells and tastes again.*) No, no, it ain't! it's only your favorite drink — gin and molasses. O, the villain! I'll have him, if he's above ground — bills shall be printed, and sent all over the country, so that every body shall know that serpent — Miles' boy!

Enter JOB, *fighting himself*, L. H. 1 E.

Mrs. F. How dare you go from the house, and let that Miles' boy in?

Job. What — Miles' boy been here? I wish I could only get hold of him, that's all. Sent me to the village bank — said my grandfather was dead, and left me two hundred pounds; so I made up my mind to marry my dear Mary Jane. When I got there they laughed at me, and said I was to go and make a fool of somebody else, and say it was Miles' boy.

Doc. The rascal has been here and played a pretty trick on me and Mrs. Fidget.

Mrs. F. He has, indeed! on that account I forgive you this time; but if ever you let any one in the house again without my knowledge, I'll send you about your business. Come, my dear doctor, a glass of wine will revive your spirits.

Doc. True, my dear Mrs. Fidget! my nerves are sadly out of order, and I have something of the greatest importance to communicate. — (*Sternly.*) Job, remember Miles' boy.

(*Exit with* MRS. FIDGET, R. H. 1 E.)

Job. (*Sparring.*) Remember Miles' boy! Can I forget him?

Jane. Don't look so angry, Job — you are not the only one who has had a trick played on them by Miles' boy. Let me go to the garden gate with you.

Job. No, I won't!

Jane. Do — there's a good Job!

Job. I won't! so take *no* for an answer.

Jane. You're a cross, ill-natured, good-for-nothing fellow! I hate you, that I do! and I wish that Miles' boy had sent you twice as far.

(*Exit*, R. H. 1 E.)

Job. No doubt of it; then you could go running about wherever you like. (*Starting.*) Blow me if I don't think that the fellow I let in, that said he came from Dr. Coates, was Miles' boy. I'll go and watch for him, and if I catch him, I'll make Miles' boy wish himself miles off.

(*Exit* JOB, L. H. 1 E.)

SCENE III. — *Same as first.*

Enter PADDY, *from gate in* C.

Pad. By getting behind the water spout, the divil of a sowl seen me, that wasn't there; it's lucky for me that I've changed my name, for I'm getting into the divil's own job here, as I have at all the other places. That was the ould top, I seen into the house; somebody sent him to the divil, and back again, and tould him it was Paddy Miles' boy; that poor divil of a gardener won't be at all pleased wid the two hundred pounds that he'll get, over the left. Upon my sowl, this is a strange family, — here is the ould top in love wid the ould woman, and the young top in love wid the ould woman's daughter, — there'll be the divil to pay, and no pitch hot; and it strikes me forcibly that Mr. Harry wants to bolt the moon wid Miss Jane, and I wouldn't be at all surprised if he'd lave a letter behind, and say it was Paddy Miles' boy.

Enter HARRY, *from shop*, R. H. 2 E.

Har. Well, Paddy, my good fellow, I have another job for you; a distant relation of mine has died, and left me five thousand pounds, and my father one shilling, — they quarrelled some time ago, which caused the turn in my favor; now you manage to get Jane out of the house, and twenty pounds shall be your reward.

Pad. I'll do it, my darling; did you say twenty pounds? Sure, I'll do it for twice as much, — only give me a shillelagh, I'll down wid the houses.

Har. No, no, Paddy, force won't do; I am going to try a stratagem; I have a female's dress, — I'll go and fetch it.

(*Exit into shop*, R. H. 2 E.)

Pad. Am I aslape or awake? He's going to make a woman of me, Paddy Miles' boy — I'm sure to get out of the frying pan into the fire.

Re-enter HARRY, *with dress*, R. H. 2 E.

Har. Now here is the dress, Paddy!

Pad. O botheration, man! I can't be a woman, sure; my father niver intended me for one.

Har. But, my dear fellow, consider the twenty pounds.

Pad. O, be aisy. Sure, you know that money stops a bigger man's mouth than Paddy Miles' boy. (*Puts on dress.*) I'm off before you can clap salt on my tail — whoo! — my name is Judy O'Flaherty.

Har. (*Gives letter.*) Stop, and I'll give you an idea how to walk like a young lady.

(PADDY *walks after him very awkwardly. Business with walking until* HARRY *goes off*, R. H. 2 E. PADDY *exits through garden gate in* C.)

SCENE IV. — MRS. FIDGET'S *Parlor*, 1 G.

Enter DR. COATES *and* MRS. FIDGET, R. H. 1 E.

Doc. Enough, my dear Mrs. Fidget; to-morrow's sun shall make you Mrs. Dr. Coates. I'll order a band of music, in fact, make every arrangement before I sleep to-night. My son Harry I'll send to London, to prevent any trouble with him.

Mrs. F. And I'll send Jane to her aunt's, so that we shan't be bothered with her.

Doc. To-morrow will be the happiest day of my life — and we will have a rum day of it. I'll dance and sing ——

Enter JANE, L. H. 1 E.

Jane. O, my! there's Job and a woman fighting in the garden, — she says she comes here for a situation, and will come in.

Mrs. F. I want no servants. Who sent her, I should like to know?

Jane. Miles' boy.

Doc. Curse Miles' boy; that villain will be the death of me. (*Noise* L. H. *Looks off. Crash*, L. H.) O dear, they are fighting on the stairs; should they fall, it will break both their necks.

Pad. (*Without.*) Bad luck to you; let go your hould.

Job. (*Without.*) Murder, murder! (*Crash*, L. H. *Noise of falling down stairs.*)

Doc. By the Lord Harry, she has knocked Job down stairs.

Enter PADDY, L. H. 1 E., *disguised with woman's dress.*

Pad. Long life to you! may you niver die ragged. You're the ould woman I'm going to make my mistress.

Mrs. F. My good woman, there's no servants wanted here.

Pad. Now don't be telling any lies. I know you do. Padd- Miles' boy tould me so — faith, he's a countryman of mine, and wouldn't be after playing any tricks upon a poor ould woman like me. (*Gives letter to* JANE, *unnoticed. Exit* JANE, L. H. 1 E.)

Doc. (*Aside.*) Very lady-like, upon my word. That Miles' boy plays tricks upon every body — myself — and this lady; indeed, I may say the whole country round is suffering through his mischief.

Mrs. F. Indeed, doctor, you might say the whole world. We are very sorry for you, but we want no servant.

Pad. I won't belave it, you ould catermollin; nor I won't belave you, ould cadger, nather — and I'll break yer nose, if you tell me so again.

Doc. (*Aside.*) Confound that Miles' boy, for sending such a woman here.

Enter JOB, L. H. 1 E. (PADDY *strikes him as he enters — his nose bleeds.*)

Job. O, my nose! (*Bleeding, runs over to* R. H.)

Pad. Divil fly away wid the roof of your nose. You didn't behave like a man should to a woman.

Doc. My good woman, don't talk so Miles' boy playing a trick on you, is no fault of ours. Here's a shilling; now leave the house. (*Gives money.*)

Pad. Jolly good luck to you, ould tin pot. You're a trump. Stop till I get hould of the vagabone — I'll pitch into him like a hot dinner. I'll just show you how I'll put it into him, right and left. (*Sparring at* Doctor.)

Doc. No, thank you. I'd rather be excused.

Job. That's all she thinks about. O, my nose!

Pad. I'll give you a toper for luck, my darling.

Mrs. F. Good gracious! I am quite shocked. Put it into Dr. Coates, right and left, and give Job a toper for luck. You are a disgrace to your sex — leave the house, or Job shall put you out.

Job. No, not me — get somebody else.

Pad. It's to me you are spaking? Job put me out! I'd beat a dozen like him; and as for you, my ould tabby, if you was not a woman, I'd give you just such a hist as Molly did the cat.

Doc. Come, come; this is too bad. I'll put up with it no longer. I'll send for a constable, and have you put into the lock-up — see what a magistrate would say to such conduct.

Pad. I'll save you the trouble; but I'll have a slap at Mister Job before I'll go.

Job. No, you don't.

Pad. Stop till I put this money in my pocket. (*Lifts up his dress, and is discovered, by putting money in his pocket.*)

Omnes. It's a man! It's a man!

Pad. Och, murder! What will I do? I'll give them leg bail! (*Runs off,* L. H. 1 E.)

Job. I'll swear that is Miles' boy!

Doc. No doubt of it. Come, Mrs. Fidget, we will raise the neighbors, and have the scamp put in the stocks, — follow us, Job.

(*Exit* Doctor *and* Mrs. Fidget, L. H. 1 E.)

Job. It's all very well to say follow us, Job. I think I've had enough of Miles' boy's physic, which my nose can testify. I shan't be in a hurry to get another dig from him. (*Noise of dogs barking,* U. E. L. H.) (*Exit,* L. H. 1 E.)

Scene V. — *Same as first. Noise of dogs continued.*

Enter Paddy, *from gate in* C.

Pad. (*Undressing himself quickly.*) I forgot that I was a woman however, they are coming, and I must face it out.

Enter Dr. Coates, Mrs. Fidget, *and* Job, *from gate in* C.

Doc. Young man, have you seen a woman running this way?

Mrs. F. A man dressed in woman's clothes!

Pad. Faith, I did. It was that dirty blackguard, Miles' boy.
Job. Don't mind him, what he says; he is Miles' boy himself. I know him by his turn-up nose.
Pad. Know me by my turn-up nose! I'll give it to you, my darling. (*Runs at him.*)

Enter REUBEN, R. H. 1 E.

Reu. Ah, Mr. Paddy, you've been going it again!
Doc. You know him then?
Reu. I thought every body knew Miles' boy!
Doc. Miles' boy! D—n me, if I haven't got you now.
Pad. Och, murder! it's all a mistake.
Doc. I'll mistake you. (*Calling.*) Harry, Harry! I say.
Reu. Your son Harry, doctor, has just been married to a Miss Fidget, at yonder church.
Doc. My son married? It's false.
Pad. By me sowl, it's true enough, for here they come.

Enter HARRY *and* JANE, R. H. 1 E.

Har. and Jane. (*Kneeling.*) We crave your blessing.
Doc. The devil! This is worse than being played a trick upon by Miles' boy.
Pad. You may well say that. Mr. Harry has got a wife and five thousand pounds. You have a shilling and no wife. Paddy Miles don't care a dump for you.
Doc. Here's a pretty go. But what's done can't be undone.
Mrs. F. True, doctor; and as Mr. Harry has five thousand pounds, I think we had better forgive them.
Doc. I think so too. There, bless you both, and may you be happy; and as for you, Mr. Paddy ——
Har. Pray forgive him, father. You know the old one is not so black as he is painted.
Jane. And he's a clever postman.
Doc. Well, the odds are against me. I suppose I must forgive — but no more right and left.
Pad. Niver fear, sir. Only pardon me this time, and I'll niver do so again.
Har. Paddy shall remain in our service, and we will be as happy as the days are long.
Pad. By my sowl, you've had it all your own way. (*To audience.*) But I am sure there's one thing wanted to make us all happy; and with your kind permission, I'll solicit our friends here to bestow their blessings upon Paddy Miles, the Limerick boy.

SITUATIONS.

JANE. HARRY. PADDY. MRS. FIDGET. DR. COATES.
REUBEN. JOB.
R. H. L. H.

CURTAIN.

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